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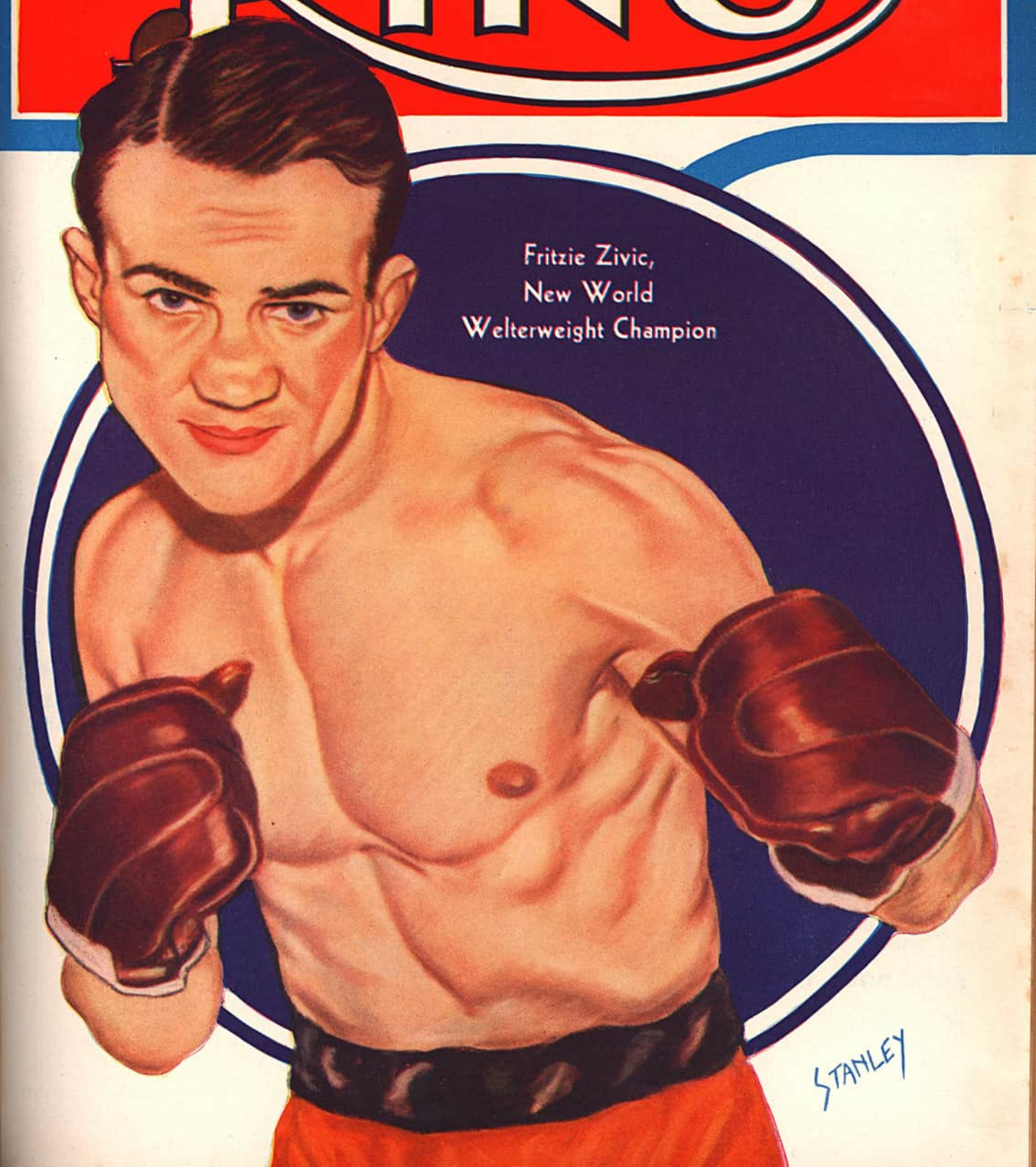

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In Our Next Issue

At this time of the year annually, the fight fans of the world await with eagerness the rating of boxers. As has been the custom for many years, THE RING's Rankings, which started seventeen years ago, will be carried in our February Number. And as usual, this rating of boxers in all classes, from all parts of the world, will be the only complete, authoritative rating of men who make boxing their profession.

Annually, this rating of pugilists, big and small, champion and non-title-holder, compiled by The Ring's experts, has been to the field of boxing what the famous Walter Camp Football Selections were to the gridiron sport for two decades.

The Ring's Annual Ranking of Boxers throughout this long stretch has aroused International interest and has been featured in papers throughout the world. Our choices, with few exceptions, have held up. The astonishing record of accuracy proves that our method of compilation is ideal.

The eyes of the boxing world are focused on these ratings. They are carried world-wide, in every nook and corner of the globe where boxing is followed.

Watch for the ratings. Don't miss this feature.

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In addition, there will be many photographs of the leading world fighters.

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Advice *to* Service Men

Spike Webb, Famous Coach at Annapolis, Trainer of Many Champions, Talks About Physical Training and Boxing in Army, Navy and Marine Corps Camps—Gives Special Advice to Conscripts

By SPIKE WEBB

THE history of the Army, Navy and Marines is the history of sturdy, stalwart men, fearless, keen-eyed and combative when forced to be so. As one who has spent many years as an instructor in the physical education department of Annapolis in charge of boxing. Boxing at the Naval Academy is extremely valuable in producing graduates with the necessary physical qualities for manning a fighting fleet afloat. It is a sport that hardens the young men.

It is not enough to develop men of brains. Fighting men in all branches of the naval and military service are just that. Their mental training has been supplemented with physical training. The eyes have been sharpened by bayonet drills and boxing. It is not sufficient to teach the men how to attack; they must also know how to defend themselves, and that's where the art of self-defense, my specialty, comes in.

During the past twenty-five years I have turned out Olympic, intercollegiate and Naval Academy champions. Some of them are now officers in the Fleet and along with their official duties teach boxing to the enlisted personnel.

Today, we are confronted with a new order in the life of Young America. The same situation that faced us back in 1917-18—preparedness—is the cry of a nation. We are answering that plea with general conscription, a government edict that is placing thousands of young men between the ages of 21 to 36 into our army camps for a period of one year.

The Navy, likewise, with its reserves called to the colors and its many enlistments, is chock full of young life. In short, the cream of the American youth henceforth will be giving up one year of life to developing the body physically and mentally, preparing for the day, should it ever come, when the might of our country will be tossed against a common enemy.

Spike Webb, famous instructor of boxing at Annapolis, who has developed many champions.

* * *

HOW best to develop the body for the arduous task, is what I am going to discuss in these pages at the request of THE RING Editor. Unless one has been in some branch of the service, as he and I have been, little does he know about the hard training one must undergo in military or naval life, to fit oneself for the big job ahead of him. Those who have taken up boxing and have reached the grade where they could be called top-notchers will know what I mean when I say that the climb to efficiency in any branch of the service carries the same hardship as in the rough, tough climb up the pugilistic ladder.

Mere ruggedness in a soldier, sailor or marine is not sufficient. That ruggedness must be supplemented by quick thinking, keenness of eyes, quick grasping of orders, equal speed in carrying out those orders and ability for leadership.

Back in 1926, when Curtis D. Wilbur was Secretary of the Navy, he urged that the students at Annapolis become proficient in boxing, because, as he declared, it was essential to the success of the Navy in time of war. Under a caption, "Boxing a big benefit to the U. S. Navy," the Secretary said:

"Although unlikely that there will be any hand-to-hand conflicts similar to the old boarding parties, nevertheless, boxing not only develops the physique but tends to develop that quick coordination of mind and muscle so essential to the performance of the tasks falling upon naval personnel, that I urge all to follow it.

"It is an advance beyond setting up exercises and routine physical exercises, because it involves a contest with an opponent, and therefore furnishes a measure of judging the physical development of the contestant. It also stimulates the individual to the greater endeavor to achieve success. Every member of the service, Army, Navy and Marine Corps, should be proficient in boxing, at least to the extent of knowing how to defend himself with nature's weapons when such becomes necessary."

* * *

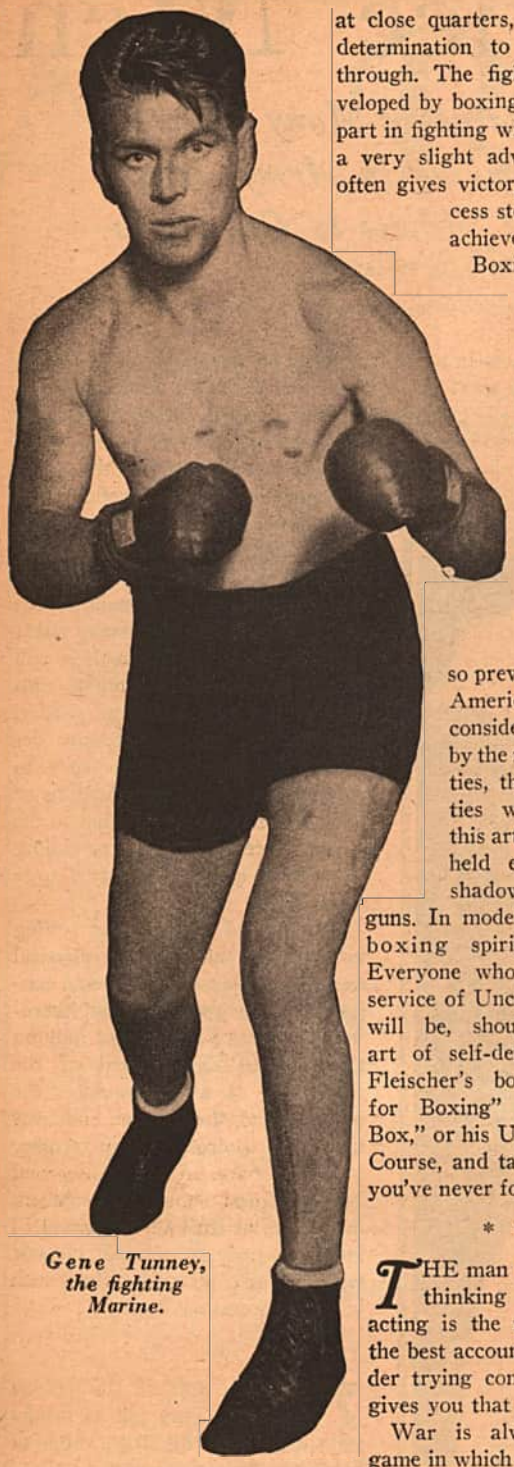
THOSE words hit the nail on the head. They tell as briefly as can be told the true value of boxing to the service men.

Boxing is an asset to military man power. Military life is a matter of bodily skill and mental dexterity. The ideal fighting man of today is an athlete trained to use, during periods of excitement and physical exhaustion, every ounce of strength and all the skill he possesses.

He is a man who dares look danger in the face, not with foolhardy resolve, but with a mind trained to judge and respect its potency. His physical development is such that he has strong and quick legs, a keen eye, and a cool head, qualities which enable him to undergo nerve-racking and trying experiences. Physical development is most essential and boxing furnishes one of the most powerful agencies for developing the fighting man.

Boxing requires a high degree of mental concentration, alertness, and body control. It develops, to a marked degree, courage and self-reliance, and has for its aim the overcoming of an opponent.

The big contribution of boxing to military training is that it develops aggressiveness, willingness and ability to fight effectively



Gene Tunney, the fighting Marine.

at close quarters, and a fearless determination to see the thing through. The fighting spirit developed by boxing plays a strong part in fighting with weapons, for a very slight advantage in skill often gives victory, and one success steels the spirit to achieve the impossible.

Boxing during the World War played an important part in developing the fighting spirit of the U. S. Navy and Army. Our men felt themselves the equal of any two of the enemy.

Boxing was so prevalent among the American soldiers, and considered so essential by the military authorities, that raiding parties were trained in this art and bouts were held even under the shadow of the enemy's guns. In modern warfare, the boxing spirit dominates. Everyone who is now in the service of Uncle Sam, or soon will be, should master the art of self-defense. Get Nat Fleischer's books, "Training for Boxing" and "How to Box," or his Universal Boxing Course, and take up boxing if you've never followed it before.

* * *

THE man trained to quick thinking and to quick acting is the man who gives the best account of himself under trying conditions. Boxing gives you that training.

War is always a serious game in which every man must play his part to the limit, giving his best to his country. The sailor or soldier when representing his country in battle must run the gauntlet of hardships imposed even unto death. It is, therefore, necessary to prepare as far as it is humanly possible to meet the exigencies of modern warfare.

Participation in boxing helps to furnish the means. It gives the man an aggressive spirit which in turn makes him feel that he is superior to the enemy and gives him the confidence and spirit to keep going forward and win when the task seems impossible.

Other sports in a way are more or less helpful in developing a man's physique, but they do not test his quickness of mind, his gameness, skill, and endurance, as does boxing. It takes a strenuous, thrilling sport to develop strenuous, thrilling men. It does not require any great amount of courage to play baseball, but it certainly does to combat a long bout within the ring against a dangerous opponent.

And that's the reason why boxing in the days of the World War outranked, outflanked, outspeeded, outgamed and outshone any other sport. The Americans went into a bayonet charge with the same grit and determination that a boxer does when he enters the roped arena. The combination of the two methods of fighting proved too much for the enemy and he constantly took the defensive or a flying retreat.

Today, we don't expect war. We are not training our youth for a foreign invasion. But we are putting the boys in fine physical trim as an act of preparedness, and boxing must take its part in that development of physical perfection. That's why I urge all to take up boxing.

* * *

CONDITION will be the main factor in the determination of advancement of our conscript army. Those physically unfit won't stand a chance against their better equipped, healthy specimens. There will be many occasions when the boy who hasn't the faintest knowledge of boxing will be sorry that he didn't learn the art of self-defense. It will always come in handy, whether in camp life or in the life of the civilian when the boys return to normal.

As a form of recreation, boxing will find a healthy spot in all camps. And in competition in the cantonments, the lads who can give and take and show cleverness will be the camp heroes. To become proficient as a soldier, sailor or marine, strength, endurance, speed and obedience are the greatest requisites, and the same holds good for the boxer who, in addition, should develop skill. When one possesses all these qualities and engages in competition at camp, he overcomes a lot of the strain that accompanies all activity. Lack of condition makes for poor soldiering and in boxing, it hinders the overcoming of obstacles in the fight for victory.

The overtrained boxer is useless to himself, because he enters into competition tired and therefore lacks aggressiveness. Fighting spirit is what is required in the service of all men—soldiers, sailors and marines—and that fighting spirit can best be attained through perfect physical condition. When the spirit is low, confidence likewise is at low ebb. It fails the boxer because he lacks the physical power to produce results.

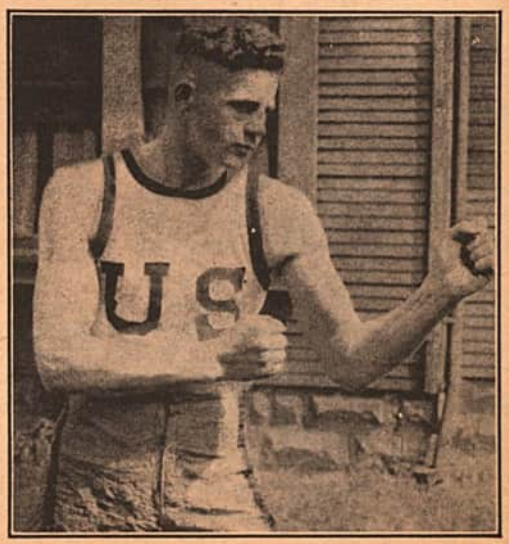
The same holds true of a soldier. The fellow who thinks he cannot win licks himself before he gets started. The men in the service, no matter what branch, who go into their work half-heartedly, shuffle through their day's work without the fighting spirit behind them, they likewise are licked before long.

You're in the service now. Live up to the high ideals of that glorious service. In everything you do, go in there to win.

For those who are going to take up boxing in the Army, Navy or Marines, whether for competition or for mere pleasure, here are the essential qualities of a boxer as I see them:

The first is strength and use of the muscles. One may have plenty of strength in his muscles without having large muscles. Quality is more important than quantity. Both may be developed by proper coaching and training.

The second is endurance. It is the *(Continued on page 43)*



Bob Martin, American Expeditionary Force heavyweight champion.

The English Bomber

By GENE VINASSA

MIKE JACOBS of New York, Herman Taylor of Philadelphia, Jack Kearns, Jersey's new mitt maestro and Rip Valenti, Boston promoter, to name a few of the Atlantic Coast's promoters, are missing a bet when they allow Tommy Martin, Briton's Brown Bomber, to remain in California, knocking over the best heavyweights in this section. Such fistic experts as Paul Zimmerman, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times;* Al Santoro, *Examiner* sports editor; Jim Mitchell, *Herald-Express* fight critic, and Johnny Allen of the *News* predict Martin will some day fight for the world heavyweight title—if the champion will get in the ring with the sensational English-born Negro, who wears a monocle outside the ring.

Take a squint at what Martin has accomplished since he arrived in Los Angeles last March—Knocked out Bob Nestell, the California slugger who had Bob Pastor on the canvas; knocked out Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian, who had been undefeated in over a year, and won THE RING's Indian heavyweight championship belt; stopped Johnny Hanschen, promising Minneapolis heavyweight, and defeated Buddy Knox of Ohio.

Since fighting as a heavyweight, Martin lost but two decisions, those to Bob Nestell in his American debut at the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium and the return match with Knox, which was given against him. Martin displayed rare courage in the Nestell mill, after wrenching his knee in the second round Tommy fought the last eight heats with a badly injured knee. No fighter was ever accorded a heartier tribute in the history of the Olympic. He gave a superb exhibition of boxing skill and flaming courage. Martin knocked out Nestell in six rounds in a rematch.

Martin sold out Hollywood Legion Stadium in the Munsell, Hanschen and Knox battles. The snug film city arena was packed from stem to stern. The night Martin defeated Knox, more than 2,000 fans were unable to purchase a ticket after 8 p.m. The gallery sold out at 6 p.m.

Martin can make 175 pounds. If Billy Conn continues to box in the light-heavyweight division, co-managers Johnny Rogers and Tommy Farmer would welcome a title shot with the handsome Pittsburgh Adonis. Martin would be no less than even money if Conn fought the British scrapper in Los Angeles, according to veteran fight men in this section.

Charley MacDonald, matchmaker for Hollywood Legion Stadium, believes Martin belongs in the same bracket as Max Baer, Lou Nova, etc., etc.

* * *

HERE'S a human interest angle on the most talked of fighter on the Pacific Coast today:—

Martin developed his stamina, speed and quick thinking in the booths of England. A booth is similar to the carnival tent show in this country where some guy tangles with all comers.

Tommy was born at St. Mary's, Berkshire, England, Jan. 22, 1916. When he was 18, Martin started in the boxing booths as a lightweight.

"I would take on from 10 to 15 men each day," says the mild-mannered Negro, whom Paul Zimmerman, brilliant sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times,* calls the "One Man Firing Squad."

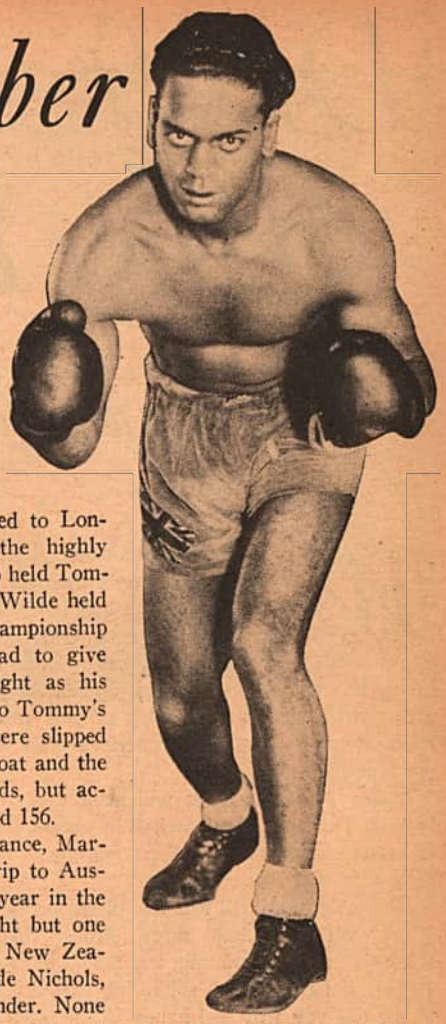
Martin's sensational style of fighting, which has amazed Southern California ring fans, is second nature with him. That's the style you master to survive as a booth fighter. Speed and quick thinking are part of this style—hence Martin's rapid success in American rings.

For two years, Martin toured the British Isles. He turned pro in 1936 as a welterweight. When he scaled but 150 pounds, Martin was boxing heavyweights. He fought 15 rounds in his pro debut at Burton-On-Trent, England's famous beer town. Tommy's purse was 30 shillings—about $7.50.

Following a few more fights, Martin went to London where the genial Johnny Sharpe, THE RING correspondent, took him under his wing. At the famous Black Friars Ring in London, Martin flattened Harry Mason, former English champion, in two rounds.

Martin engaged in two fights in West Indies, then to South America for a bout. Late in 1937, Tommy returned to London and whipped the highly rated Jim Wilde, who held Tommy Farr to a draw. Wilde held the heavyweight championship of Wales. Martin had to give away plenty of weight as his opponent scaled 218 to Tommy's 156. Lead weights were slipped into Martin's waist coat and the scales read 165 pounds, but actually he only weighed 156.

After a fight in France, Martin embarked on a trip to Australia. He spent one year in the Antipodes—and fought but one battle, defeating the New Zealand champion, Claude Nichols, in a bristling 12-rounder. None of the other top-flight scrappers would box Martin, so he returned to England.



Tommy Martin, English heavyweight who has scored impressive victories since arriving in this country.

Jack London, a rugged 235-pounder, who had fought the best heavyweights in Europe, was Martin's first opponent upon his return. London was handed quite a drubbing and Tommy carried off the decision with plenty to spare. In rapid succession, Martin defeated the French heavyweight ruler, Jean Motte; Merlo Precisio, Italy's light-heavyweight champion; Tom Reddington and countless others.

At the world famous National Sporting Club in London, Martin established a record when he headlined six weeks in a row. At that club Martin boxed under the National Sporting Club rules, which allow the boxers to "hit on the break."

* * *

MARTIN'S speech is that of an Oxford man. He has a pronounced English accent and liberally sprinkles his conversation with such typical phrases as "blawst me," "doncher know," "say, old boy," and "ripping, wot?"

Tommy's really amazed with the U.S.A.—he's only been here since last March. He had expected to find great numbers of gangsters and Indians and cowboys "as portrayed in the cinema, you know." He also expected to find nothing but ranches and ranges outside of Hollywood. The reaction of fight crowds stunned him at first.

"In England," he said, "the ladies and gentlemen applaud politely when a boxer has scored cleverly or parried a thrust. But to stand on their chairs, yell and whistle, and criticize as well as praise—and in no uncertain manner—deah me. However, I am rapidly becoming accustomed to their enthusiasm."

Martin believes British boxers are better conditioned and better trained than those in America—and consequently less marked up. He's bewildered by the lack of good left hands.

Tommy does very little boxing when in training for a match. He prefers to concentrate on road work and gymnastics, explaining that condition is by far

(Continued on page 43)

Draft Army Promises Big Boxing Boom

Old Scrappers Confronted With Opportunity for Service in National Defense; 1917-1918 Developed Fistic Rally

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WHAT are the immediate destinies of boxing to be in America? Already the draft has gone into operation. Before long, 1,000,000 of our young men, in perfect physical condition, will be deployed in cantonments all over the country. Let us hope that for them, for all of us, this aggregation of the physical flower of our youth will prove just a physical hardening process and a mental stimulus, a tremendous impetus for Americanization—and most definitely not a prelude to war.

In any event, the boys will be in the camps, and that means boxing. They will play baseball in season. They will play football, in season. They will wrestle, swim, go on long hikes. But all the time, they will box.

In boxing, they will find the all-season recreation, the one sport which will fit, perhaps more adroitly than any other, into the scheme of military training and the business of becoming a soldier. Boxing is fighting, and soldiering is fighting, and what you learn in the one you will find handy in the other.

However, nobody yet has gainsaid the advantages of boxing on a large scale for young men engaged in military or naval pursuits. For national defense, boxing is the No. 1 sport without question. The proposition then before us is to get the greatest number of conscripts into boxing; to see that they get the most out of the sport; to see that they are trained expertly; and to provide for their needs in equipment and coaching. This is a tremendous problem and will have to be handled in a more expert way than it was in 1917 and 1918.

* * *

THOSE in boxing now wonder just what effect the draft army will have on the sport. You will recollect that America's participation in the world war was followed by a tremendous boom in ring competition not only in the United States, but in other countries.

Even the Germans, who before 1914 had seen nothing good in boxing and ridiculed it, suddenly discovered that while their turnverein system of athletics was muscle building, it did not make for initiative. The war proved that. The German soldier, until the time came when he had little or nothing to eat and virtually no incentive, was fairly hardy. But when left to his own resources he was no match for the American, English and French soldier.

Along came a new system of athletics in Germany, out of which was born a world champion—Max Schmeling. But just when the Reich was on the right track, the little guy with the funny mustache and the psychology of a thug came upon the stage, and Germany's emulation of the sane athletic programme of the United States was scrapped. The Olympic games in Berlin were the final gasp.

Out of the world war we got many splendid boxers. In the draft army camps we developed scores of splendid ringsters. Into these cantonments trooped the greatest boxing heroes of the past, and they set up a system of teaching which made our army boxing-crazy.

Benny Leonard went to Camp Upton, at Yaphank, L. I. Tommy Kilbane, Jack Britton and scores of others dashed to the call to help get the youngsters into shape, and soon boys who in civilian pursuits had not been able to hold up their hands, were winning camp ring tournaments.

* * *

LEONARD and the rest were amazed at the material which they discovered in the camps. They predicted that after the war, boxing would rise to heights hitherto undreamed of by its most sanguine supporters. Tex Rickard had built ring success into a vast financial asset.

However, after the war Rickard died, and before long hard times came, and the rush for the ring was stemmed by reduced returns.

Out of conditions which ruled before, during and after the world war we got Jack Dempsey, who won the world title from Jess Willard at Toledo on July 4, 1919. Dempsey himself was not in the war or even in a camp. However, this was not because he was not willing. The young man got poor advice, and he has been sorry and sore about it ever since. Among those who will be first to dash to the help of the draft army of 1941 you will find John Harrison Dempsey.

The world war developed Georges Carpentier into a great international attraction. Carpentier was a boxer long before 1914. He started out under the wily Descamps as a bantam. After the war, Georges was hailed as an air hero, and was brought over to the United States to engage Dempsey in what was billed as the Battle of the Century, at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City.

The war had developed a keener interest in boxing, and a tremendous demand for an international fight even though Europe actually presented nobody who had the ghost of a chance against Dempsey. Carpentier was far too light for Jack. He weighed scarcely over 165 pounds, did that Frenchman. But he fought Jack, and suffered an early knockout.

Dempsey went into the ring in that fight the second choice among most Americans. He came out the one and only Dempsey, and from then on his popularity rolled along like that of Babe Ruth in baseball and Bobby Jones in golf. These three contemporaries typified the Golden Age in American sports.

* * *

THERE is a feeling that out of the 1940 conscription will come a similar boom in American athletic pursuits. There soon will be 1,000,000 youngsters in the camps, and there will be millions affected by the psychology of the conscription, which has turned men toward the physical.

Even the man who is too old to be drafted asks himself, "How much good would I be if we had to fight back an invading army? How far could I run in pursuit of a foe? How many pounds am I overweight? Or, underweight?

All this tends to throw men toward sports—and that means, among the rest, boxing.

Out of the American forces in 1917 and 1918 came, for one, Gene Tunney. The man who won the world's heavyweight title from Dempsey was a boxer around New York before the war. But he wasn't very good. He wasn't even sure he wanted to be a boxer. He had thoughts of serious pursuits. He had done some

Here is a group of famous boxers who were part of a score or more in charge of boxing at the army's camps during the World War. They served in many parts of the country. Those who have been identified are: Left to right—Top row—George Blake; 3, Mike Twin Sullivan; 4, Billy Rodenbach; 5, Packey McFarland; 6, Billy Sandow; 7, Eddie Hanlon. Middle row—1, Tommy Ryan; 2, Fred Dyer; 3, Tommy Gibbons; 6, Johnny Griffiths; 7, Harry Brewer; 8, Jeff Smith; 9, Billy Meyers. Bottom row—3, Johnny Coulon; 4, Johnny Kilbane; 5, Benny Leonard; 6, Charley Leonard; 7, Jimmy Barry.

checking on the docks, and he had seen men earn their dollars the hardest way. He had seen his father work about as hard as a man could work for beef steak and the rent.

But along came the war, and along came Tunney into the Marines, and when it was all over, Gene discovered that Destiny had made the big decision for him.

In our military force, Tunney had turned definitely to boxing. Not necessarily with an eye to an advanced professional career. But he could fight, and he got into tournaments with other professional fighters, and he beat them, and he got some ideas.

As he kept winning, Tunney became impressed with his higher possibilities as a boxer. Once home, he found that a decision had been made for him by industrial and financial conditions. Boxing shouted to him, and no other job did. Tunney went into the ring with the determination to become a champion, and a champion he certainly became.

* * *

GENE has been kidded a lot because of his scholarly aspirations and the Shakespearian gesture. That presents a study in mental processes which we do not want to go into at this time. But the fact remains that Tunney was a Marine, seeing actual warfare in France, before he set out on the broader attempt to become a great boxer.

On the other side, Joe Beckett, who became England's heavyweight champion, was a product of war conditions. So was Jimmy Wilde. So was the Frenchman Criqui, who had a silver plate in his skull. He came over here and impressed all America with his skill.

While South Americans were not involved in the first world war, the boxing boom which grew out of the military and naval forces of the United States, England and France, spread into the countries South of the Panama Canal.

Out of this boom we got Luis Firpo, who came to the United States and knocked Dempsey right out of the ring at the Polo Grounds. Out of this boom grew one of the most intense movements in the history of the ring sport—a movement which developed Kid Chocolate in Cuba, and eventually sent Arturo Godoy of Chile into an American ring with Joe Louis in 1940, and saw the South American hold the Negro champion off for the 15 round route.

In an indirect way, the war of 1917 and 1918 produced Joe Louis. In our camps, in our military bases in France, boxing tournaments became the rage. We had gone tournament-nutty in this country while Jack Johnson was the heavyweight champion. The docks, the woods, factories, sidewalks, colleges, gymnasiums and ditches were ransacked for big fellows who were white and willing to put on gloves. The United States ran wild with White Hope tournaments.

* * *

AFTER Jess Willard had knocked out Johnson, the White Hope idea, of course, collapsed. Not that it ever had served a real purpose. But with Jess's victory, the white race became supreme again in-so-far as boxing was concerned.

However, the tournament idea had taken hold. Then came the gathering of young men in the cantonments, and the tournament scheme grew by leaps and bounds. During the war over there, our boys had tournaments among themselves, and international competitions with the British.

The war ended, and still we were tournament-crazy. Out of this grew the Golden Gloves, and similar competitions for amateur fighters. Out of the Golden Gloves movement we got Louis.

Out of one tournament idea came Louis, and with the organization of the draft army, Joe will have to move into another. For even if Joe is not conscripted himself, he will have to live up to the obligations of his title, and tour the camps as an exhibition fighter and instructor.

Louis is alive to the obligations which he owes to the United States, to the draftees, to the game of boxing itself, and we are quite sure that his handlers will not make the mistake of guiding him away from these obligations. Of course, we are not in a war. Let us pray that we will not come anywhere near a war. But, just the same, Louis must not be steered toward the sort of mistake Dempsey was forced into in 1917 and 1918.

There is no getting away from the fact that in the last ten years, boxing has not offered the financial attractions and lures which drew so many youngsters into the professional game during the Rickard heyday of easy money. Depression, it was thought, would send into boxing thousands of young men whom the factories, mines and woods could not assimilate for profitable employment.

However, it did not work out that way. The reason is easy to see. The boys did not vision those rich returns which were the common thing before 1929, and they failed to dash for the cauliflower. However, in the last year *(Continued on page 46)*

Overlin Displays Class

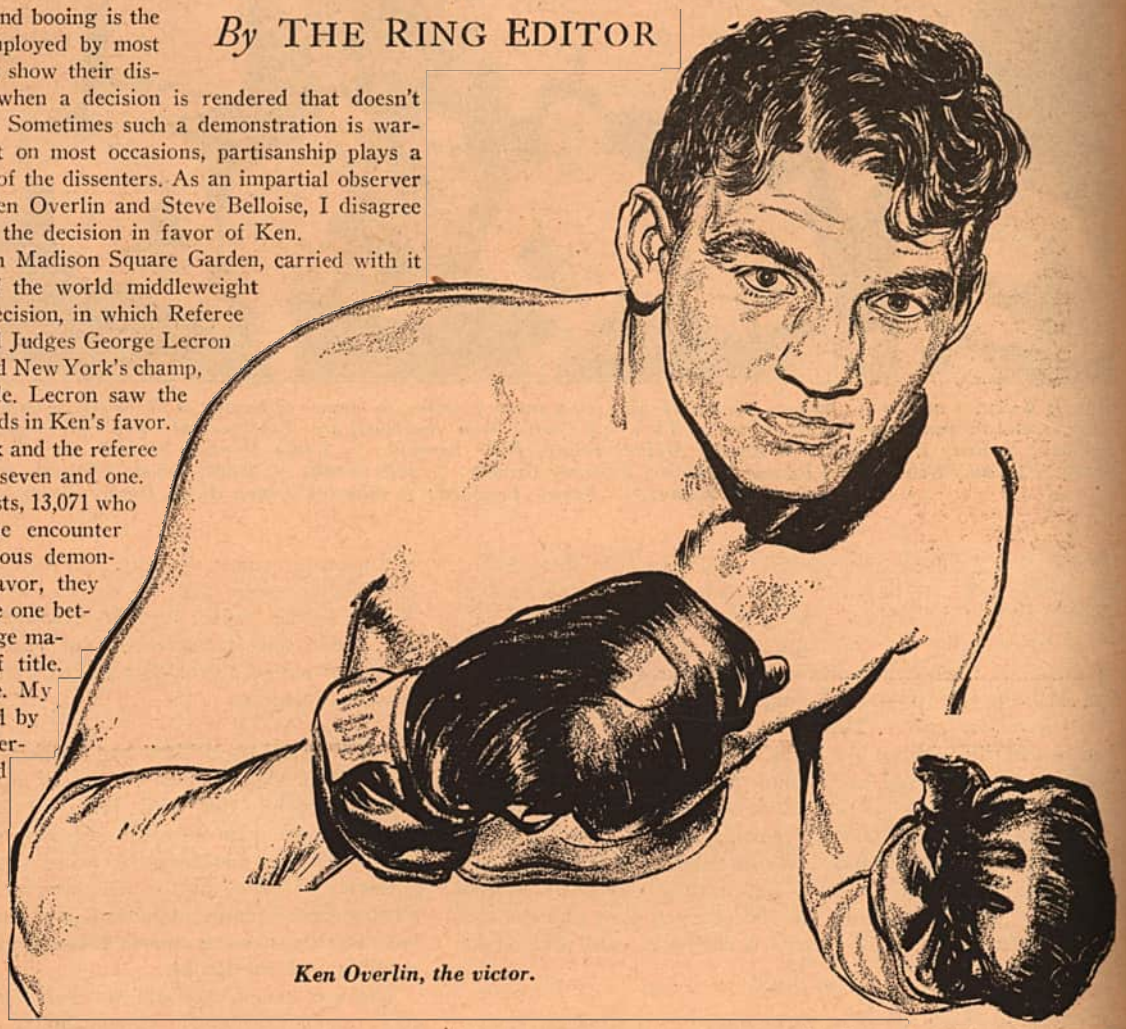
Ancient Mariner Gives Great Exhibition in Fight With Steve Belloise— Shows Remarkable Courage Under Heavy Fire— Challenger Hailed by Garden Throng

By THE RING EDITOR

HISSING and booing is the method employed by most fight fans to show their dissatisfaction when a decision is rendered that doesn't please them. Sometimes such a demonstration is warranted by the facts, but on most occasions, partisanship plays a big part in the attitude of the dissenters. As an impartial observer and a friend of both Ken Overlin and Steve Belloise, I disagree with those who hooted the decision in favor of Ken.

The contest, staged in Madison Square Garden, carried with it New York's portion of the world middleweight crown, and by a split decision, in which Referee Walsh voted a draw and Judges George Lecron and George Kelly favored New York's champ, Overlin retained his title. Lecron saw the fight eleven to four rounds in Ken's favor. Walsh gave nine and six and the referee tallied his count, seven, seven and one. As for the fight enthusiasts, 13,071 who paid $29,838 to see the encounter judging by the tumultuous demonstration in Belloise's favor, they seemed to go the referee one better. They voted by a huge majority for a change of title.

With them I disagree. My tally showed on a round by round score, nine for Overlin, five for Belloise and one even. As so often has been remarked in these columns, a fight cannot be judged wholly on aggressiveness. While Belloise forced the milling, a point on which the majority based their verdict, he was unable to follow that advantage with hits. Granted, as many remarked after the fight, that Overlin proved himself a good dancing master in victory, the fact must not be overlooked that while backing out of range of his rival's deadly wallops, Ken was smothering Belloise's face with jabs.



Ken Overlin, the victor.

* * *

OVERLIN proved that in courageousness, in quick thinking and cleverness, they come no greater. He was a master in the art of self-defense, despite the fact that in three rounds, he was caught with wallops that came close to spelling his doom. A puncher always has a chance, and Belloise proved that when he dropped Ken in the sixth for a count of two, and had him on the verge of a knockout. He repeated, minus the knockdown, in the twelfth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds, but the skill of the master was too great for the inexperienced challenger to fathom.

Giving Belloise full credit for the knockdown and his rally in the last four rounds in which he gathered three to his credit, he still didn't have sufficient to offset the great comeback of the defending title holder based on New York's rounds scoring system. He made Belloise miss often. On Many occasions when Steve loosened a heavy attack to the head, his main objective, a slight move of the head by Ken caused the punches to go wide of the mark. The fans at the ringside saw those misses, but not those in the rear or in the gallery, who figured each a strike. That kind of fighting is what earned victory for Ken on the round-by-round tally.

It was a case of experience taking the upper hand. In a return engagement Belloise is likely to win, but only if he alters his method of attack. Steve, a stiff puncher with the kayo wallop, should know by this time that a heavy body attack is far more effective in wearing down a weak opponent than a continuous attack to the head.

There were times in the battle, a most pleasing one to watch, when Belloise had his man groggy. There were times when Steve had victory within his grasp, only to throw his chances aside by poor fistic maneuvering. Had he switched to the body when he had Ken worried, Steve would have won the battle. That's where smart fighting came in, and on that, the challenger was outscored by the defending title holder.

* * *

THE crowd that booed the decision apparently didn't see the splendid blocking by the champion. They failed to take into consideration the large number of hits he scored as Belloise, sensing the kill, came tearing in bewilderingly.

And the amazing recuperative powers! What about that portion of Ken's make-up? Didn't that count in the tallying? It did, according to my way of figuring. Steve, in short,

Steve Belloise, whose inexperience cost him victory in bout with Overlin.

wasn't the finished fighter—something we can't say about Ken.

Those who wagered on Belloise at good odds and the Belloise rooters, were the ones who booed long and loudly. They saw the fight only as they wanted to see it. Those whose sentiments were not swayed, those who came to the Garden to see a contest from an unbiased point of view, who hadn't wagered on the result, weren't among the dissenters or the booers.

The fans who were close enough to the ringside to see the masterful blocking, ducking, effective punching and the amazing sliding with punches, weren't fooled. They saw Overlin the victor and correctly so. Added to the many fighting qualities displayed by Ken was his supreme courage.

The fact that Belloise finished stronger, hit the harder and was the aggressor during the last four rounds, apparently swayed the public in his favor. But he started his spurt too late. Had he followed his tremendous advantage of the sixth round with a spurt in the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth rounds, all of which Overlin won, there would have been no doubt about the victor. But Steve let Overlin make a comeback that thrilled the very fans who hooted the decision. They were loud in their praise of Overlin during those four sessions in which Belloise's rise was checked, yet they couldn't see him the winner.

* * *

IT was not until Overlin showed signs of tiring, starting the eleventh, that Belloise finally took whip in hand and started going with a vengeance after his man. The short left hook, followed by a terrific right that dropped Ken in the sixth, was used with frequency in the last four rounds, yet Steve couldn't drop his opponent again. He jarred him, but that was the extent of the damage. And in return for that, Overlin smothered Steve's face with jabs that shot his head back every time they landed. The pace was a sizzling one up to the eleventh. Though the fight was slowed down a little in the next four cantos, the boys went at each other in hammer-and-tong fashion in the final session, which Belloise, on my scoring, gained by a hairline margin.

Steve, when he realized he had Ken going, suddenly went right-hand crazy. Some blows crashed against Ken's head and jaw and jarred him, but many went wide of the mark because of Overlin's cleverness.

In the tenth, in trying to avoid a short left hook, Ken slipped, but was up in a jiffy without any count being made. Some regarded it as a knockdown, but I couldn't see it.

The fight was a thriller. It combined everything that the dyed-in-the-wool fan likes to see. There was the knockdown of a champion; the courage in the face of danger; hard hitting and clever boxing; amazing recuperation of a beaten title-holder—all combined to make the fight one of the best of the year.

* * *

BELLOISE started the sixth, four rounds to the bad. Coming out of a short clinch, he began the slaughter with a right-hand uppercut to the chin and then followed quickly with a right to the same spot. The attack came like out of a clear sky. Overlin was the most surprised man in the arena as he toppled to the canvas. He seemed flabbergasted and instead of taking full advantage of the count, as it was expected a heady fighter like Ken would do, he leaped to his feet at the count of two. Eyes glazed, body swaying, legs wobbly, he tried to get in close to clinch.

Belloise was at him like a flash. He pounded Ken with every variety of blow imaginable. It was an assault such as seldom has been seen in the Garden. How Ken kept his feet through that barrage was a mystery. He got close to the ropes and held on to the lower strand. Twice his body was halfway over the ropes as the terrific pounding of the challenger was continued.

For two minutes that onslaught lasted. It was an amazing exhibition of courage under fire and physical stamina!

Left, right; left, right; crash after crash smothered the body of the champion, yet he refused to yield! The bulk of the attack was to the face, but Belloise had failed to land on a vulnerable spot.

When the bell sounded, Belloise was as tired as was his adversary. He had punched himself out in that two minutes of fistic fireworks and had lost his chance for a knockout.

What was evident in the seventh round when, contrary to expectations, Overlin, with speed and cleverness, avoided every effort on the part of his rival to follow his advantage, and in the end, proved to the world that he was a real fighter. He was scarcely touched in that session, while on the other hand, he peppered Steve's face with jab after jab and occasionally even shot across a pretty hefty wallop to the body to slow up his adversary. It was an unheard recuperation—something not often seen!

The man who had been figured by all as a dancer with a cream puff punch, had proved to the satisfaction of Belloise, at least, that not only was he a good dancer, but that he could deliver a telling punch at times also. He kept up an accurate attack to the face, with leather landing repeatedly. But the crowd didn't see that—they seemed to know only that Steve Belloise was the aggressor, though as such, he, not Overlin, in many of the rounds following the sixth, was on the receiving end.

Overlin, the veteran of thirteen years, who was fighting his thirteenth fight of the year, had come through like a real champion. Now for a fight to decide world supremacy in the division between Tony Zale and the Overlin-Belloise return bout victor.

HIDDEN TALENT

Many Fighters Have Proved Their Ability Once the Opportunity Has Been Given Them—Not a Scarcity of Material, But Lack of Foresight by Leading Promoters, is Responsible for Present Poor Condition of Boxing —Only the Break is Needed to Flood the Market With Good Attractions

By TED CARROLL

FOR a long time the most frequently heard complaint about the boxing game has concerned the scarcity of good fighters.

"What're ya gonna do, there's nobody around," has been the wail of boxing fans, managers and promoters these past two years.

It has been the disposition of many to take these words for granted, but the results of many recent bouts have caused close students of ring affairs to voice the opinion that perhaps it is not the talent but the opportunity that is lacking in the boxing business.

Drumbeaters have been singing the praises of some few fistic stars such as Henry Armstrong, Cocoa Kid, Billy Conn, and George Latka as gifted exceptions in the ranks of boxers of today. But in the past few weeks three of these, Armstrong, Cocoa, and Latka, have been taken over the hurdles by hitherto unpublicized foes—Fritzie Zivic, Izzy Jannazzo, and Toby Vigil, respectively, while Conn is displaying an unlooked for reluctance to meeting Red Burman, another whose ability has not gained the recognition it deserves.

All this can mean only one thing. Just as have such unsung underdogs as Jannazzo, Zivic and Vigil established themselves as top notch fighters capable of travelling in any company, there must also be others scattered about the county, who if afforded the chance, might do much towards relieving the famine of fistic talent everywhere.

Had anyone mentioned Fritzie Zivic in the same breath with the great Henry Armstrong, a short time ago, he would have been put in a strait jacket and carted off to the booby hatch. Not that the Pittsburgh boy wasn't looked upon as a good fighter. He certainly was. But, in the same ring with the Homicide Hombre, don't be silly!

* * *

THE result of that one particular bout went a long way towards dispelling the idea that good boxers, with a handful of exceptions, are as extinct as the dodo. Zivic, who had been considerable of an in and outer previously, reacted to his great opportunity with an all around exhibition of fighting ability that would have done credit to any 147-pounder that ever stepped into a ring. It is true that from the tenth round on, Armstrong could hardly see. He groped blindly about the ring in endless pursuit of his opponent. But Fritzie showed ability to stand up under punishment, smartness under fire, amazing stamina, for one so frail in appearance and punching power, that few thought he possessed, and it was those assets that enabled him to win.

Although he seemed on the verge of sagging to the mat on several occasions up to the tenth stanza, the Smoky City lad bore up under the famed Armstrong barrages, solved Henry's head down shifting, weaving style with sweeping right hand uppercuts, and came on to win the welterweight championship of the world as Armstrong collapsed at the finish.

This meant, of course, that to the list of fighters recognized as outstanding, the name of Fritzie Zivic must be added, come what may in the Pittsburgher's later engagements.

Fritzie Zivic has been a good fighter for a long time, as far back as 1935 when he cracked Lew Ambers' jaw, the fifth of the famed fighting Zivics was a real headliner but not until he received the golden opportunity to prove it to the world was the fact generally accepted. Who knows how many others throughout the land belong in the same category?

* * *

ALONG in Zivic's same division and looming large as his most dangerous rival of the moment, is another hitherto lost-in-the-shuffle young man who has just emerged as an outstanding fighter in any league. Izzy Jannazzo is the gentleman in question, and any boxer capable of defeating such highly regarded performers as Holman Williams and Cocoa Kid one after the other, can't be omitted from any list of real good fighters. Jannazzo deserves a chance with Zivic to settle the matter of supremacy.

Jannazzo is anything but a Johnny-come-lately to top ranking honors. Still young in years, he was boxing the likes of Ceferino Garcia and Barney Ross for the welterweight title back in 1936. Yet, in spite of the fact that a draw was the decision in his setto with the Filipino, and Ross retained his crown by the skin of his teeth in his meeting with Izzy, the Alabama-born New York boy languished and seemed to be sliding from the picture.

A far-roaming fellow, he plied his boxing trade in the far corners of the earth—Australia, Mexico, and Germany. This may have had something to do with his decline from fistic prominence in his own country. On top of this, hand trouble was a headache to his hopes. Although he never lost his standing as a fighter of much ability among the tradesmen of the pugilistic profession, he was just another fighter who had passed his peak, so far as the general public was concerned.

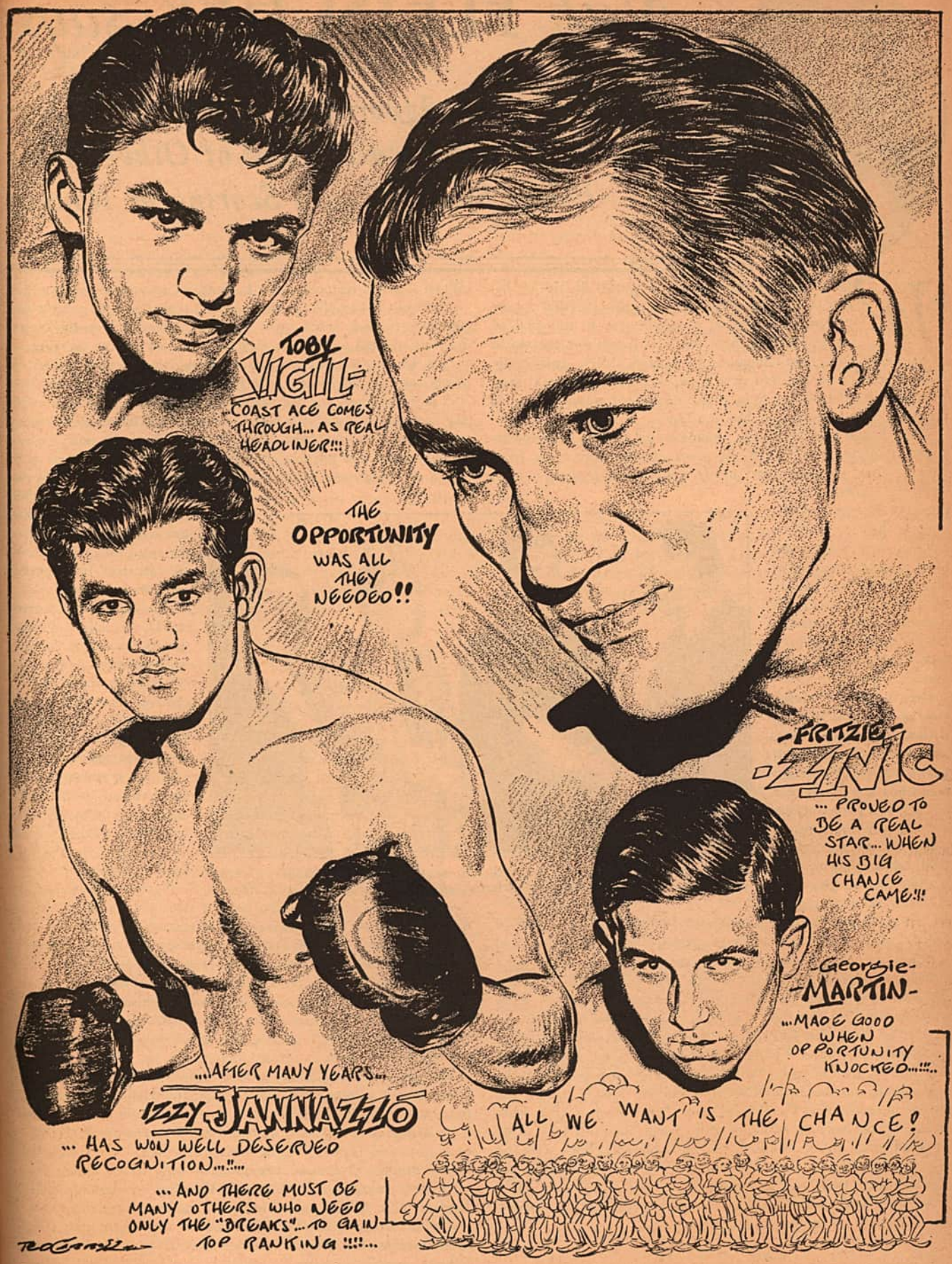
* * *

THE good citizens of Washington, D. C., were the first to discover how much in error this popular opinion was in the case of Izzy Jannazzo. Capital City fans were quick to hail the fast stepping Izzy as a welter worthy of any class following his decisive victory over Holman Williams on September 4 last. If anything, in this fight, Jannazzo showed improvement over his ancient efforts against Garcia and Ross, being much more aggressive than he had formerly been.

This victory, along with the fact that most of the other contenders in his division seemed to regard him like a dose of smallpox, convinced the Maryland Boxing Commission, angered at Armstrong's refusal to meet Cocoa Kid in a title bout, that Jannazzo was just the man for a match with the Puerto Rican, for the Maryland version of the welterweight crown.

On Oct. 14, in Baltimore, Jannazzo and Cocoa Kid met in a 15-round contest designated as for the welterweight championship of the world by the Maryland Boxing Commission. After 15 rounds of close combat, Referee Jack Dempsey cast the deciding vote in Jannazzo's favor, making him welterweight champion of the world in the state of Maryland.

What was even more in Jannazzo's favor was that this decision, plus the Williams win, established him beyond dispute as a member of that select coterie of pugilists who are recognized as the world's best, a distinction he had long deserved but, as in the case of Zivic, he had been slow in gaining. Perhaps now he'll meet Fritzie to settle the matter of supremacy.



THESE favorites of fortune, once they attain that prized position, become known as "name" fighters. As such their activities are subject to universal scrutiny and any struggling pug, lucky enough to beat one of them, immediately falls heir to considerable prestige. This sort of happening occurred in Brooklyn a few weeks back when highly-favored Pedro Montanez, embarking on a new drive aimed at regaining his former high estate in the ring, ran into (Continued on page 43)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Weight Problem Ignored in Horton Law Days
Conn's Case Recalls That of Other Stars
Points System Excels Scoring by Rounds

WHEN Billy Conn recently defeated Al McCoy before a Boston gathering that paid $21,300 to see the mill, he climbed a step nearer to the goal of his ambition—a fight with Joe Louis for the world heavyweight title next summer. In Boston, Billy scaled only 172¾ pounds, a weight that most fight experts think should keep Billy in the light-heavyweight ranks instead of mixing it, as is proposed, with a tough man like Joe Louis.

There is much to this line of argument, yet it must be acknowledged by those who follow the sport closely, that aside from weight, Conn possesses most of the qualities of a great fighter. True he cannot hit as does the Brown Bomber, nor is he a knockout clouter, but those who have fought him, know that Billy is not exactly what might be termed a "cream puff puncher". His blows carry a sting—make no mistake about that.

Personally I cannot foresee anything but a defeat, via the kayo route, for Conn in a battle with Louis, but as heavyweight talent is today, there can be no doubt that Conn fits into the picture as much as do the others who are seeking a shot at the crown—a poor crop of heavyweight contenders. In going through my desk recently, I came across a table of weights and measurements I had compiled nine years ago, and perusing the list, I was struck by the number of truly great fighters who made their way into the Hall of Fame by tackling the world's best heavyweights though, judged by weight, these pugilists were middleweights or light-heavyweights, at most.

Here is the new commission that will rule over boxing in Louisiana: Left to right—Gen. Steve Alford, Isidore Mattes, John M. Wilkie and Lenny J. Elmer.

Most of these men fought at a time when the weight problem meant little in boxing. Fighters like Sam Langford, Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy, Joe Choynski, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—I can name fifty famous ringmen, scaled between 145 and 170, yet made ring history in battles with the heavier men. Cleverness is a great asset in boxing and when a man like Billy Conn possesses that to its highest degree, and in addition, can feint superbly, hook with the best in ring history and is absolutely fearless, we cannot say with impunity that "he lacks class for a fight with Louis. He'll be knocked out, in my opinion, but he fits into the picture far better than do the majority of other heavies.

* * *

LET'S take a glance at only a few of those who made the grade though their weight was no more than what Billy Conn scales today. There was the great James J. Corbett, the most scientific boxer in the history of pugilism. Gentleman Jim scaled only 170 pounds or thereabouts for most of his contests. When Corbett whipped John L. Sullivan to win the crown, Jim scaled only 174 to 214 for the loser. At that, Corbett's weight was the most he had scaled up to that time. After he won the crown, he went as high as 184, the most he ever carried into the ring.

Joe Choynski, the greatest Hebrew heavyweight fighter in American fisticuffs, stood only 5 feet 10½ inches and scaled only 165 to 170 pounds for his most thrilling battles. History records the fact that many of the best heavyweight bouts in this country were fought by men who scaled as did Choynski and Corbett. Compare the list of heavyweights whom Choynski faced with those of the present day, and you'll learn very quickly why we harp on the fact that the heavyweight class of this era would be a cinch for the men who fought in the Horton Law period or just prior to it.

Tommy Burns, former world champion, cleaned up the world's leading heavyweight figures to clinch his right to the crown, when he scaled only 174 to 179 pounds. He was only 5 feet 7.

Sam Langford, 5 feet 6½ inches, scaled tops, no more than 170. Who will say that Old Sambo wasn't one of the greatest heavyweights in the history of pugilism?

Georges Carpentier, who shares with Al McCoy the honor of being the only prominent figure in boxing who fought in every division, from flyweight to heavy, never topped 174 pounds. When he fought Dempsey—the Man-Killer at his best—for world crown, the Orchid Kid weighed only 172 pounds.

Charles Mitchell, as great and clever a British fighter as ever lived, went thirty-nine rounds to a draw with the Mighty John L. Sullivan at Chantilly, France, in 1888. Sullivan weighed 204 pounds for that fight as against 162 pounds for Mitchell.

The clever Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was a consistent 176 pounder and most of the men he fought, would romp through the present list of contenders. Likewise the Immortal Stanley Ketchel, the greatest hitter among the middleweights this country ever produced. For his fight with Jack Johnson, in which he floored the great colored heavyweight only to be knocked out with the next punch, Ketchel scaled 178 pounds to 205 pounds for Johnson. The heavyweight title was at stake in that bout.

Kid McCoy was another legitimate middleweight who fought heavyweights. The Kid met the best, yet seldom even reached the light-heavyweight border.

When Tommy Gibbons fought Jack Dempsey for the title, and forced Dempsey to go the route, fifteen rounds, to win the decision, Tommy weighed in at 175½ pounds, the same as Conn will probably scale when he faces Louis next summer. Gibbons, at his best, was a light-heavyweight.

THERE should be much convincing argument in the above to prove that though Joe Louis is far too good for Billy Conn, the Pittsburgher not only is superior to most of the ranking heavyweight contenders, but because of his superior skill, he should be able to give a better account of himself than have most of those who have already faced Louis or those who are to meet him shortly. I still think that Mike Jacobs errs in not pitting Conn against Red Burman, a real test, before pitting Billy against the Bomber. Regardless of statements to the contrary, I know that the Louis-Conn fight already has been made, and that contracts have been signed, sealed and delivered for a June battle.

The build up of Conn has been going on steadily. I find no fault with that but I do think that if Jacobs and Johnny Bay, manager of Conn, want to assure a big gate for a Louis-Conn battle, and gain public confidence in such a match, they should have Billy take on one or two of the outstanding heavyweights, from among Burman, Godoy, Max Baer and Buddy Baer. The elimination of one or more of those, would automatically place Billy on top as the outstanding contender. Having already shunted Bob Pastor into the background, a victory for Conn over one or two of those mentioned, would make Billy tops as contender.

If Conn should beat Savold, as I expect he will, then he will have eliminated our fifth ranking heavyweight, and with that victory under his belt, no one could deny Billy the right to meet Louis if he would add one of the other outstanding leaders—Burman, Max Baer, Buddy Baer or Godoy to his list of heavyweight victims.

Beating Pastor was a feather in the cap of Conn but taking the measure of McCoy, who rates far below the leading ten, was just an ordinary feat. It added little to the prestige of Conn, just as the knockout of McCoy by the Bomber, which I predict within four rounds, will add nothing to the prestige of the heavyweight king.

That Conn is improving both in hitting and in cleverness, was strongly in evidence in the battle with McCoy. Billy showed himself to be a top flight fighting machine, but we already knew that. His attack was superb, his speed was dazzling and his defense when faced with an attack, was excellent.

Yet with all that, his chances against Louis could not be guaged properly, because of mediocre opposition, Mike Jacobs and Johnny Ray must know by this time, that it would be to their advantage and that of Conn to pit him against at least one outstanding heavyweight contender before asking the public next June to pay $16.50 or $27.50 to see Conn use his fighting skill against the Louis gunnery.

As I have remarked at the start of this piece, Conn, because of his speed and boxing skill may do what other light men accomplished in the days when the heavyweight division was at its best. But that is merely conjecture. He is far from being a Ketchel, McCoy, O'Brien, Corbett, Choynski, Langford or Walcott, who in the days of their prime, outclassed the present field of contenders. Only Joe Louis excelled them.

The best way to give the public a chance to judge Conn's true heavyweight ability, is by having him face one or more of the four outstanding contenders—Burman, Godoy and the Baer brothers.

The fight with McCoy brought out nothing in Conn that wasn't already known. It proved him a man of courage, a superb boxer and a fighter with tremendous speed. McCoy stood up well despite a severe beating that had him at times, on the verge of a knockout.

He fought back strongly occasionally but tired, and fought at a snail's pace as the fight progressed. Yet, despite that beating by a normal light-heavyweight, McCoy was awarded with a heavyweight championship contest, while better and more deserving talent, was shunted to the sidelines, a game practiced often in the present system of match making.

* * *

A JOE LOUIS-Al McCoy fight for the world's heavyweight championship, is not enticing. McCoy does not rate among the first fifteen heavyweights. Before losing to Conn, McCoy dropped a ten rounds decision to Solly Krieger, a light-heavyweight who during the past month, lost to Tommy Tucker in Madison Square Garden.

As a promoter, Jacobs seeks the opponent for the Brown Bomber, who is most popular in the locality in which the fight is to be staged, and in McCoy, Uncle Mike thinks he has the best attraction for a Boston contest. It will outdraw any other, he says, "and that's all that counts."

That line of reasoning is fair, for the promoter, but how about the prestige of the champion? How about the fans who know in advance, that the outcome of such a fight can be nothing less than a victory for the title-holder? How about the ten outstanding heavyweights who, by their ring work, have earned a shot at the crown?

Doesn't that count in boxing, any longer? Apparently not.

The Louis-McCoy bout will be a duplicate of the Bomber's fights with such mediocre talent as Johnny Paychek, Jack Roper and Harry Thomas. There is something radically wrong when the world's top promoter finds it necessary to shunt into the background Red Burman and other real heavyweights, for a fighter who cannot beat light-heavyweights!

Look at the record of the man who has been selected above all others, as the one who rates a shot for the heavyweight crown with Joe Louis! He earned the fight, we are told, because he was defeated by Billy Conn and Bostonians raised the howl that fouls, not Conn's ability, licked their man. Here is McCoy's record for 1940:—

February 29, Buddy Scott, Brooklyn, won, 8 rounds; March 4, Eldridge Eatman, Bridgeport, won, 10; March 25, Gus Dorazio, Philadelphia, lost, 10; June 7, Melio Bettina, Boston, won, 10; July 1, Solly Krieger, lost, 10; October 18, Billy Conn, lost 10.

Very unimpressive, if not very poor, indeed!

* * *

CALIFORNIA'S Boxing Commission has adopted a new "no blood" rule that makes it mandatory on the part of a referee to halt a contest in which there is excessive bleeding due to an accidental butt, and to call such a bout a draw, regardless of the point score at the time. I can see where one of the contestants, badly outclassed, might do all in his power to save his neck by making certain that he is butted. It would be an easy matter for one who is eager to be butted so that he might save himself from further punishment, to have his wish granted. Thus, instead of losing the decision though outclassed, he would earn a draw.

What does a little head injury mean compared to the loss of a decision or a knockout?

A more just rule, if any has to be adopted, would be to permit the referee after the bout is halted, to award the decision to the fighter who in his opinion had the advantage when the bout was halted. Such a rule would meet with popular approval.

* * *

THE recent Overlin-Belloise fight in the Garden, in which on my rounds by rounds score I found Overlin in the lead, nine to five and one even, but in my point tally, I awarded seventy-five points to each fighter, proved to me that the point system of counting far exceeds that of the rounds system. Bill Brown, Boxing Commissioner of New York State, in discussing this with me, agreed that it was a more accurate guage.

In analyzing the fight, Commissioner Brown said:

"Were I the referee, I would have awarded the fight to Belloise. He did the greater execution, had his rival down, had Overlin on the verge of a knockout, and finished with a great rally and in far better condition than did Overlin. He gained, in my opinion, four of the last five rounds and that should have won for him the bout."

I think as does Brown if the bout were judged on a points basis. Were I the referee, Belloise would have gotten my vote if the points system were in use in New York, as it is in most states. With the points equal, 75 each, I would have awarded the fight to Steve because of the greater damage he had inflicted and his stronger finish.

But, as I explained to Commissioner Brown, New York State decides its fights on rounds and there can *(Continued on page 46)*

PRECIOUS SECONDS

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

A FEW weeks ago in Madison Square Garden, a large gathering of fight fans received the thrill that comes but seldom in boxing—that of a champion possessing extraordinary fighting qualities being sent to the canvas by the challenger. It was the fight between Henry Armstrong and Fritzie Zivic, in which the Pittsburgher gained the world welterweight crown by handing the title-holder a severe beating in the final sessions of their fifteen-round mill.

The fight was over. A new champion had been crowned. The crowd was making its exit from the House that Tex Built. Here and there, while the Garden help was trying to clear the building to close for the night, small gatherings stood discussing with a degree of fervidness the falling of a great title-holder.

I stood with Billy Gibson, manager of several former champions, in the Garden entrance.

"Great fight, wasn't it," he remarked. "How many champions have you seen knocked out in your day, or knocked down and on the verge of a knockout, Clarence?" he continued.

Off hand, I couldn't answer. As former Sports Editor of the old *Police Gazette*, I had seen too many to be able to keep tab, but I countered with the query, "Bill, did you ever give a thought to the many times you've seen a second separate a challenger from a title, or a champion from a knockout?"

"I never did," replied Gibson, as we started reminiscing. Here we had just seen a great little battler, one of the best of all time, the only title-holder to hold three crowns at one time, take a shellacking from his challenger, and saved from a knockout by just a few seconds.

* * *

I WONDER how many of you who are reading this article have ever thought of the many times your heart throbbed as it did when Armstrong was floored in the fifteenth round by Zivic and you experienced the thrill that comes when a champion is put away!

How many of you have experienced the thrill that comes when a champion is dropped and just as the referee had reached the final second, up came the title-holder to save himself from a kayo?

How many times have you seen the champ floored and get to his feet with only one second separating him from a knockout, then lashing out, had put the challenger to sleep?

Precious seconds—yes, that's what they are in boxing. One second often stands between the championship and a lost cause. One second often has kept a contender to his usual diet of ham-and—when, had Fate not decreed it, he could have leaped into the big money ranks.

I've seen many such contests and I daresay so have the majority of RING readers.

"One-two-three-four-five-six—"

The referee's arm rises and falls as the timekeeper bellows the count, pounding on the edge of the ring platform. The champion writhes on the floor. The challenger, tense, paws at the canvas in a neutral corner.

"Seven-eight-nine—"

The champion struggles to his feet and the challenger rushes in for the kill. He leaves himself wide open and is impaled on a wildly thrown right hand. His body stiffens and he hits the floor. No need for a count!

His seconds drag him to his corner, spray him with water. They revive him.

In his dressing room he mutters through bruised and swollen lips:

"I had him down. One second more and I'd have been champion of the world! What a break I got!"

* * *

ONE second more! Yes—the gripping drama of the ring is written in seconds. A second, even a split second, can mean the difference between glorious success and ignominious failure.

At the Polo Grounds on the night of September 14, 1923, in the greatest of all heavyweight fights, the destiny of Luis Angel Firpo was altered by the tick of a watch in the hands of the timekeeper.

Five times Firpo had been dropped by Jack Dempsey with a crowd of 90,000 roaring in hysteria.

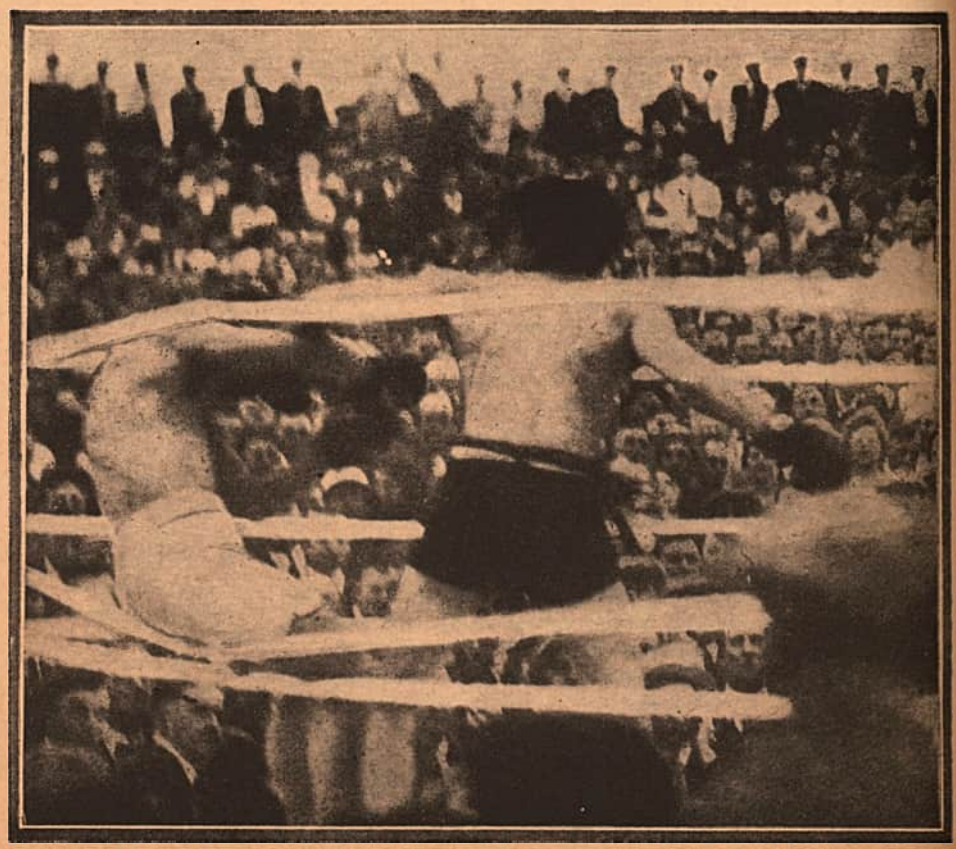
Five times he had dragged himself to his feet.

Dempsey bore in for a knockout and Firpo sent him whirling through the ropes with a desperate thrust of his ponderous right hand. Still dazed from the effects of Dempsey's punches, Firpo rocked on his heels as Dempsey squirmed about in the laps of startled newspapermen at the ringside, striving to get back into the ring.

"One-two-three-four—"

Unless Dempsey could get back within ten seconds, Firpo would be the heavyweight champion of the world, master of millions!

And at six, Dempsey crawled back, rushed into a clinch, further weakened Firpo with his fearful body punches—then knocked him out in the second round.



Benny Leonard going through the ropes in fight with Charley White.

Stanley Ketchel, who, after having floored Johnson, was knocked out with next wallop, delivered by the champ.

Four years later Dempsey was to miss, by only a few seconds, the distinction of being the only former heavyweight champion ever to recapture the title. At Soldier Field, Chicago, in September of 1927, in that never-to-be-forgotten seventh round, Dempsey flattened Gene Tunney with a series of punches culminating in a left hook to the jaw—and wasted five precious seconds arguing with Referee Dave Barry when the referee ordered Dempsey to a neutral corner.

It may be that if Dempsey had gone to a neutral corner immediately, Tunney would have gotten up at nine—although the dazed look on his face as he sprawled on the canvas was evidence to the contrary. It may be that if he had gotten up, then he could have kept away from Dempsey—but the five seconds Dempsey frittered away in snarling, senseless argument effectively disposed of whatever chance he had to win.

* * *

THIRTEEN years before Firpo, Stanley Ketchel came within a second of the heavyweight championship at Colma, California, when his murderous right dropped Jack Johnson in the twelfth round.

"One-two-three-four-five—"

The conqueror of Jeffries, the ogre of the ring, lay huddled on the floor, a writhing black hulk on the square of bleached canvas. Over him, the handsome Pole stood grimly waiting—waiting to drop him again if he should get up.

"Six-seven-eight-nine—"

Johnson was up! Ketchel lunged in—and the black crushed him with one blow, a right uppercut that ripped the teeth from his jaws and stripped him of his senses.

* * *

CHARLIE WHITE, left hook artist from Chicago—Charlie with the high brow of the intellectual that belied his sluggishness of thought—was within four seconds of the lightweight championship on a summer afternoon in 1920 at Benton Harbor, Mich. For six rounds Benny Leonard had outboxed him, outpunched him, outgeneraled him, and had him poised for a knockout—and in the seventh round, White's deadly left hook had flashed and Leonard had been hit out of the ring.

"One-two-three-four—"

White had shaken off the fog enveloping his brain. The lightweight championship was at arm's length now! His left hook had done it! Leonard, the champion, was out of the ring! The title—but at six Benny climbed back into the ring and in the ninth round, White was stretched on the floor.

* * *

LEONARD had another close call one night in 1921 in the old Madison Square Garden in New York. It was in his bout with Ritchie Mitchell, idol of Milwaukee. Leonard had stopped him once in seven rounds but Mitchell wasn't convinced. One more crack at the title, he wanted. He got it that night in the Garden—and the title hung, for an instant, on the thread of chance and swung tantalizingly close to him.

When the bell rang to start the fight, Leonard, cool, contemptuous of Mitchell, walked straight out to meet him, stabbed him with a left to the face and followed with a right, aimed at the jaw. It was high and struck Mitchell on the left cheek bone but it dropped him.

Ritchie, almost in a panic, tried to get up and his seconds bawled at him to take a count of nine. At nine, he rose and Leonard nailed him again. Again he went down, to roll over and come up at six.

Leonard was on him and, with a right to the jaw, dropped him a third time. Mitchell struggled to free himself from the canvas.

The count roared on. Leonard, grinning broadly, acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd. Mitchell, plainly, was through.

But at nine, Mitchell got up. He weaved about, almost ready to fall again and Leonard, his guard low, closed in. From somewhere, Mitchell pulled a left hook that thudded against Leonard's chin. The champion hit the canvas, his face pale, his eyes popping.

Johnny Dundee, who was saved by two seconds from a kayo at the hands of Eddie Wallace.

In his corner Bill Gibson shrieked:

"Shake your head, Benny! Shake your head!"

"One-two-three-four-five—"

Mitchell, his left eye closed, blood trickling from his nose and mouth, his head buzzing from the champion's punches, lurched against the ropes.

"Six-seven—"

Slowly at first, then more rapidly, Leonard began to shake his head. The light of understanding came back into his face and he winked at the frantic Gibson.

"Eight-nine—"

But Leonard was up. Now he was fencing for an opening. Now he was stabbing Mitchell.

Mitchel faltered, cracked him with that left hook again and Leonard staggered but regained his balance and pulled Mitchell into a clinch.

The round ended with the champion out of danger—and five rounds later Mitchell, blinded, bruised, bleeding, lay at his feet.

* * *

A FEW years ago Leo Lomski came out of the Northwest hailed as another Ketchel, earned the right to fight for the light-heavyweight title and met Tommy Loughran at Madison Square Garden. At the bell, Lomski rushed from his corner, broke down Loughran's guard and belted him over with a right to the chin. Tommy struck on his shoulder blades, his heels in the air, and only the lower rope behind him kept him from going out of the ring.

"One-two-three-four—"

The new Assassin had the champion down! But at nine the champion was up, circling around the eager Lomski, holding him off with his marvelous defense. Lomski rushed and rushed, swinging leather for the champion's chin. Slowly the minutes ground away. With eight seconds to go, his right landed. This time Loughran sagged to the floor head first.

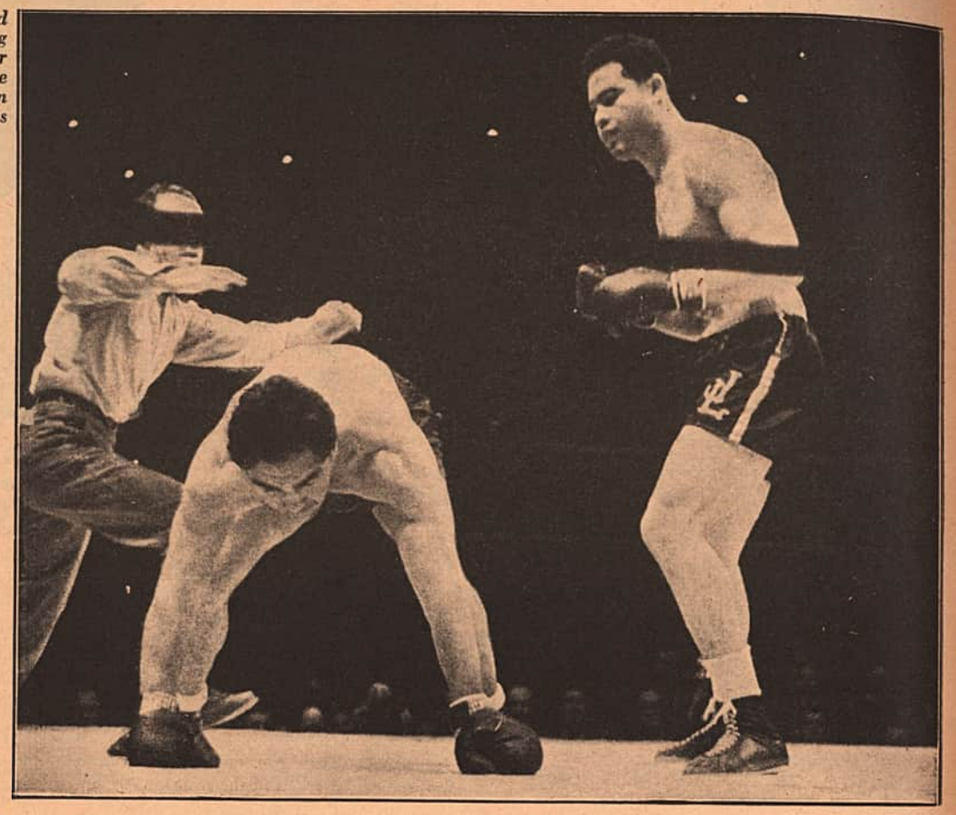
"One-two-three-four-five—"

Instinct pulled Loughran to his feet at the count of eight, just as the bell clanged. Two seconds more and Lomski would have been champion of the world!

With the opening of the second round, Lomski rushed again, but now Loughran stopped him with a straight left that tilted his head back, threw him off balance—and that blow changed the course of the fight. It went the limit, but in the remaining rounds, Lomski, throwing that right hand against Loughran's left, just couldn't connect with the target. *(Continued on page 45)*

FORECASTERS

When Joe Louis vindicated the forecasters by knocking out Max Schmeling in their return engagement. Here we see Schmeling go down just before the bout was halted.



IT is difficult to state exactly where the fine art of picking the winner of a big prize fight, as practiced by the sport experts of the Fourth Estate, leaves off, and the business of ballyhooing the said fight begins. Frequently, one might say invariably, the two things are combined.

However sincere the writer may be in announcing his choice and detailing reasons for the same, he is also helping to whet the blood appetite of prospective customers by stimulating interest in the affair. Speaking in side-show argot—he's shilling for "come-ons" whether he intends to or not.

It often happens that a press-prophet gets all steamed up personally over a combat de luxe, and is likely to devote an amount of space to his subject that the promoter couldn't have obtained by paying full advertising rates. Not one, but practically all of Gotham's best and brightest moulders of sport-opinion went haywire thus in connection with the first sensational battle in June, 1936, between heavyweights Max Schmeling and Joe Louis, at the New York Yankee Stadium, New York City.

The ballyhoo racket played Hades with that one! Louis, by dint of a number of kayo victories over prominent heavies had established himself in short order as a drawing card of irresistible magnetism. Such notables as Carnera, Baer and Paulino had fallen before him. As he rocketed upward in his flight to the giddy altitude of fistic fame, each of his successive victories demanded more and more descriptive adjectives of praise from the scribes, and they rose nobly to the occasion.

Certain it is that no heavyweight in past or modern times ever received a tithe of the printed adulation lavished upon young Louis. The newspaper experts to a man scorned even to hedge on the forecasts of the negro's victory in his coming contest with Schmeling. The closest any of the press-prophets came to indicating possible disaster for Louis was a grudging admission that, as he had won a score of battles without being subjected to gruelling punishment, proof had not yet been furnished of his ability to stand the gaff.

But they hastened to qualify this assertion by stating that his superb cleverness was such as to utterly preclude any necessity for any such proof. His defense being impenetrable, nobody could break through it. Consequently, there was no reason for worrying over his powers of endurance. It was just as simple as all that!

The scribes had it all figured out to a nicety.

EVERYBODY knows the aftermath, how the bright, irridescent bubble burst in a rough gale of Schmeling punches. How Louis, battered from post to post, finally assumed a dying-gladiator pose in the fateful twelfth round, and was counted out!

Never before had the journalistic ring experts risen to such wild heights of enthusiasm, only to crash to earth with sickening impact. It was a sad story, needing for sympathetic narration the accompaniment of an orchestra playing trills, tremulos and sobs on muted strings, to give it the real, soggy, tear-drenched effect.

Louis to-day is the undisputed champion of the world, having taken the title from James J. Braddock by an eight round knockout on June 22, 1937, and clinching his right to the crown by smashing-up and stopping his former conqueror, Max Schmeling, on June 22, the year following, in a one-sided affair that lasted only two minutes and thirty seconds.

So the forecasters feel that they are thoroughly vindicated, and can now discuss the first horrible catastrophe without becoming blasphemous. But none has forgotten the hangover of the morning after the finish of the initial Louis ballyhoo. The reaction was too violent for that!

Granted that they had good reasons for praising Louis, the trouble was that each experting enthusiast over-played his hand. And when the publicity trumpets gathered sound and volume, and the glory march got into full swing, the prophets were so carried away by the tide of homage surging at the shrine of the new fistic idol, that presently they were shouting hosannas and throwing literary handsprings all over the shop.

The whole thing was psychological in its mob appeal and in the effect of the stuff they wrote up. The men who wrote it, unwittingly were captured and fascinated by the very ballyhoo that their frothy articles created. One queer angle about writing is that if a scribe devoted himself for an extended period to issuing eulogies on a certain subject, he often becomes, in a paradoxical sense, a convert to his own line of reasoning. Starting as an unbiased critic he may easily wind up as a rabid partisan.

and BALLYHOO

By GEORGE T. PARDY

* * *

THE human brain is keenly receptive to oft-repeated suggestions, and a pet theory can easily be translated into belief of the near-fanatical order. Frequent flights of fancy may gradually assume a concrete form, as in the historic case of King George IV of England. That eminent sovereign had so often described his sensations while heading a cavalry charge at Waterloo, that he actually believed he had performed such an exploit, although he had never heard a hostile shot fired.

When M. Gambon, French ambassador to England in 1899, was stationed at Constantinople, one of his intimates was the celebrated author, Pierre Loti. Among the delicately amorous tales fabricated by the latter, one had for its heroine the beautiful inmate of a Turkish harem who slew herself because of a blighted romance.

Loti frequently referred to himself as the actual lover whose infidelity drove the lady to suicide, and he relapsed into prolonged fits of melancholy, brooding over an occurrence which never took place.

M. Cambon has recorded that while Loti was his guest, he found him weeping, and received the explanation that Loti had visited the spot where he was once so happy with his light-of-love, and was overcome by a flood of bitter-sweet reflections. Yet the author's host was perfectly aware that the whole yarn was merely a figment of Loti's prolific imagination. But M. Cambon, nevertheless, always insisted that Loti was quite sincere, but a victim of self-created delusion.

It may well have been that Joe Louis' defeat by Schmeling in their first encounter was largely due to underestimation of the German, and overestimation of his own powers. The sport writers had so faithfully developed and sold the theory of the colored man's invincibility to him and the public, that it is highly probable that he finally came to consider himself as invincible as they said he was.

Many opponents having collapsed before him, it is all the more natural that he should have been impressed by the glowing tributes paid to his conquering powers.

People with less to boast of in the line of sensational accomplishments than Louis, have yielded to delusions of greatness, suggested by the printed word.

* * *

IN 1910 Howard (Kid) Carr, Chicago fistic impresario, got hold of a set of photographs of a big mine disaster in Illinois which resulted in a heavy loss of life, and figured as a national front page sensation. The Kid conceived the idea of turning the pictures into magic lantern slides, and showing them around small-town communities. There was no competition to fear, as the movies were not much in evidence then.

He needed a lecturer, and dug up a person answering to the sonorously sounding cognomen of Samuel Pericles Lyndecker. The latter was tall, fat, forty-five, and equipped with a heavy bass voice.

Decked out in a frock coat and silk hat provided by showman Howard, he presented quite an impressive appearance. He had been a school teacher, later supported himself by giving elocution lessons, and was doing nothing in particular, and eating irregularly when the Kid put him in working harness.

One of Howard's newspaper pals dashed him off a series of short articles boosting the show, and ballyhooing the intrinsic merits of Mr. Lyndecker. On the authority of these ingeniously constructed screeds, the massive orator was a Professor of world-wide fame who had lectured before all the crowned heads of Europe, and thrilled natives of Japan and China with discourses delivered in their own languages. The prosaic fact that the Professor has never passed the Illinois State boundaries in no way detracted from the vigor of these testimonials, which were intended for advance notices to be published in local papers.

The show was a success. Howard, a versatile cuss and good mixer, took the editorial offices of the small-town papers by storm with a choice line of patter. He dispensed passes liberally to the mayor and prominent citizens of every burg, and saw his advance twaddle given full space in the various journals.

* * *

AS the weeks passed Samuel Pericles Lyndecker waxed more pompous and important. He loved to read the notices dealing with his "appearances by Royal Command," and mailed many copies of the local papers to Chicago acquaintances for their respectful approval. With the town-folk he was haughtily dignified and acknowledged introductions condescendingly, as befitted a man who had been decorated by the Czar of Russia, hailed England's king as a pal, and hobnobbed with the President of France, and hundreds of other notables.

In a way, this helped to create atmosphere for the show. But Howard was beginning to chafe over the synthetic grandeur oozing from every Lyndecker pore. He had managed fighters who contracted swelled heads from reading their press notices, and realized that a similar affliction was making serious inroads upon the tadpole mentality of his barker. Hence, the Kid could hardly control his emotions when the mayor of one town was obviously annoyed by the consequential airs of the pseudo great man, as Howard introduced him to the executive.

But the crisis arrived that night at the local Opera House. During the mine tragedy discourse, a fretful baby in the audience cried aloud a couple of times, despite the mother's efforts to quiet the infant. The lecturer's speil broke off suddenly. Lyndecker, striding majestically forward pointed an accusing finger at the offender, and declared in booming accents:

"The police officer must remove that woman and her child. I cannot submit to such degrading interruptions!"

* * *

HIS hearers reacted to this grandiloquent announcement with booes and hisses, and for a few minutes it looked as though a small-sized riot might start, with the platform orator as on objective. But the crowd quieted down, and the show went on to its end.

That night in their room at the hotel the enraged Howard turned his fluently abusive vocabulary loose on the pet of Europe's crowned heads. After reviewing Mr. Lyndecker's drab past and offensive present, he wound up by ripping a deft left hook to the extensive Lyndecker abdomen, and a precise right to the Lyndecker jaw. Leaving him reclining on the floor in a gentle daze, the Kid hiked to the depot and boarded a train for Chicago.

"How did the show make out, Kid?" enquired his newspaper pal the next day.

"I made plenty of jack," responded Howard. "And I might have been making it yet if it wasn't for that damned ballyhoo you fixed up."

"Wasn't it the goods?" demanded his justly indignant friend.

"Sure thing," assented the Kid. Trouble was, it was too good for the likes of that big stiff who was barking for me. Why, reading about that Czar and king tripe just went to his nut and drove him high-hat daffy. Everything was jake until he got to thinking he was the real McCoy, and went woozy admiring his makeup."

"Where," asked the friend, "is Samuel Pericles Lyndecker now?"

"When I last saw him," said the diplomatic Kid, "he was fast asleep!"

The man who denies that well-written, strenuous ballyhoo can sway his judgment, is either liar or fool. Discuss a thing as much as you please, form an opinion, and think you will stick to your convictions. But don't feel too sure that you won't change in the face of a publicity avalanche, backed *(Continued on page 42)*

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN

Marty Servo

MARTY SERVO, who was born in Schenectady, N. Y., is a cousin of the clever and courageous former lightweight champion of the world, Lou Ambers. There is hardly a doubt that the relationship has imbued the youthful Marty Servo with the spirit of ring warfare. It is, however, an established fact that spirit alone—no matter how fervent—is insufficient to cope with tough pugilistic opposition. Boxing skill and courage are required; also confidence and unflagging determination to surmount the dangers of the innumerable obstacles strewn across the fistic path. Therefore, the fact that Marty has made the grade can be directed to but one thing—the kid has what it takes.

"Servo was born on November 3, 1919," said the grand little bantamweight of over two decades ago, who trains the rosy-cheeked youngster, Charlie Goldman. He adjusted Marty's headgear and sent him into the ring for a two-round workout. "His boyhood was much the same as that of any other kid. After he had graduated from public school, he attended Nott Terrace High School, but he was more interested in left hooks than in text books, so he stopped forcing education upon himself in 1936 and embarked on a career of fisticuffing—"

Charlie stopped talking as Marty started to box. His stance—half turned away from his rival and slightly stooped over—makes him difficult to hit with a solid blow. It puts him in a position, however, to strike at his adversary at the first movement the latter makes. Marty seems to reach with a long left and pop his opponent almost at will, and he can follow this with a lightning-like right that carries plenty of stinging force. Marty is a calm and confident workman, watchful and quick as a cat. He doesn't seem to be in a hurry, yet he loses no opportunities to shoot in effective blows.

* * *

THE bell rang. Charlie climbed up in the ring, wiped Marty's face with a towel and gave him some water to gargle, then stepped down.

"In only two years of boxing as an amateur," resumed the smiling veteran, "Marty entered the ring 95 times and left it a winner 91 times. You've got to admit that's more than just good. He won the Golden Gloves featherweight title in 1937, and the Diamond Belt title—same weight—in 1938. In competing for the National Amateur Championship, Servo lost in the finals to George Salamone. Marty later defeated him in the pros. He also reversed his other three defeats in the simon-pures by Carmine Fatta, Frankie Parchia and Ralph Revelle by trouncing them in the pros. At the end of 1938, Marty stepped out of amateur competition and entered the money-making ranks."

Servo has a remarkable pro record—37 bouts without a single loss. He has kayoed Mike Angieri, Eddie Viccia (twice), Lloyd Lasky, Al Gillette, Joe Marciente and the rugged and experienced Eddie Zivic. Marty holds decisions over such scrappers as Tommy Fontana, Young Chappie—when Chappie was at his best; also Bobby "Poison" Ivy, Monty Pignatore and Maurice Arnault.

The French battler is no pushover for the best of them. He has stood off such fighters as Tommy Speigel, Irving Eldridge, George Zengaras and Tony Marteliano. He held the last two to a draw. Marty was held to a draw twice. Once by Joe DeJesus and another time by the cannonading lightweight, Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini—both at Madison Square Garden.

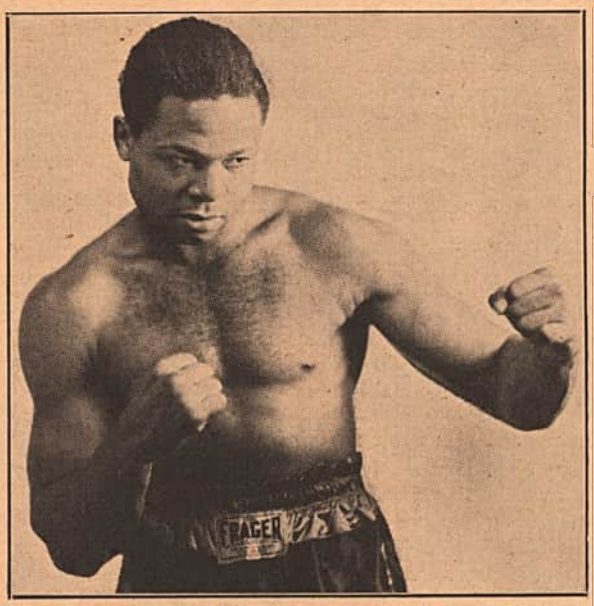
His last victims, at this writing, were Lou Fortuna and Billy Maher.

* * *

MARTY is managed by one of the keenest handlers of fighters—Al Weill. It is a known fact that Weill is too busy a man to bother with anything other than championship material. In the pleasant-faced Italian-American youngster, Al has a boxer who is well equipped physically as well as mentally to rise to the very top, just as Lou Ambers did several years ago when he fought his way through the prelim class, semi-finals, main events and finally to the lightweight title.

Judging from results and by his ability, Marty Servo is really on his way to answer the call of success. He has fought his way into the favor of the fistic fans—just as his estimable cousin did not too long ago—and hopes to eventually finish up by wearing the crown of his class. The only difference is: Ambers wore the lightweight crown, Marty Servo will try to annex the welterweight crown, for he scales 140 pounds.

Marty, though not of conscription age, is a member of the New York State National Guard, the 105th Rifle Company of Schenectady, and the day after he had whipped Maher in Philadelphia, he bid Al Weill good-by, and went down south to Camp McClellan, Alabama, with the Twenty-seventh Division. Weill thinks that army life will aid Marty towards his goal. Weill expects to get short furloughs for Marty whenever a lucrative match can be arranged, and Marty in turn, hopes to aid in the development of his comrades at camp by teaching them the art of self-defense during his spare time.



Archie Moore, middleweight who has returned from Australia.

* * *

Max Minnich

SIX feet two inches tall and weighing 180 pounds, Max Minnich is picked by many ring experts as one of the most promising heavyweights now before the public. Minnich is fast, has a snappy left jab and tosses a vicious right. One old-timer, who watched Max working out with Bob Pastor, nodded his gray head in admiration and muttered, "Best big fella I seen aroun' in years. Boxes like he knows what it's all about. Reminds me a little of Gentleman Jim Corbett. Stands up like 'im. Moves aroun', light-footed, somethin' like Jim used to. Shoots a flashing left jab like him an' feints for an openin' to fire a kayo to the chin somethin' like Corbett used to. All this boy needs is experience."

Max Minnich was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 27,

Marty Servo, New York State lightweight.

1917, but spent most of his life away from his home town. He attended Alabama University where he took a physical training course and also started his boxing career. He held the middleweight and light-heavyweight titles at college for two years and then annexed the heavyweight championship—although he scaled no more than 160 pounds. Minnich won all of his 16 bouts at college, 9 by the kayo route.

As an amateur, he won the City light-heavyweight title in 1936. The following year he annexed the Golden Gloves title of the same weight and was runner-up for the National Championship the same year. He ran up 30 victories in 32 starts as a simon-pure, scoring 16 knockouts.

* * *

MAX MINNICH left college when he received an appointment as physical director in Cleveland, Ohio. It was there—in his second pro bout—that he kayoed George Costello, a 200-pound slugger, and his present manager, Jack Bluman, first set eyes on him on that occasion. So tremendous an impression did the college boxer make on him, that Jack convinced Minnich that fistic talent like his should be displayed in the Mecca of Fistiana, New York City, where he could gain rapid recognition. Max was impressed.

Bluman was a well-known fight manager. He was successfully guiding the hard-punching lightweight, Julie Kogan, toward the title. Minnich figured Jack could do the same for him. It was worth a try. The lure of the great Metropolis, where fame and wealth awaited those fortunate enough to be possessed of the goods New Yorkers liked, was strong enough to draw Minnich to Manhattan—but he hesitated. He wanted to think the matter over. He had good cause to meditate.

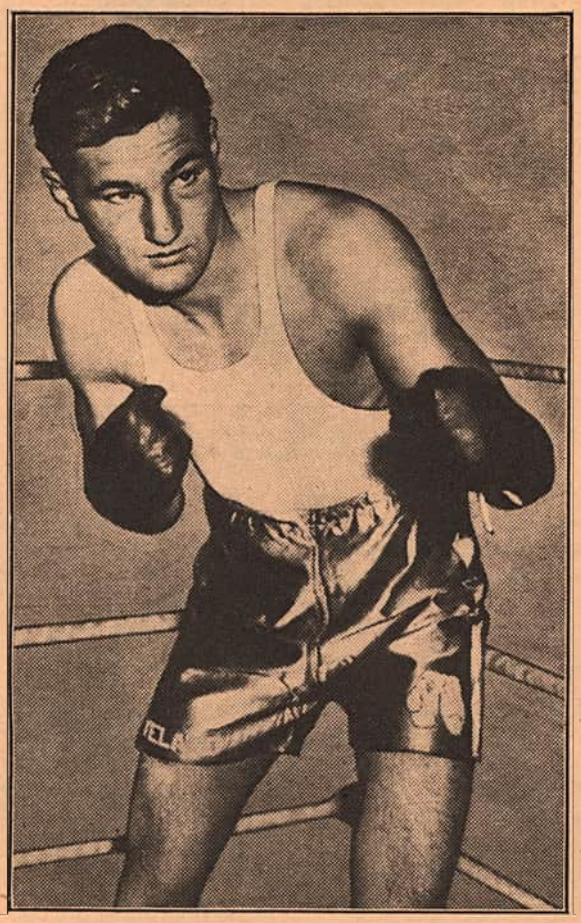
Max's father was dead. He was the sole support of his mother, his sister and brother. Max's first thought, therefore, was of their welfare. After that matter was straightened out, Minnich came to Manhattan with Bluman—and his fistic career was seriously launched. Weighing about 170 pounds, Max began to knock over men who outweighed him 25 pounds. He did it so impressively that the devotees of boxing began to take notice of him, and matchmakers to clamor for his service. So far, he has had 13 pro fights. He lost a four round decision to Neville Beech at the Yankee Stadium, June 20, on the Joe Louis-Arturo Godoy heavyweight title bout, and an eight-round bout to Jack Marshall at Memphis, on September 19. Max holds the 1940 record for scoring the quickest kayo—for heavyweights—at the St. Nicholas Arena. He flattened Joe Bliss there in 40 seconds.

Ray Arcel, the trainer who works with the college boxer, recently remarked: "Minnich has been boxing under a terrific handicap—without either Jack Bluman or myself being aware of it. He had injured his hands but never mentioned the fact to us. Then, when he was laid up with a broken nose, Max reluctantly disclosed the matter of his hands. After his nose and hands were mended, I had him work with Bob Pastor, Pat Comiskey, Arturo Godoy and other top-notch heavyweights. His showings against them convinced me that Jack Bluman is managing a fighter who shows considerable promise. He can box rings around most of them right now."

Max Minnich was a baseball and basketball player in college. His favorite pastime is dancing. He won a dancing contest in Cleveland two years ago. He reads classics and likes an occasional detective story. Likes to listen to symphonies, also to popular music.

In his bout with Jack Marshall at Memphis, his clever boxing made such a tremendous impression on the fans that they demanded a return bout between Minnich and Marshall. The match was made for the following week. A downpour caused the postponement, after which Marshall called off the fight.

New York fight fans are going to be treated to real clever boxing when they see Max Minnich in action. And so will fans in other towns.



Max Minnich, Brooklyn heavyweight, former collegian.

* * *

Archie Moore

HE reads the Bible between gym workouts.
He raises his strong right arm in defiance of the devil in church on Sundays.

Yet the Damon Runyon and Dan Parker of Down Under—Jim Donald and W. F. Corbett of Australia—call him the *greatest* boxer since Jimmy Clabby and Les Darcy.

The fighter in question is Archie Moore, who went to Australia as an "unknown" and earned more than $25,000 in seven fights as well as the glowing comments of the top fistic critics in the Anzacs. Moore recently returned to the States from Australia, where he scored six knockouts in seven fights. Archie knocked out Ron Richards, Fred Henneberry and Atilio Sabatino in successive matches. They were the top three of the Antipodes.

As we mail in this story, Manager Jack Richardson is dickering to land a title fight with Ken Overlin for Moore in St. Louis this winter. Tom Packs stands ready to promote the match, according to Richardson. Gus Wilson, former trainer of Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and other greats, who has seen the 23-year-old Negro in action, says that Moore is the outstanding middleweight in the country.

"If the Overlin match cannot be made," says Richardson, "I will attempt to get Billy Soose or Tony Zale in the ring with Moore."

Jim Donald, brilliant critic of the Sydney *Truth*, formerly with the *Referee*, is high in his praise of the sensational Missouri scrapper, who won the Golden Gloves title in St. Louis. Following his knockout over Richards, who had previously handed Gus Lesnevich a whipping, Donald wrote, in part:

"I think Moore is the best middleweight importation we have seen since Jimmy Clabby, whom he somewhat resembles in action and appearance—excepting that he is black instead of white. Before the fight, Richards bestrode the field of Australian boxing like a Colossus. He towered like Gulliver among the Lilliputians."

W. F. Corbett, internationally known writer of the Sydney *Sun*, comments thus:

"Archie Moore turned boxing in Australia topsy-turvey. He came out of obscurity and sprayed the British Empire champion with gloves. He tangled Richards up with tactics and outfought and outboxed him at every point. A truly great fighter."

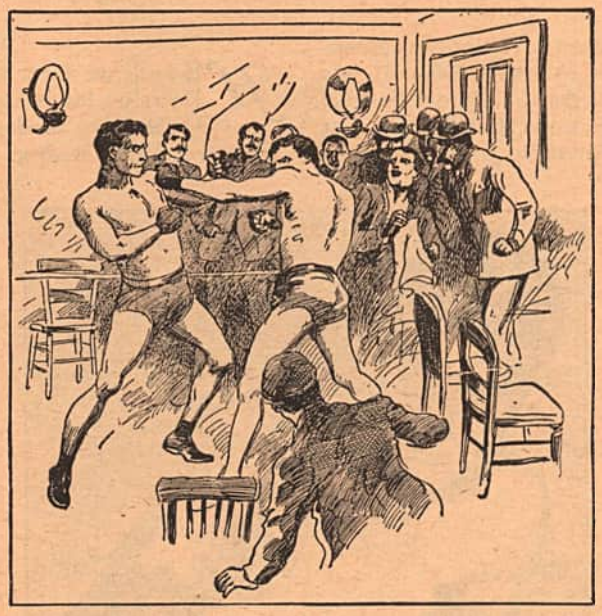
Before going to Australia with Manager Richardson, Moore piled up a long string of knockouts in this country. Some of the opponents who were knocked out by *(Continued on page 45)*

VAGABOND FIGHTERS

Hobo Battlers Helped Keep Sport Alive in Days Before Commission Rules Went Into Effect—Sport Has Advanced Along All Fronts

By DON GALLAGHER

THE fight game in America has advanced a long way since the bare-knuckle days immediately preceding the dethronement of John L. Sullivan by Jim Corbett away back there in the Nineties. The record books and purses show the evolvement of boxing from a secretive, outlawed sport to a socially and legally recognized pastime for which the public has been known to pay well over a million dollars to witness a single spectacle. Today, with palatial arenas serving as settings for the sport, and state regulatory commissions governing the administration of the laws pertaining to it, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that boxing has come up to its present high status the hard way, surmounting tremendous obstacles in its bid for public favor and legal standing.



A scene in the back room of a saloon with only a handful of spectators permitted to see the mill.

Many factors have contributed to the advancement of boxing—great fighters, daring promoters, a sports loving public, talented writers have all had a hand in boosting the stock of the manly art. To Nat Fleischer, Founder and Editor of THE RING, the boxing world is indebted not only for the part he has played in furthering the interests of boxing as a sport, but likewise for his rôle as the historian and preserver of the romance of boxing for the benefit of generations to come.

Because THE RING has become established as the recording organ of both the contemporary scene and the romantic past in the history of pugilism, within its covers is the place to give passing notice to a strange brotherhood of vagabond fighters who toured the tank-towns of the west from 1895 to 1910 meeting all local non-professional favorites on a winner-take-all basis. It cannot be said that these hobo battlers contributed anything to the uplift of boxing, but probably they helped to keep public interest alive in a sport that was undergoing exceedingly trying times. If for no other reason than that they were a unique, hard-boiled lot whose exploits and technique remain unwritten, it seems proper to make some record of them as a class while memories reaching back into their era still survive. For they are a vanished and all but forgotten clan in pugilistic history whose kind will never flourish again.

* * *

FORTY years ago in certain parts of the west, nearly every town had a local fighting champion. He was as much a part of the sports scene in the community as the baseball team or the town foot-racer. Fights for side bets were common affairs between the local champions of various towns. These fights were generally held in hay barns, lumberyards or ice houses or perhaps within the high-board fenced yard in the rear of a saloon. There was only word-of-mouth advertising and the standard charge for admission was always $1.00.

Our Town, lying on the plains not far from the Dakota Badlands, was particularly fight-minded. Dominick McCaffrey came out there from Pittsburgh, just after he fought a raw with John L. Sullivan, and established training quarters on his brother's ranch. Dominick McCaffrey was quite a name in sportdom fifty years ago. The presence of this national fight figure in our vicinity created a great interest in boxing for miles around. Men came from far and near to try themselves against the man who had fought on even terms with the great Sullivan. Dominick accommodated them all and handled them like Billy Conn would dispose of an unskilled amateur today. He gave a spark to boxing in that territory that still exists. For years after Dominick McCaffrey had been there fights between town champions were almost monthly affairs in Our Town.

* * *

IT was not until about 1900 that the Vagabond Fighters started invading the territory. The first and most famous of them ever to come to Our Town was Mike (The Spike-Eater) O'Brien. He appeared one spring morning in Leahy's saloon and announced that he could whip any man in the town for a side bet of fifty dollars and winner take all of the gate. Furthermore, he said that he would fight rough and tumble with nothing barred, or stand-up bare fist, or with gloves according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. His opponent could choose the type of fight.

Word of the presence of this strange challenger spread quickly and men flocked to Leahy's to look him over. He was around five feet nine in height, weighed about 170 lbs. and appeared to be 25 or 26 years old. When the saloon was packed to capacity Mike gave an exhibition of breaking a large spike, that had been driven into a plank, with his teeth. He then passed the hat and took up a collection.

All this was simply a prelude to set the stage for a short speech that was a psychological masterpiece. Standing on a chair in the center of the crowded bar room he said:

"My name is Mike O'Brien. I eat spikes and fight for a living. I came into this town on a freight train this morning and am a total stranger among you. I understand that there isn't a fairer town in America. I have been told that you people, all of you, are so square that you will give a poor stranger as fair a deal as you would give to one of your own people.

"Looking into your faces, I know that is true. Trusting in your fairness, I am going to make this offer.

"I will fight the best man among you for a fifty dollar side bet and winner take all of the gate in any kind of a fight he may choose. I will let Mr. Leahy here or any one of you referee and decide who is the winner. My only conditions are that the fight must be to a finish if with gloves, or until one of us hollers enough if rough and tumble. I bar no one regardless of size or weight."

The gathering was flabbergasted. There followed a close examination of this new comer, the stranger who challenged the world.

LOCAL pride immediately went to work to accept this unheard of challenge. It was decided that Big Tom Anderson, a local butcher, could break this hobo in two. Big Tom was willing and that evening he and The Spike Eater met in a match, with nothing barred, in a haybarn just outside the town. Although Big Tom weighed 225 pounds he was no match for his opponent and in less than five minutes he was pounded into submission and said, "Enough". Mike left town that night with $250.—on a freight train.

During the next eight years he came to "Our Town" once every spring and he found a fight on every visit. His visits became traditional, just like a circus, as they did in other towns in that vicinity. It was not until his last visit that he was ever defeated. Then a big, young rancher named Cowboy Berger, hit him just one punch and knocked him cold.

Rough-and-ready milling in the pre-glove era of pugilism.

Everyone in Our Town felt sorry for Mike the Spike-Eater that night. His face was all busted up and he left town without a cent, never to return.

Someone from Our Town met him in Reno at the Johnson-Jeffries fight. He was down and out but said that he had made over a hundred thousand dollars in his career as a vagabond fighter.

"I figured it this way", Mike the Spike-Eater told this party, "mostly every town in the West has a local champion who thinks he can fight. I knew I could fight, so I said to myself why not cash in by taking on these local amateurs. Most of the time they were unpopular with their home-folks and by appealing to local pride and honesty, I always got a square deal. I always kept in condition and knew that very few non-professionals had a chance to win from me."

* * *

SEVERAL years after that the paper in Our Town, contained this short note marking the end of the trail for Mike the Spike-Eater:

"A clipping at hand from an Oakland, Cal., paper records the death there of Mike O'Brien who will be remembered here as The Spike-Eater. He paid this community many visits in years gone by and his fights with local men will be long discussed here. He was one of the roving fighters who were common on this line for many years but who are now a rarity."

Another member of the vagabond fighting clan who came every year to Our Town was a tall, trim fellow named Professor McCarthy. He was as sure to show up in the towns of our section every summer as were the Medicine Shows. Professor McCarthy was a juggler and boomerang thrower par excellent. At noon on the day of his arrival, he would give an exhibition on the street always closing with a talk on physical culture and a collection. He would then issue a challenge to box any local man six rounds that evening for the entire amount of the gate.

Professor McCarthy was a cautious, skillful boxer and it was seldom indeed that any local adversary could land a punch on him. He was able in most cases to completely befuddle his clumsy opponents and his ring antics greatly delighted the onlookers. On one of his visits the local champion happened to be a big clownish fellow named Pat McCoy, who had been boasting that he could defeat Jefferies. A great crowd turned out to see Pat meet Professor McCarthy. It was the custom of the Professor to suck a lemon between rounds.

The night he met Pat, the Professor handed out a fearful lacing to the local man during the first round. When he retired to his corner, an attendant gave the Professor a lemon that he sucked during the intermission.

The gong rang for the second round and Pat, instead of going on with the fight, ducked between the ropes out of the ring. He figured that he had absorbed sufficient punishment. Pat's adherents surrounded him, demanding to know why he had quit. Not willing to admit that the Professor was too much for him, Pat came up with a classic alibi.

"If you must know" he said, "I quit because I didn't get a lemon, too."

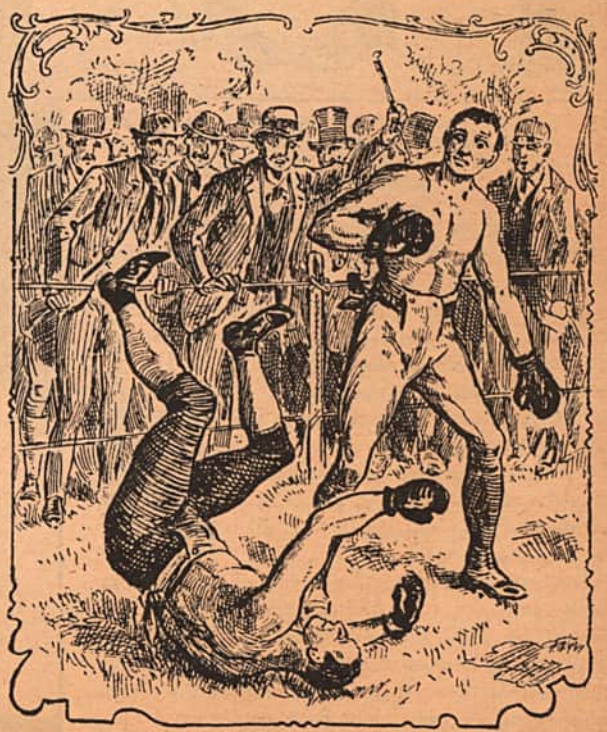
* * *

RIVALLING MIKE the Spike-Eater as a drawing card was one Billy the Swede, a knight of the road much given to over-imbibing in intoxicants and yet a potent fighter against amateur opposition. Billy would meet all comers in any style of fight they chose on a winner take all basis but he would never wager on the result. He had a terrific punch and did not know the meaning of the word fear. He met his death in a fight in Leadville, Colorado.

The Baltimore Kid, a colored rambler who put on a one-man minstrel show in saloons singing and playing the banjo, was strictly a glove fighter, and much too good for the amateurs he met in the tank towns. He was the first hobo fighter to show up in Our Town with a manager. The manager, a rotund colored gentleman who always sported a checkered vest, arranged all details for the Kid's engagements and collected the admission dollars at the gate.

There were many more of these footloose fighters operating throughout the West in an era that will know no repetition. They thrived when the rudiments of real boxing skill were not at the command of local boys as they are today.

The Golden Gloves, such comprehensive books on the science of boxing as those issued by THE RING and a multiplicity of competent boxing instructors throughout the country, give the youth of today ample opportunity to become proficient in the art of self-defense. It is safe to assume that enough of them have taken advantage of such opportunity to make the going tough for anyone who might now attempt to follow in the footsteps of the meet-all-comers' fighters of old. We have a different school of fighters today. The boys pay stricter attention to their work. Many are high school lads who see in boxing a good way to earn a living.



Everything went in "the good old days," and the rougher the fight the better the fans liked it.

Mike Gibbons Cleverest

Rated Most Scientific of All Middleweights—Division Has Come Back Into Its Own—Overlin, Zale, Soose Now Top Present Stars

By HYPE IGOE

The Gibbons boys, Tommy (left) and Mike. Tom was a good heavyweight while brother Mike had no superior in cleverness as a welterweight and middleweight.

FOR years, the middleweight division has boasted of some of the leading fighters of all time. It was not until about five years ago, that the division lost its prestige, but now with men like Ken Overlin, Billy Soose, Tony Zale, Al Hostak, George Abrams, Ceferino Garcia, Fred Apostoli, Steve Belloise and Archie Moore in the spotlight, the middleweight section has again come into its own. With the talent on hand at this writing, the division should be one of the most active and from a point of competition, one of the best, in all boxing during this indoor season.

Listed among the middleweights of ring history whose names are synonyms of greatness, is Michael Gibbons, St. Paul Phantom, wizard of fistiana and one of the most successful boxers the sport ever has known. Right now we can think only of three men of his poundage who might have outdistanced him. Stanley Ketchel, with his terrific hitting, would have stopped Gibbons in a twenty-round engagement. Jack Dempsey, the original, the Nonpariel, would have whipped both Ketchel and Gibbons. Bob Fitzsimmons, the invincible and courageous, would have been a match for Gibbons.

None of these are contemporaneous with the fleet St. Paul fighting machine. He reigned during a time when only mediocre opposition was offered but withal that the genial Michael never ascended to the championship of his division. Mike was head and shoulders above all his opponents but he lacked just one quality essential if a man is to be crowned champion.

When Mike was approaching greatness, the middleweight division was without a leader. Ketchel had been killed by a murderous bullet. Billy Papke had faded from the picture through lack of condition and the result of two terrific lacings administered by Ketchel. Frank Klaus of Pittsburgh was in Paris doing only moderately well. The only man in Mike's class, whom he needed to hurdle to win the mantel, was Eddie McGoorty. Eddie had just returned from a successful invasion of Australia and was left hooking his way through opponents so furiously as to get first claim on the crown left by Ketchel.

All Gibbons needed was to beat McGoorty. The nation was ready to acclaim Mike champion immediately after he whipped McGoorty but felt that the match was big enough to draw a handsome purse and he was not to be hurried into the contest.

* * *

ANOTHER deterrent in Mike's mind, too, was the fact that he tipped the beam around 150 pounds and necessarily had to give away considerable weight to McGoorty.

Billy Gibson, finally brought Gibbons and McGoorty together in Madison Square Garden. The press was full of their training stunts and all agreed that a new middleweight leader was to be heralded.

Gibbons and McGoorty finally got together and the most dismal entertainment ever presented was the outcome. Gibbons simply refused to fight. He ran away for the ten rounds and not once offered to take the offensive. McGoorty tried vainly but

Billy Soose, star middleweight (left), with Dick Powell, the movie star.

Tony Zale, N.B.A. middleweight champion.

asked him what had been the matter in his New York engagement. Mike was evasive at first but finally declared that he was in that fight to stay ten rounds and not to let that "big McGoorty knock his head off."

"You could have beaten him, couldn't you?" I asked.

"Yes I will knock him out the next time we meet," was the incredulous answer.

"Why didn't you do it in New York"? I parried.

"Well he was supposed to knock me out and I never let him hit me," again the incredulous answer.

"Mike, weren't you a bit over cautious?" I wanted to know as to his courage.

"Well, maybe, but I was in there to stick the limit, not to do the fighting." Mike was obstinate.

That little conversation always has remained with me. It brought the question of Mike's courage vividly before me and has partly explained to me just why Sir Michael, the most gifted of boxers, never became a champion. I would not dare hint to Mike that he lacked spirit or the will to win. He showed symptoms of this sort in his other ring affairs, especially in his contest with Packey McFarland at Brighton Beach several years after his mess with McGoorty.

In the contest with McFarland, Mike was so busy dodging blows and trying to penetrate the defense of the smaller opponent that he did not think often of his danger but a few times during the fight he seemed to draw away as if he visioned himself prone on the canvas.

There was nothing of the fearlessness of Ketchel about Gibbons. Even in his winning fights, Mike took no chances. He would rather be outpointed than mix it with a slugger who might put over a stiff punch. Mike's boast always was that he had never had to take a hard punch from any man in the ring. And it was this that kept him from being the champion of his class.

There is no doubt that Mike far overshadowed the men who carried the title during his time in the ring. Al McCoy of Brooklyn who occupied the middle throne for a time, was so far inferior to Gibbons that there can be no comparison of the two, yet Gibbons never seemed anxious to meet McCoy. Maybe Gibbons read about the wild swing that McCoy landed on the chin of George Chip to win the mantel.

Mike O'Dowd beat Gibbons twice while O'Dowd held the title but it was the listlessness of Gibbons more than the skill of O'Dowd that decided the issue. Had Gibbons let himself out to his best effort he could have disposed of O'Dowd and even then, as his ring career was on the wane, he could have held the title. But Gibbons, ever on the defensive, could not lift himself to take the offensive.

* * *

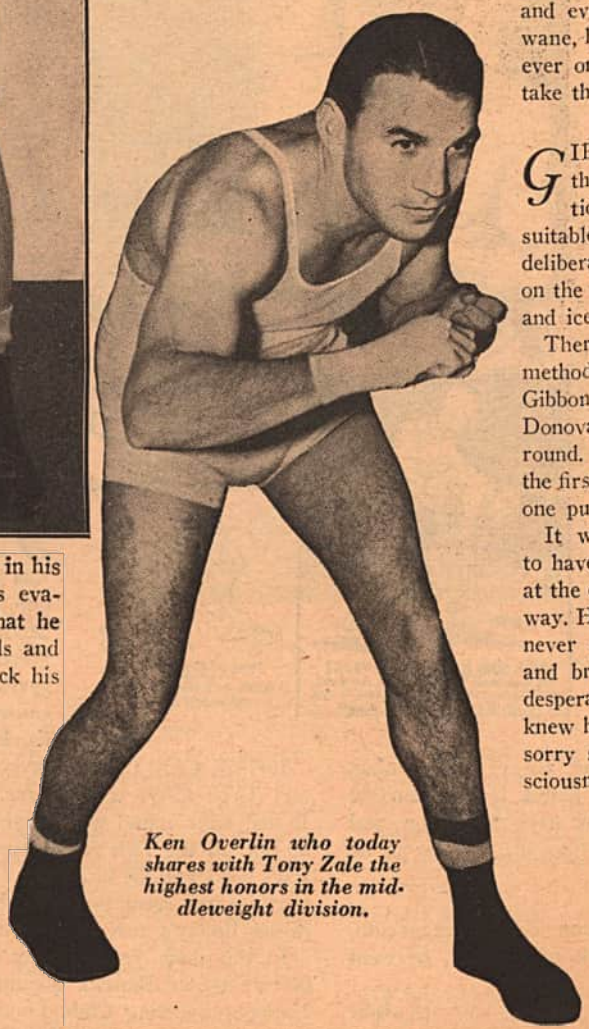
GIBBONS had every attribute needed in the makeup of a champion barring the question of his courage and the lack of poundage suitable for a middleweight. He was cool and deliberate in the ring. Even when he had a man on the verge of a knockout Mike was unhurried and ice-cold about his work.

There is a bout in point that explains his methodical style. That was the contest between Gibbons and Young Mike Donovan in which Donovan was carried from the ring in the sixth round. Gibbons had Donovan at his mercy from the first bell and could have ended the fight with one punch at almost any instant he wanted to.

It would have been charitable to Donovan to have planted the knockout punch on his chin at the outset. But Gibbons had to fight his usual way. He cut and jabbed, hooked and crossed and never missed. His blows were short, snappy and bruising. Donovan had courage. He tried desperately to do anything or everything he knew how but simply was outclassed. He was a sorry sight when he wearily sank into unconsciousness not from any one blow but rather from the terrible tattoo of punches sent over by Gibbons.

It is hard to explain the man who could knock out such experts as Willie Lewis and Bob McAllister and yet be unable to cope with McCoy or O'Dowd. It must have been that fight with McGoorty at almost the start of Mike's career that instilled in him a fear of punishment and kept him from advancing to the position he deserved. Or maybe there is something in the Gibbons strain that cringes when punishment is near. His brother Tom Gibbons does not relish the taking of punches, either. That is about the only reason that Tom cannot beat Harry Greb.

Gibbons had a notable career. He was in the ring for thirteen years and started up the ladder from *(Continued on page 44)*



Ken Overlin who today shares with Tony Zale the highest honors in the middleweight division.

The Mighty Atom

By R. B. Cozens

(By Special Correspondence from Sussex, England)

IF you are one of those little sawed-off guys, five feet nothing, with arms and legs like broomsticks, don't get that inferiority complex, don't get scared and envious of your lusty brethren, the men with brawn and muscle. Just listen to this story about a little chap who conquered the world. Let me present you, Jimmy Wilde.

Jimmy Wilde was the smallest fighter who ever stepped inside a British ring, BUT HE WAS THE BEST. No other fighter born in Great Britain has such a splendid record as The Terror From Tylorstown.

Including fights in boxing booths, Jimmy Wilde made 864 appearances in the ring, and only lost four bouts in his whole career. In return fights, he reversed two of these decisions.

When he was flyweight champion of the world, Jimmy never weighed more than 100 pounds. In every contest, except one, Jimmy had to give away weight, and remember, he fought the best flyweights and bantams in the world.

Maybe you would be interested in the physical measurements of this Little Marvel, the tiny mite with a hammer in each glove. Here they are:

Height 5 feet 2½ inches; reach 68 inches; chest (normal) 32½ inches; chest (expanded) 34½ inches; neck 12¾ inches; thigh 15½ inches; waist 22 inches; calf 10¼ inches; ankle 8¼ inches; biceps 10¾ inches; forearm 10¾ inches; wrist 6½ inches.

If you study these measurements, you sure will agree that so far as physique was concerned, Jimmy was the cat's whisker. His forearm was sizeable; he had a good reach for a flyweight, but gosh, there can't be many lads in the whole wide world who cannot give Jimmy plenty of inches.

Let me make it quite clear. Jimmy was tiny, but he was tough. Yes, sir. He never had a serious illness in his life. He had worked in the coal mines in Wales as a youth, where you must be tough to keep your job. Those thin arms and legs were like iron, he was always in training.

Yes, Jimmy was small, but he had a fighting heart second to none. He fought hard, he loved a fight, he gave no quarter, and he expected none. Jimmy always fought to the last gasp; he had the iron in his soul.

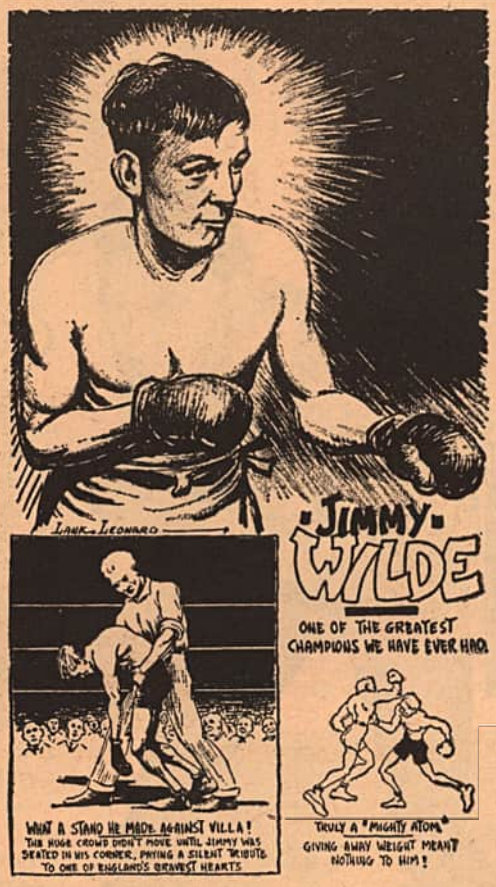
* * *

JIMMY WILDE was born at 8 Station Road, Pontygwaith, Tylorstown, Wales, in 1892. The son of a miner, he went into the mines with other boys.

Married at the early age of 18—(he has two sons who are about twice as big as their father)—he promised his wife that he would give up fighting. But the lure of the ring was too strong, and he was soon the greatest attraction in Jack Scarrott's boxing booth.

As a booth fighter, Jimmy used to take on men weighing as much as 12 stones, and the result was always the same. Spectators used to protest at Jimmy being matched with brawny 170-pounders, and I guess it must have been a strange sight to watch a weedy little fellow weighing about 90 pounds (Jimmy's weight in his early days)—squaring up to a big-muscled miner nearly twice his weight. But the spectators never protested twice. Jack Scarrott used to offer the big fellow £1 if he could last three rounds, but nobody ever won that £1.

Jimmy first came into prominence in the professional ring in 1912 when he beat Billy Padden for the paperweight championship of England. He then proceeded to beat up all the small guys he could find. His first defeat was in 1915 when Tancy Lee, a dour little Scot, beat Jimmy in 17 rounds for the Flyweight Championship of Great Britain. Jimmy was suffering from a severe cold when he fought Lee and his backers and manager, Ted Lewis, wanted him to call it off. Jimmy insisted on carrying on with the fight and experienced the bitterness of defeat.



Jimmy was always sure that he could lick Tancy Lee and a second battle took place in 1916. Jimmy was in great form on this occasion and he walloped Tancy all over the ring. In the 11th round, Tancy's seconds threw in the towel.

Prior to his second fight with Tancy Lee, Jimmy had won the Flyweight Championship with a spectacular victory over Joe Symonds who gave in after 12 smashing rounds.

Nineteen sixteen was Jimmy's lucky year, for it was then that he got on top of the world. Just before Christmas, he met the Zulu Kid (recognized as the flyweight champion of the U.S.A.) for the world title at the Holborn Stadium, London. Zulu Kid was clever, but Jimmy's terrific punching was too much for him, and he was knocked out in the 11th round.

* * *

IN 1918, a month after the Armistice, an Inter-Allied boxing tournament was held at the Royal Albert Hall, London, and in a three-round contest, Pal Moore, leading U.S.A. bantam, was given the decision over Jimmy after a sparkling scrap. The decision nearly caused a riot and a return contest was inevitable.

In 1919, C. B. Cochran promoted this "needle" fight at Olympia and 'Gene Corri was referee. The fight was fast and furious. Round after round was fought at a great pace, both men going all-out. In the 15th round Jimmy's nose came into contact with Pal's head, and the blood flowed from a severe cut. The last round provided the spectators with thrills galore and at the end Corri raised Jimmy's arm as the winner. A great fight.

In the same year, Jimmy outpointed Joe Lynch, who later became World Bantam Champion. They fought 15 rounds at the National Sporting Club, London. In fairness to Lynch it must be recorded that many thought the smart and likeable American was entitled to the decision.

Jimmy then went on tour in the U.S.A., where he took part in 11 contests and raked in a record pile of dough. He knocked out Mike Ertle in three rounds; Micky Russell in seven rounds; Bat Murray in eight rounds and again in two rounds, and Bobby Dyson in one round. He was given newspaper decisions over Johnny Asher, Patsy Wallace (twice), Frankie Mason and the

Zulu Kid, but lost a newspaper decision to Jack Sharkey. Contract difficulties prevented a return match with Sharkey.

Returning to Great Britain in 1920, Jimmy practically retired and did no fighting for seven months. He had beaten all the leading flyweights and most of the bantams, except Jack Sharkey. However, in January 1921 he was offered a contest with Pete Herman, ace American bantam, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, 20 rounds at 118 pounds.

Owing to a misunderstanding, Herman took the ring weighing about 121 pounds. Jimmy's manager, Ted Lewis, wanted to call the match off, as Herman was overweight and as strong as a featherweight. There was considerable argument, and the crowd got very restless. The fans had good reason for being in a bad temper, because a star preliminary bout between Battling Levinsky and Bombardier Billy Wells had been postponed owing to Levinsky having an injured hand.

The Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) was present, and stepped into the ring to make an appeal for order.

Notwithstanding this appeal, I fancy there would have been trouble if Jimmy had not sportingly agreed to see it through. But for once, Jimmy was not sure of success, because he insisted on the M.C. announcing to the great crowd that all bets were off. There was little in it during the first five rounds, but Pete was in great form and in the 17th round the referee stopped the fight and awarded the dicision to the American on a technical knockout.

Many people left the hall in tears, so great was the affection of the British sporting public for the Mighty Atom.

* * *

AFTER this fight Jimmy decided to retire. He was nearly 30 years of age and had been fighting for 12 years. But Fate decided that Jimmy was to have one more scrap before he hung up his gloves, a fight that nearly cost him his life.

In June 1923, in New York City, Jimmy faced Pancho Villa, fierce little Filipino, for the world title. The little Welshman had received a tempting offer, and although he had been idle for so long, he was confident that no flyweight could rob him of his title.

Pete Herman, who halted Wilde in England in seventeen rounds.

Wilde's greatest stand, one that will never be forgotten by the throng that witnessed his downfall, was in his bout with Villa. Greater in defeat than ever he was in victory, was the phrase used by almost every sports writer who reported that battle.

The bravest little man who ever held a title in England, went down with flying colors in the seventh session, and not since the time that Battling Nelson was counted out on his feet in California, has a champion passed more gloriously. From the second round to the finish Wilde was badly whipped, yet Jimmy stood his ground and despite terrific punishment, remained game to the last, merciful interception by Referee Patsy Haley calling a halt to the proceedings.

A punch, landed on Wilde at the end of the second round after the bell had sounded, dropped Jimmy and it was the turning point of the battle. That blow ended whatever chances Wilde had against his aggressive brown opponent. It was a foul, and in England would have resulted in Villa's disqualification, but only a warning was administered by the referee in America. Jimmy had to be pushed out for the third round, and from then to the finish he took a severe beating.

Jimmy never recovered from that beating and never fought again.

* * *

JUST a few more snapshots. In 1918 Wilde met the leading British featherweight, Joe Conn, at the Chelsea Football Ground, Stamford Bridge, London, in a 20-round contest. This was one of the greatest open-air fights ever staged in Britain.

Most of the wise boys thought that Jimmy was flying too high in tackling a first class feather. Conn was clever and had a real knockout punch. J. T. Hulls was the referee. Quite a lot of dough was wagered on the result, and the wiseacres opined that a good big man would always beat a good little man. The old saying is true, but the exception proves the rule, and Jimmy was the exception.

During the opening rounds, Conn boxed well at long range and Jimmy's lips and eye were cut. Many thought Jimmy was a beaten man.

Jack Goodwin, an old-time boxer and first class trainer, who trained Conn and was in his corner, has said that Wilde was licked by the fifth round, but Conn threw the fight away by overconfidence. Jimmy has stated that he knew he could not knock out a man like Conn in jig time and that his plan was to keep the fight going for several rounds, missing, and not punching with full force until Conn had weakened.

You can have it which way you like, but from the fifth round onwards, Conn spent a lot of time covering up, a rather peculiar procedure against a much smaller man. In round 10, Jimmy floored Conn six times and in the 12th round the fight was stopped after the Mighty Atom had punched his opponent all over the ring.

Just think of it, 100 pounds stopping 126 pounds, and the bigger fellow a top-notcher! In my opinion, this was Wilde's greatest performance.

In 1919 Jimmy had the unique experience of fighting a man smaller than himself. This was a French boy named Husson, who tipped the scales at 90 pounds. Husson was very speedy and elusive and for several rounds evaded Jimmy's attempts to land a K.O. The crowd was tickled at the spectacle and a wag advised Jimmy to get a butterfly-net. However, in the seventh round, the Welshman stopped the little tormenter with a dig in the stomach.

In 1916, the Mighty Atom paid a visit to Jack Scarrott's boxing booth and was offered £40 by genial Jack for an exhibition. In three and one-half hours Jimmy knocked out 19 opponents, all sizes, the majority in the first round. He then had a breather for half an hour and the booth was cleared.

A fresh audience was quickly forthcoming and in the next half hour Jimmy brought the fans to their feet with four more spectacular knockouts. As a knockout artist, he had no equal.

* * *

DURING his career Jimmy fought the best. Make no mistake about that. If you inspect his record you will notice the names of many champions who had to yield to the little man from Wales. Here are some of them:

Young Jennings (ex-flyweight champion), Bouzoni, Young Baker, Alf Mansfield, Young Symonds (ex-bantam champion), Sid Smith (ex-flyweight champion), George Cullen, Johnny Best, George Clark, Johnny Hughes (ex-bantam champion), Tommy Harrison, Sam Kellar, Tommy *(Continued on page 45)*

NEW FACES

Len Wadsworth, Canadian middleweight king.

RAY FOUTTS, East Liverpool, Ohio, manager and promoter, who developed Teddy Yarosz into one of the best middleweights of recent years, has two youngsters in tow who should make the grade, according to Ray. They are Tommy Yarosz, brother of Teddy, and Mike Raffa.

Mike is 21 years old and at this writing has had 21 professional fights and won them all. He scored thirteen knockouts and got eight decisions. So excellent a prospect is Raffa, that Foutts is nursing him along like one would a champion. The scribes of Pennsylvania have been raving about Mike, who is both colorful and a good fighter.

Considering that Foutts has repeatedly turned down good talent since he had Yarosz on top in the middleweight rank, Raffa must be pretty good to get Ray back into the game as a manager. While Foutts was promoting last summer at Forbes Field, he farmed Raffa out to New York for experience and the boy knocked out Solly Pearl and Johnny Cockfield and beat Monty Pignatore, whom he spotted eight pounds. Since returning home, he beat Firpo Lopez and Pete De Grasse and knocked out Sammy Crocetti, Johnny Cello and Leo Jones. He beat among others, Jackie Carter, Joey Sulk, Eddie Scott, Jackie Murray, Andy Carroll and several lights.

Mike served two years in the U. S. Army in Honolulu, and was the featherweight and lightweight champ, and recently had an offer to box several main events there for Al Karasick. He is from Newell, West Va., and won the featherweight title of that state.

"Tommy Yarosz, Ted's kid brother, has won all seven of his fights to date. He is really a better prospect than Ted was at the same stage of his career," says Foutts. He weighs 150, is nineteen, and the most popular preliminary kid in the Pittsburgh district.

He will be a middleweight in another year, and a light-heavy later, as he is fifteen pounds heavier than Teddy was when he started at the same age. Borden, of THE RING, picked him as an outstanding young prospect in the last issue of THE RING.

Tommy Yarosz (left) and brother Teddy. Tommy is being developed by his brother and Ray Foutts.

* * *

Len Wadsworth

PROUD possessor of the Canadian middleweight championship is Len Wadsworth, 24-year-old Timmons, Ontario, goldminer. Wadsworth won the title by whipping Ray McIntyre in Toronto and retained it against the same man at a later date. He has also successfully defended his title against the challenges of Frankie Genovese and Tommy Bland whom he kayoed in five rounds each.

In his last start, he scored his 28th knockout in 41 pro fights by kayoing Eddie Girrard in one. Other boys that he has knocked out are: Howard Williams in 5; Bud Snyder in 4 and 8; Maxie Kadin in 4 and 2; Tony Tozzo in 8; Evans Smith in 3; Max O'Connor in 5, twice, and Irving Pease in 2 and 7.

Billy Banks, star Washington, D. C., featherweight.

Wadsworth is preparing himself for an American invasion centered in New England where he will box under the direction of Don Hamill, Hartford correspondent. He hopes to be able to get such boys as Ken Overlin, Coley Welch, Howell King, and Henry Chmielewski in the ring, all of whom are popular in New England.

Once the fans have seen this boy in action they will want to see him again and again. He has a very pleasing style and is a knockout artist as his record will disclose.

* * *

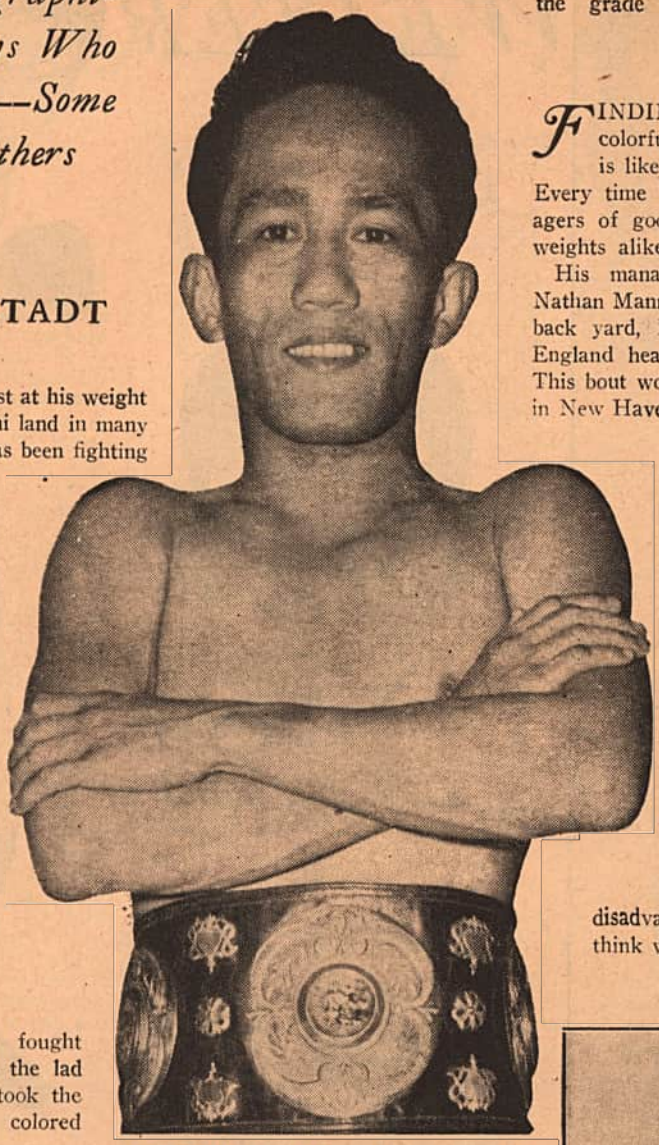
Settimio Terracina

ITALY has had many good fighters in the lower divisions, but in Settimio Terracina, the Jewish light-heavyweight from Rome, it has sent to these

Henry Taylor, Philly heavyweight.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By FRED EISENSTADT



Rush Dalma, Filipino bantamweight champion now in California.

shores a lad who is one of the best at his weight that has come from the Mussolini land in many moons. He is 22 years old and has been fighting for several years, but only for two years as a pro.

In 1938 Terracini won the amateur light-heavyweight title in Europe. He engaged in 63 fights as a simon-pure then turned to the money ranks only to find that the law prevented him from earning a living because he was Jewish. It was at the suggestion of Leone Effrati, another Italian Hebrew, that Emil Nanny brought Terracina to this country. In his last fight in Chicago against Al Tibbits, popular mid-westerner, the Italian scored an impressive victory.

* * *

Billy Banks

WHEN Henry Armstrong fought Phil Furr in Washington, the lad who made the biggest hit and took the place by storm, was a young colored featherweight, Billy Banks. Billy at this writing has had 30 fights and has scored victories in twenty-nine. He is rated in the Capital as the classiest featherweight since Kid Chocolate was in his prime.

Banks is both clever and a good, sharp hitter. Among the boys whom he has defeated are Marcus Pitts, Young Harry Wills, Jacky Carter, Joe Sole and Sailor Calb. Johnny Buff held the lad to a draw. Here is a boy who seems to be going places and should make the grade before 1941 is far advanced.

Mike Raffa, former army man who is a fine feather prospect.

Rush Dalma

WHEN Rush Dalma came this country from the Philippines, he brought with him a stack of clippings to prove his right to recognition as a classy fighter with a good record. Those clippings showed that Rush was the bantamweight champion of the Orient. Dalma pleaded for an opportunity to show his wares, got it, and has been a good attraction ever since he made his debut about four months ago.

(Continued on page 44)

* * *

Henry Taylor

FINDING opponents for Henry Taylor, colorful Philadelphia Negro heavyweight, is like hunting for polar bears in Africa. Every time Taylor's name is mentioned managers of good heavyweights and light-heavyweights alike shun the idea.

His manager, Sydney Landes, challenged Nathan Mann to fight his charge in Mann's own back yard, New Haven, but the burly New England heavyweight champion flatly refused. This bout would have drawn the largest crowd in New Haven this season as Taylor is the man who beat Al Gainer in Philadelphia last spring. Gainer is still popular in the Elm City as was proven by the large turnout last time Gainer fought there.

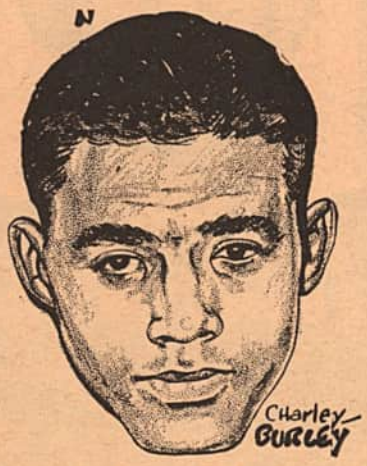
Taylor has an excellent record. Besides Gainer he has beaten such men as: Jersey Joe Wolcott, Eddie Mader, Obie Walker, King Kong Mathews, Napoleon Mitchell, Tommy Tucker, Elmer Ray, and many others.

He is a pleasing type of fighter, well built, and a hard puncher. Taylor is well deserving of a good break. He is willing to meet any heavyweight or light-heavy, regardless of weight disadvantage. Philadelphia boxing fans think well of Taylor's chances.

Settimo Terracina, Jewish Italian light-heavyweight fighting out of Chicago.

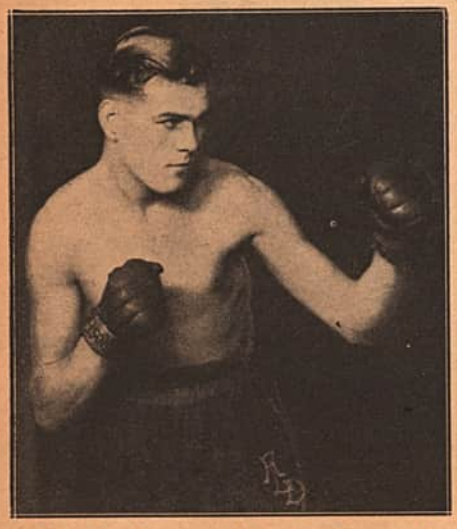
WELTER STARS

Holman Williams, ranking Detroit contender.



Charley Burley, Pittsburgh ace, who seeks title shot with Fritzie Zivic.

Milt Aaron of Chicago.



Arthur Danahar, one of the British empire's best fighters.

Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn's outstanding challenger.

Cocoa Kid, of New Haven.

SHADOWS of the PAST

By THE "SPORTSMAN"

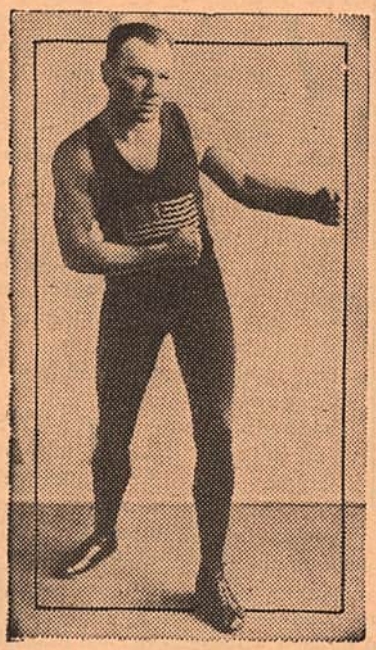
LUTHER McCARTY

OVER in England, there is a "white hope" craze on to develop a heavyweight to bring the world crown back into possession of the country where modern fisticuffs had its start. The leaders in the race are Don McCorkingdale, a South African who is married to a daughter of Ted Broadribb, England's leading boxing promoter; Jack Pettifer, managed by the veteran Jack MacDonald; Harry Crossley, the light-heavyweight king of Great Britain; and Jack Peterson. Of the quartet, McCorkingdale is the best prospect, but he is far from ranking with any of the half dozen or more who came to the front in this country at the time that the white race was seeking to wrest the title from Jack Johnson.

Remember Luther McCarty? Well, he was by far the outstanding white hope that this country had seen between the years when Jeffries retired and Jack Dempsey made his debut. It was on March 17, 1892, on a ranch at Driftwood Creek, Wild Horse Canyon, Hitchcock County, Neb., that there came into the world a youngster named Luther McCarty, whose name later was to become known wherever boxing is followed.

Pugilistic records show that Luther made his ring start at the age of nineteen as a substitute for a fellow who left town suddenly the day before the fight. The name of the battler who had flown the coop was Yank Kenny, and Luther replaced him against a Canadian called Watt Adams. McCarty dropped his man in the second and henceforth he was looked upon as a bright prospect. Following that, he cut six more notches in his gun, Al Withers, Tommy Crawford, Joe Griffen, Jack Heinen and Joe Cox being the victims, Withers twice.

Then came other contests in which he whipped Carl Morris, Jess Willard, Jim Flynn, Al Kaufman, Frank Moran and Al Palzer, only to be killed in an encounter in the ring with Arthur Pelkey just at a time when it appeared he would win the world's heavyweight title. A blow in the first round ended Luther's career.



EDDIE McGOORTY

WHILE he never reached the crest of the champions, although at one time he claimed the middleweight title after the fatal shooting of Stanley Ketchel, Eddie McGoorty was one of the best fighters of his period. In fact, so good was he, that many noted critics were willing to concede that he had as much right to the crown as other claimants and for that reason, Eddie's name adorned the championship list in some record books.

Eddie was born in Oshkosh, Wis., on July 31, 1889, and died two years ago. In the matter of years he was young, but as a fighter of experience and as a traveler, he was a veteran. He, like Jack Grace, Kid McCoy, Jeff Smith and Jimmy Clabby, was a globe trotter. He made several trips to Australia, where he was most popular.

McGoorty was little more than a mere boy when he started boxing as a professional. From the start, he was successful. In his early fights he not only showed a complete knowledge of the finer points of the ring sport, but also exhibited a punch of knockout proportions. Towards the end of 1908, after he had been fighting three years, McGoorty took a big jump forward as a pugilist by holding Jack Twin Sullivan to a draw in twenty rounds.

When Jack Dillon was going great guns and defeating light-heavyweights and heavyweights, the one man who could always beat him was the middleweight, Eddie McGoorty. They met three times and on each occasion, McGoorty won.

McGoorty engaged Les Darcy in a contest in Australia in 1915 and in a terrific battle, Darcy knocked out the American. It was that great victory that gained international fame for Darcy, who later died from a broken heart in this country, caused by slacker charges hurled against him during the World War.

On November 4, 1929, McGoorty died at the Soldiers' Home Hospital of Milwaukee from tuberculosis. He had been in ill health for some time, and went to Rochester, Minn., for treatment, but nothing could help him.

GUS RUHLIN

IN every walk of life it often happens that some little trick of fate holds one from leading honors. This holds true in the world of sport as well as in other fields of honest activity. A most convincing example of this fact is the case of Gus Ruhlin, known as the "Akron Giant."

When Ruhlin was mowing down all opposition, and mowing it with a mighty scythe, he struck a rock which dulled the blade—Bob Fitzsimmons. Until the time of the knockout at the hands of Ruby Robert, which came in the sixth round, Gus had been holding his own and was expected to come through with a victory, but the knell of Ruhlin's doom was sounded when Fitz broke through the guard and drove his right fist with full force to Gus's solar plexus, sinking Ruhlin to the floor unconscious.

After that knockout, Ruhlin never amounted to much, for his spirit had been broken and a lack of confidence in his own ability had robbed him of a conviction that while in the ring he was any man's master. It was a most disastrous attitude.

Although Ruhlin was a sturdy, sterling heavyweight and had every quality of a real fighting man, he abhorred nothing more than fight talk after Fitz had kayoed him.

Gus was born at Akron, Ohio, January 8, 1872, and entered the inner circles of the heavyweight division at a time when the field was crowded with the best of fighters. Such stellar ringmen as Jeffries, Fitz, Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Maher, Johnson and others of that calibre were in the spotlight when Ruhlin came to the fore.

Gus was discovered by Billy Madden, one-time manager of John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. Ruhlin started fighting in 1896. On July 17, 1897, Gus fought a 20-round draw with Jeffries at San Francisco. That bout, Gus said, was his hardest.

His last fight was with Jim McCormick at Colma, Cal., in 1905. Soon after retiring his health failed him and in 1912, after a long siege of illness, he died.

Twice-Told Tales

Stanley Ketchel, a great fighter and humorist.

By NAT FLEISCHER

IN one of his fireside chats, "Pop" Phillips, who recently passed away in his eighty-eighth year, told this yarn about George Kid Lavigne, whose fighting qualities he greatly admired:

"I will never forget the trouble encountered in pulling off the Lavigne-George Siddons fight back in the year after the great blizzard—1889. In those days it was skin-tight gloves and to a finish that decided fights and not many decisions were found fault with if, the fight was carried through without any interference from police or the mob.

"Siddons had just fought a draw with Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, who at the time was considered the greatest fighter in the featherweight division. On the other hand, The Kid had beaten several high class boys and the match with Siddons had aroused considerable interest.

"The place of the meeting was Saginaw, Michigan. Siddons arrived on the battle ground and the usual formalities were gone through of trying to hold the bout in a theatre or a hall under the guise of a friendly go for points, as the law was strict on this point. The fact, however, was that the boys had been matched for a side bet and to fight with small gloves. That information had somehow leaked out and there was trouble ahead.

"There came the usual protests of the blue-law agitators, and the police warnings that all hands would be arrested if such a fight were staged. But that didn't scare off the promoters or the fans.

"A large dance hall at a roadhouse outside Saginaw was secured on the pretense of holding a cock fight and the owner was given a bonus to hold the matter secret. He was told that he would receive twice the amount of his rental fee if he kept the place exclusively for the occasion and banned all who were not connected with the affair.

"He agreed. Now it was necessary to get the sheriff of the county out of the way as he had threatened to take action if an attempt were made to hold the fight in his jurisdiction. Several schemes were put into action, but none worked.

"Then Lavigne's brother took a hand in the affair. He telephoned to the sheriff and told him that a man had been murdered and that the murderer was seen to escape in the woods, about three miles from the scene of the fight.

"It worked. The sheriff gathered all the men he could muster, and with loaded rifles, they raced to the woods and there a systematic search was made for a supposed murderer. The sheriff was dumb enough not to inquire where the body of the murdered man was, and who he was.

"While the search went on, and it lasted about three hours, fight fans came to the battle grounds in all kinds of rigs. The men were dressed in furs and in heavy mittens, as the temperature was close to zero that night. The place was close to Swan Creek, about 14 miles out of Saginaw and the ring was pitched on a dance floor around which were about a dozen oil stoves.

"Promptly at 11:30 p.m., on March 1, 1889, the fight got under way. Seventy-seven rounds were fought and it was break of day when the mill ended in a draw. It was one of the longest and hardest fights ever fought in Michigan, yet one of the principals, George "Kid" Lavigne, had only shortly before passed his sixteenth birthday.

The sheriff, back from his fool's errand, learned of the fight and searched in vain for the scene of action. When he heard the next day how he had been duped, he swore vengeance but in later years he and Kid Lavigne became the best of friends.

A month after their first fight, on April 26, 1889, Lavigne and Siddons fought again, this time at Duluth, and that fight was called a draw at the end of 55 rounds. Just think of a youngster of 16 engaging in two such contests within a stretch of six weeks. Today, boys of 20 are not permitted to fight more than eight rounds in New York State.

* * *

MANY STORIES have been told about Stanley Ketchel whose escapades, humor and fighting qualities gave the scribes plenty of material. But here's a new one. Hype Igoe, who at one time managed the Michigan Assassin, was in California with Ketchel, who was in quest of fights. They went to Sacramento where Stanley, with a record of 32 knockouts, two drawn contests and two losses, threw his hat into the ring and challenged any fighter, any weight. Maurice Thompson beat him. Jack Sullivan and Rudolph Hintz had fought on even terms with him.

Ketchel approached George Wilson, the fight promoter and asked if he could furnish an opponent. Wilson said he could.

"I have a fighter, George Brown, a capable, hard hitting fellow. I'll contact him and see if I can arrange the fight," he replied.

Brown without hesitation accepted the fight. He took one peep at the young cowboy, laughed at the choice, turned to Wilson, and remarked:

"So that's the guy you picked for me! Couldn't you do any better? I'll knock this farmer guy out in a coupla rounds. It's a cinch."

So the fight was arranged. On the day of the contest, a large crowd came out to see the fun, as Brown was a popular boy in the Southland and in fact, in other parts of the Pacific Coast.

Ketchel slaughtered him in the first two rounds and when the third got under way, Brown was helpless. A right to the jaw, a few seconds after the bell sounded, put him to sleep.

A few hours later, Ketchel and Brown met in a local tavern. "How are you, Brown?" asked Stanley as he extended his hand. "No hard feelings, I hope. It's all part of the game, you know."

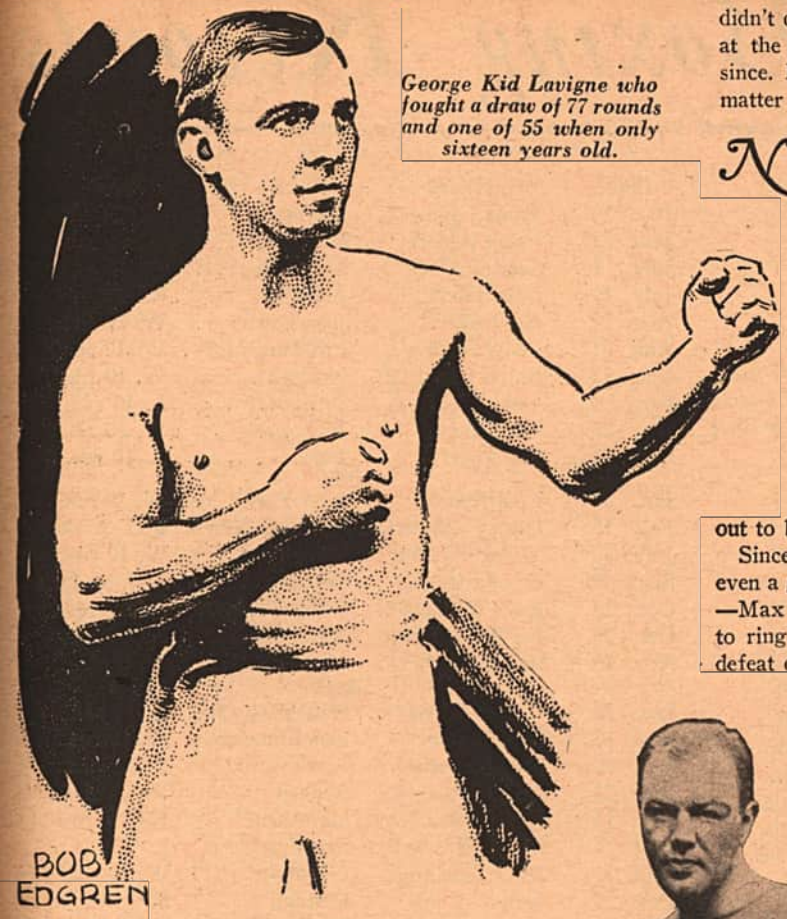
"No hard feelings, eh?" snapped back Brown. "Why, you big ham, if you weren't a lucky dog, I'd have had you out. I can lick you any time and any place. You're just a big stiff."

* * *

KETCHEL stood flabbergasted. He had held out a friendly hand, and instead of a glad handshake, had been insulted and threatened by the man whom he had licked fairly. His ire was aroused when Brown continued to upbraid him. One word led to another. Brown, thinking he was playing the part of a hero before his friends, figured Ketchel wouldn't fight him on the spot and in a spirit of bravado, he walked closer to the Michigan Assassin, pointed a threatening finger at him then gave him a shove that hurled his conqueror against the bar.

Ketchel checked himself by grasping the rail with one hand, straightened up, let loose his right, caught Brown flush on the mouth and for the second time in one day, George was knocked out.

When Brown came to, he was bleeding from the mouth, and several of his teeth were scattered around the floor. Ketchel helped to revive him, then with his boyish grin, a likeable smile, he ordered a round of drinks for the house, and just to complete the fun for the day, while the bartender was handing out the



George Kid Lavigne who fought a draw of 77 rounds and one of 55 when only sixteen years old.

drinks, Ketchel pulled one of his boyish pranks by sneaking out of the tavern.

When the bartender sought his pay, he found himself tagged with the bill. He locked Brown in a room and held him hostage until Brown, to obtain his release, was forced to fork up for the rounds ordered by Ketchel to celebrate Brown's knockout.

* * *

THE value of a swagger. Ever think of that? If James J. Braddock, former world heavyweight champion, only had a well developed swagger, what a difference it would have made in his earning powers as the king of all boxers! If he were of the swashbuckling, roistering, chip-on-the-shoulder school of heavyweights, instead of retiring with the little sum he had, he would have retired with a fortune of possibly a million.

Jess Willard and Jim Jeffries were much like Jim Braddock. They were good company in their own way but disliked the glamour of the bright lights and didn't care to mingle with every Tom, Dick and Harry who attempted to make friends.

Joe Louis, king of the heavyweights, is somewhat different, but like the three mentioned, is a shy individual who prefers to remain by himself or in the company of his own people, rather than become a popular, street hero. Willard and Jeffries were recluses by nature, and to some extent, so is Louis who doesn't mind sitting in a room listening for hours to music or resting on a bed, dreaming of the days when he will retire to his ranch and see no more of the fight mob.

Of the heavyweights since the days of John L. Sullivan, none was a greater swaggerer than Jack Dempsey. He was and still is the real, jaunty stylist. When in his prime as a fighter, this swagger was accompanied by such dazzling fistic ability and such friendliness for his public, that while he didn't catch on at once, he came into his own after his first defeat at the hands of Gene Tunney and has held the spotlight ever since. Not a fighter since Sullivan's day can compare to him in matter of popularity.

* * *

NO fighting man of a recent day ever wore his clothes in so eye-filling a manner or had such an appeal to either of the sexes as this same Dempsey man from out of the mines of Colorado and the slums' fringes of San Francisco. He was a second edition but a much perfected copy of the ancient John L. who back four or five decades ago, had set the fashion of swaggerism in sluggerdom.

Dempsey was fairly bristling with the stuff that made Clara Bow famous. He oozed IT from heel to crown and was such a rare combination that he was alternately hated and loved for what he did and didn't do. But even with a Dempsey wallop sans the old swagger, Jack wouldn't have been what he turned out to be. It was the swagger that did it.

Since the Dempsey day there has been but one and he wasn't even a good imitation of a fighting or even a swaggering Dempsey —Max Baer. He was a good puncher and his greatest contribution to ring history was his careful preparation for and his complete defeat of the German who held the title at the time.

Now, be it known that ego is one of the greatest assets a fighting man can have but when it is accompanied by self-adoration and a certain degree of pulchritude of appeal to the femmes, it is little short of ruinous.

* * *

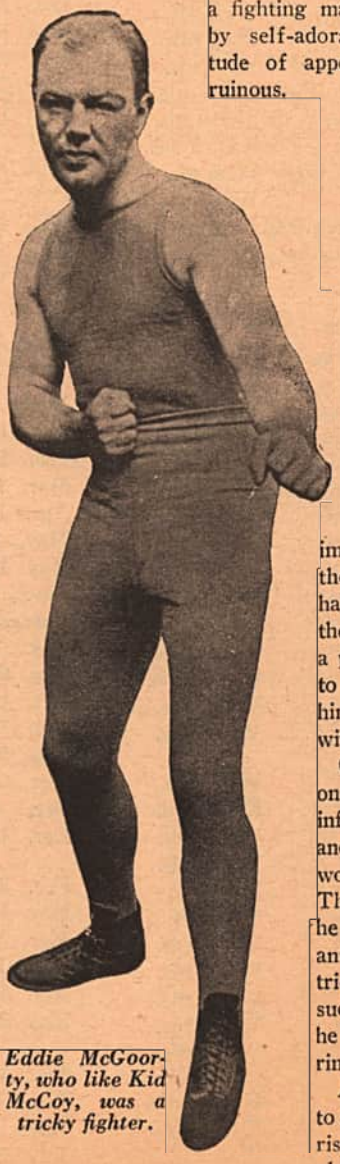
EDDIE McGOORTY was a tricky fellow, not quite as tricky as was Kid McCoy, but with enough in him to gain the upper hand over an opponent. Pit the quick wit of a master against a laggard, and what is the result? You guessed it. The quick thinker will invariably gain the advantage. That's exactly what happened when Eddie McGoorty faced Dave Smith some years ago.

McGoorty was a fighting man of extraordinary ability. He had everything and was greatly admired by the Australians in whose land he fought several important contests. Dave Smith was one of the best fighters of his days, a man who hailed from Australia and had a good record there. He was a clever two fisted boy, with a particularly fine left hand. When he came to this country, the usual ballyhoo preceded him and it wasn't long before he was matched with McGoorty.

On the night of the fight, word was passed on to McGoorty to be on his guard. He was informed that Smith was a splendid fighter and that unless Eddie were at his best, he would be taken into camp by the Australian. That advice sank into McGoorty's dome and he immediately began to plan how best to annoy his man. He thought of some of the trickery he had seen others practice, but suddenly an idea struck him to try something he had seen worked only once, in a foreign ring—

As the timer was about to sound the bell to start the fight, McGoorty, who already had risen from his chair, threw up his hand and pleaded for a moment's delay. He looked uneasy as he squirmed about in the corner, fidgety, pulling first one side and then the other, on his trunks. The referee walked over and asked what was wrong.

(Continued on page 44)



Eddie McGoorty, who like Kid McCoy, was a tricky fighter.

The Ring Boxing Records

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KEN OVERLIN

World's Middleweight Champion
Born, 1910, Decatur, Illinois
Irish-American
Managed by Chris Dundee
Weight, 160 pounds

1932

Won—Bill Brennan, 6 rds.; Sailor Johnny Skrinan, 6 rds.; Johnny Skrinan, 6 rds.; Red Journee, 8 rds.; Eric Lawson, 8 rds.; Tony D'Allessandro, 8 rds.; Joe Raymond, 8 rds.; Joe Smallwood, 8 rds.

Lost—Vince Dundee, 10 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1933		
	Walter Kirkwood	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	Joe Finazzo	Washington, D.C.	K.O. 4 rds.
	Johnny Mays	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	Red Journee	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	Johnny Vermillion	Norfolk	W. 4 rds.
	Walter Kirkwood	Washington, D.C.	W. 6 rds.
	Henry Irving	Washington, D.C.	W. 8 rds.
	Joe Lipps	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	Billy Strickler	Washington, D.C.	W. 8 rds.
	Roy Bailey	Charleston, S. C.	W. 10 rds.
	Billy Shell	Charleston, S. C.	W. 10 rds.
	Art Sykes	Norfolk	K.O. 5 rds.
	Johnny Bates	New York City	W. 8 rds.
	Tommy Rios	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	Roxie Allen	Washington, D.C.	W. 8 rds.
	Rudy Marshall	New York City	W. 10 rds.
	Tommy Rios	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
	1934		
Jan. 2	K. O. Burns	Washington	W. 8 rds.
Jan. 26	Wiener Wilsh	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 2	Andy Di Vodi	Norfolk	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 2	Joe Kaminski	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 8	Roxie Allen	Washington	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 16	Dan Hassett	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 6	Billy Ketchell	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 20	Tommy Rios	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 30	Paul Pirrone	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
June 4	Paul Pirrone	Norfolk	W. 10 rds.
July 2	Jimmy Smith	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 22	Henry Irving	Richmond	K.O. 7 rds.
Sept. 8	Frankie Remus	Richmond	K.O. 8 rds.
Sept. 21	Pat Flaherty	Norfolk	K.O. 6 rds.
Oct. 5	Al Diamond	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 15	Dan Hassett	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
	1935		
Feb. 6	Charley Weise	Norfolk	W. 10 rds.
July 29	Johnny Duca	Richmond	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 9	Henry Firpo	Atlantic City	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 26	Tommy Romano	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 19	Anson Green	Pittsburgh	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 4	Georgie Black	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 14	Al Quaill	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 18	Mooky Goldman	Norfolk	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 25	Carmen Barth	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 9	Al Quaill	Pittsburgh	W. 11 rds.
Dec. 20	Tony Brescia	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
	1936		
Feb. 10	Mickey Bottone	Richmond	K.O. 4 rds.
Feb. 21	Roxie Allen	Baltimore	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 2	Tony Fisher	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 20	Johnny Rossi	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 30	Ralph Chong	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 20	Jack Ennis	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 27	Ralph Chong	Washington, D.C.	W. 10 rds.
June 16	Jimmie Jones	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
June 22	Jackie Aldare	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
July 1	Georgie Black	Milwaukee	W. 10 rds.
July 19	Billy Hood	Ashville	K.O. 3 rds.
Aug. 20	Al Quaill	Johnstown	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 31	Oscar Rankin	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 12	Ralph Chong	Norfolk	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 4	Teddy Yarosz	Pittsburgh	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 23	Ben Brown	Richmond	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 21	Kid Tunero	Paris	L. 10 rds.
	1937		
Jan. 27	Fred Apostoli	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 15	Johnny Zawackie	Newport News	K.O. 2 rds.
July 30	Young Stuhley	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 11	Freddy Steele	Seattle	K.O. by 4 rds.
Oct. 18	Roy Williams	White Plains	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 25	Joe Butch Lynch	Albany	K.O. 7 rds.
Nov. 15	Bobby Birch	Albany	W. 8 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 26	Walter Woods	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 16	Dick Foster	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 30	Fred Henneberry	Sydney	L. 12 rds.
June 23	Atilio Sabatino	Sydney	D. 12 rds.
July 15	Atilio Sabatino	Melbourne	N.C. 7 rds.
Sept. 1	Lloyd Marshall	San Francisco	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 19	Billy Celebron	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 7	Jimmy Clark	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 17	Jack Moran	Peoria, Ill.	K.O. 6 rds.
Nov. 4	Nate Bolden	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 16	Milt Shivers	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 2	Nate Bolden	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 17	Jack Moran	Akron, Ohio	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 20	Eric Seelig	New York City	L. 10 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 2	Al Quaill	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 16	Billy Celebron	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 14	Al Bernard	Houston	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 27	Teddy Yarosz	Houston	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 17	Jack Riley	Houston	K.O. 2 rds.
May 1	Jimmy Webb	Houston	W. 10 rds.
May 18	Harvey Massey	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
June 8	Eric Seelig	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
June 26	Honey Boy Jones	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
July 7	Irish Eddie Pierce	Long Branch	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 28	Al Wardlow	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 18	Allan Matthews	St. Louis	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 23	Ben Brown	Atlanta	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 21	Honey Boy Jones	St. Louis	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 27	Ben Brown	Miami	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 4	Babe Orgovan	Washington, D.C.	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 11	Ben Brown	Atlanta	D. 10 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 21	Enzo Iannozzi	Raleigh, N.C.	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 15	Joe Butch Lynch	Cumberland, Md.	K.O. 8 rds.
Mar. 28	Jerry Maloni	Chicopee, Mass.	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 15	Frankie Nelson	Portland, Maine	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 25	Steve Wilkerson	Memphis, Tenn.	K.O. 9 rds.
May 23	Ceferino Garcia (Won Middleweight Championship)	New York City	W. 15 rds.
June 13	Ralph DeJohn	Syracuse	W. 10 rds.
June 28	Ben Brown	Richmond, Va.	W. 10 rds.
July 9	Harry Balsamo	New York City	K.O. 9 rds.
July 24	Billy Soose	Scranton	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 8	Ben Brown	Atlanta	W. 12 rds.
Sept. 18	Eddie Pierce	Norfolk	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 30	Larry Lane	Trenton	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 1	Steve Belloise	New York City	W. 15 rds.

STEVE BELLOISE

Born December 16, 1918, New York City.
Weight, 155 pounds.
Nationality, Italian-American.
Managed by George Hughes.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1938		
Aug. 24	Vincent Califano	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 29	Vince Jaskal	New York City	K.O. by 3 rds.
Sept. 19	Nick Perritty	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 17	Lawyer Kirkland	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 3	Mike Fiore	White Plains	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 10	Gene Molnar	White Plains	L. 4 rds.
Nov. 24	Joe Comito	White Plains	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 20	Ralph Tiovelli	White Plains	W. 4 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 20	Don Brooks	Hollywood	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 10	Rudy Villa	Hollywood	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 14	Art Gonzales	Los Angeles	W. 4 rds.
Mar. 31	Harold Eldridge	Hollywood	W. 4 rds.
May 2	Art Gonzales	Los Angeles	K.O. 1 rd.
May 23	Henry Majcher	Los Angeles	W. 4 rds.
July 11	Corky Dulgarian	Long Island	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 3	Caesar Ferro	Brooklyn	T.K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 17	Paul Griffiths	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 26	Rego Dell	White Plains	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 3	Louis Roig	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 10	Ernest Copeland	White Plains	K.O. 6 rds.
Nov. 7	Harry Ginsberg	White Plains	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 28	Marty Marino	White Plains	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 16	Ralph Vona	White Plains	K.O. 4 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 24	Vinnie Vines	New York City	T.K.O. 5 rds.
Feb. 23	Eddie Dunne	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 5	Bill McDowell	White Plains	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 26	Eddie Dunne	White Plains	T.K.O. 1 rd.
Apr. 23	Tony Ferrara	White Plains	W. 8 rds.
May 23	Vic Dellicurti	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
May 27	Sammy Luftspring	New York City	W. 8 rds.
June 20	Wicky Harkins	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 12	Ceferino Garcia	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 8	Wicky Harkins	White Plains	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 1	Ken Overlin	New York City	L. 15 rds.

TONY ZALE

Born May 29, 1914, Gary, Indiana
N.B.A. Middleweight Champion
Polish-American
Managed by Sam Pian and Art Winch

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1934		
June 11	Eddie Allen	Chicago	W. 4 rds.
June 15	Johnny Simpson	Chicago	W. 4 rds.
June 21	Bobby Millsapp	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
June 25	Johnny Liston	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
July 2	Ossie Jefferson	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
July 9	Lou Bartell	Chicago	W. 4 rds.
July 16	Einar Headquist	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
July 30	Bobby Millsap	Chicago	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 6	Bruce Wade	Peoria	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 13	Billy Hood	Chicago	L. 6 rds.
Aug. 27	Wilbur Stokes	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 3	Mickey Miske	Chicago	L. 8 rds.
Sept. 17	Mickey Miske	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 8	Jack Blackburn	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 29	Jackie Schwartz	Milwaukee	K.O. 4 rds.
Oct. 22	Frankie Miske	Chicago	K.O. 6 rds.
Nov. 5	Jack Charvez	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 26	Kid Leonard	Peoria	L. 10 rds.
Dec. 17	Jack Gibbons	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
	1935		
Feb. 25	Jack Blackburn	Chicago	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 11	Max Elling	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
May 6	Johnny Phagan	Chicago	T.K.O. by 6 rds.
July 2	Dave Clark	Chicago	L. 6 rds.
	1936		
Apr. 13	Jack Moran	Chicago	D. 5 rds.
	1937		
July 26	Elby Johnson	Chicago	W. 4 rds.
Sept. 17	Elby Johnson	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 11	Billy Brown	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 18	Bob Gerry	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 1	Nate Bolden	Chicago	L. 5 rds.
Nov. 22	Nate Bolden	Chicago	W. 5 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 3	Nate Bolden	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Jan. 24	Henry Schaft	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 21	Jimmy Clark	Chicago	K.O. by 1 rd.
Mar. 28	King Wyatt	Chicago	W. 8 rds.
May 16	Bobby LaMonte	Chicago	W. 5 rds.
June 13	Jimmy Clark	Chicago	K.O. 8 rds.
July 18	Billy Celebron	Chicago	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 22	Billy Celebron	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 10	Tony Cisco	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 31	Jimmy Clark	Chicago	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 18	Enzo Iannozzi	Chicago	W. 6 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 2	Nate Bolden	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
May 1	Johnny Shaw	Chicago	K.O. 5 rds.
May 23	Babe Orgovan	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 14	Milton Shivers	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
Oct. 6	Sherman Edwards	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 3	Al Wardlow	Youngstown	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 11	Eddie Mileski	Chicago	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 12	Babe Orgovan	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 29	Al Hostak	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 29	Enzo Iannozzi	Youngstown	K.O. 4 rds.
Mar. 29	Ben Brown	Chicago	K.O. 3 rds.
June 12	Baby Kid Chocol'e.	Youngstown	K.O. 4 rds.
July 19	Al Hostak	Seattle	K.O. 13 rds.
	(N.B.A. Middleweight Championship)		
Aug. 21	Billy Soose	Chicago	L. 10 rds.

PATRICK EDWARD COMISKEY

Born October 11, 1920, Paterson, New Jersey
Nationality, Irish-American.
Managed by Bill Daly. Weight, 197 pounds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1938		
April 4	Jack Glover	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 1 rd.
June 2	Juan Fernandez	Mt.Freedom,N.J.	K.O. 1 rd.
June 22	Johnny Dolan	Clifton, N. J.	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 11	John Morchini	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 8	Ted Saborsky	Mad. Sq. Garden	K.O. 3 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 2	Jack Glover	Newark	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 13	Marty Lieberman	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Jan. 25	Label Shapson	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 13	Joe O'Gatty	Newark	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 17	Lloyd Wheller	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Mar. 3	Gene Bonin	New York City	D. 4 rds.
Mar. 8	Marty Seaman	Boston	W. Disq.
	(Seaman disqualified for not trying)		
May 15	Gene Bonin	Paterson	K.O. 5 rds.
June 1	Jimmy Quigley	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
June 21	John Tuck	Garfield	K.O. 2 rds.
June 26	Glen Dawson	Des Moines	K.O. 1 rd.
July 14	Paul Pross	Long Branch	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 1	Frank Donofrio	Long Branch	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 15	Jarl Johnson	Philadelphia	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 21	Tony Celli	Garfield	K.O. 2 rds.
Oct. 16	Joe Hill	Washington, D.C.	K.O. 8 rds.
Oct. 26	Alex Youssem	Baltimore	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 17	Murray Kanner	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 27	Emil Scholz	Philadelphia	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 30	Maynard Daniels	Baltimore	K.O. 6 rds.
Dec. 15	Steve Dudas	New York City	L. 8 rds.
	1940		
May 14	Larry Marino	Jersey City	W. 8 rds.
June 6	Steve Dudas	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
July 2	Bob Sikes	Jersey City	K.O. 1 rd.
Aug. 26	Johnny McCarthy	Detroit	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 26	Max Baer	Jersey City	K.O. by 1 rd.
Oct. 15	Henry Cooper	New York City	W. 10 rds.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By AL MAYER

Jim McMillen, veteran wrestling star who is now competing in the East under Jack Pfeffer banner.

AT this time of the year when the wrestling season is in full swing, Jack Pfeffer, New York wrestling impresario likes to talk about "new talent" and how the big fellows compare with others in the past. It's first class showmanship to arouse the public's curiosity, and everyone knows that and Jack isn't the one to forget it. It's good business to inject an air of mystery around an athlete but somehow most of Jack's freakish mat importations have been men of mystery in many ways and needed no other ballyhoo other than their own way of life.

Look what happened when Jack introduced the Swedish Angel. All he did was to call him the "world's ugliest wrestler." He is that all right, but what followed afterwards, wasn't due to the facile imagination of a publicity man, but to the man himself. He has a face which has puzzled scientists both here and in Europe, but outside of his freakish looks, it was Jack's good luck that the man turned out to be a pretty good wrestler. Among those who are headliners in Eastern mat circles are the following:

* * *

PETER THE GREAT—He is a giant with a bushy beard who says he hails from Arabia and who rejoices in the happy cognomen of the "Arabian Nightmare". Peter the Great is a nightmare compared with the average run of athletes. Everything about him is ugly but the massive 245 pound giant, has a wrestling reputation which preceded him long before he came here. He says he is an Arabian who has lived in every outlandish spot on the globe, wrestled, did feats of strength and performed prodigious tricks which earned him the name of Peter the Great. It seems however, that wrestling was his best bet and now he is performing at clubs in and around New York and has gained a big following.

Another so-called mystery man at New York clubs is

* * *

ZIM ZAM ZUM, the Hindu mystery man. He has been wrestling in the metropolitan area for two years. He is a light heavyweight, and a good one. He came here with the reputation of being one of the best in his division.

He is extremely proud, carries himself like an Oriental potentate, is never seen without his famous turban and lives a life as near as possible to the one he knew in India. Yet in spite of his silence, Zim Zam Zum is very popular with the crowd and greatly admired by other wrestlers his weight, which, in a business where there is so much jealousy, is praise indeed.

* * *

THEN there is HANS WESTERGART. He hails from Brooklyn. He is 6 feet 3 inches, weighs 230 pounds and is only 23 years old. Wrestling at first was just an outlet for excess energy with Hans. He belonged to a local club, trained with amateurs, later with professionals. Then one day, he decided to wrestle professionally, certain he could hold his own with top men. Hans Westergart is one of Uncle Sam's boys. He is a riveter in Brooklyn's Navy Yard. He has been there for several years, which may to some extent account for his tremendous strength and all around physical condition.

Hans is one of the cogs in the tremendous National Defense machinery which is turning out the big boats, but that doesn't stop him from wrestling whenever he has the chance. He is a good matman, too, as some of the top notch men can attest.

* * *

BENNY ROSEN is another popular Eastern wrestler. Benny is Pfeffer's personal mat discovery. He is a big Hebrew wrestler. Benny stands 6 feet 3 inches and weighs 225 pounds. He has no superfluous fat.

When on the mat, Benny looks like the Rock of Gibraltar. He is power personified and in spite of his size, weight and strength, fans, always root for him even when matched with a smaller man. This is rare indeed and speaks volumes for the Hebrew giant's personality.

* * *

Fred Carone, known as the Italian "Angel." He is a headliner in Eastern mat matches. He is in the "tough" class of matmen.

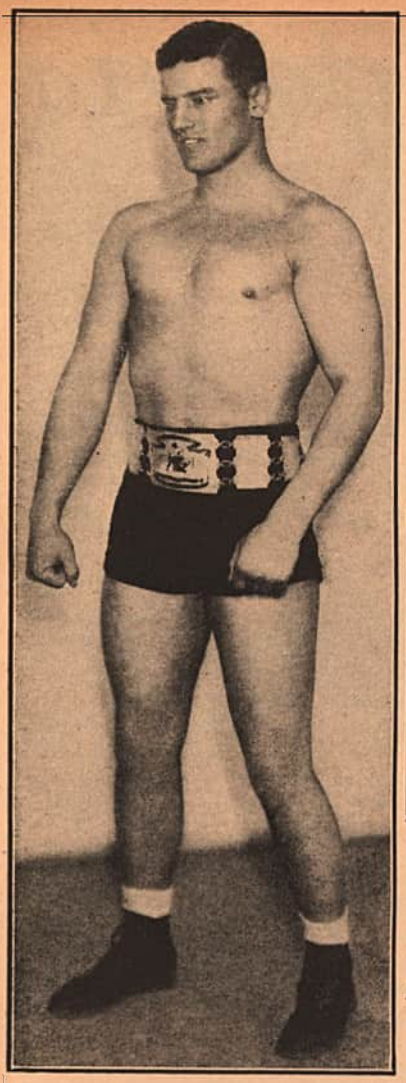
JIM McMILLEN, is back East. The veteran embodies all that is fine in wrestling and in sport generally. When he was a football hero, Jim just did everything right. When he became a professional wrestler, he set an example for every other man in the game. Gentleman Jim—no better or truer appellation fits the Chicagoan.

Jim McMillen is truly an exceptional character. In sports, later in business, he has always conducted himself like a true gentleman. He never fails to give fans a run for their money. He gives the best that is in him, the same way he did when he carried the pigskin down the field to the accompaniment of the cheers from thousands of thrilled onlookers.

Jim McMillen is the man responsible for drawing the largest wrestling

(Continued on page 37)

MAT STARS

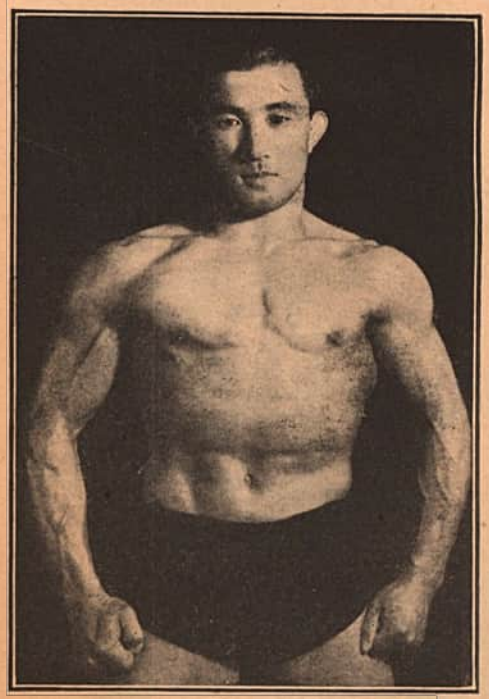


Louis Thesz, Westerner with a big following.

Jackie James, fast, young, aggressive grappler.

Leroy McGuirk, clever light-heavyweight from West.

Dick Shikat, former champion heavyweight, who continues to show up the younger boys. Dick is now campaigning in the West.



Kimon Kudo, Japanese jiu-jitsu and wrestling champion, who is performing in California.

Sandor Szabo, popular in California wrestling circles.

Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE

CLIMAXING another month of superlative wrestling shows with a long awaited Jim Londos-Lee Wyckoff match, George Zaharias has established himself in the wrestling industry as an outstanding promoter on the Pacific Coast. Slowly but surely, wrestling is once again flourishing in California and from all the reports we have garnered from various points in the United States, the Sunny State now occupies a top spot as a wrestling center.

The entire month was devoted to one bang-up show after another and each week the pack of fans who trooped through the doors grew larger. Zaharias has emphasized topnotch main events and each week saw such masters as Londos, Wyckoff and Everett Marshall putting on swell shows for the fans.

Perhaps the most scientific of these matches was the two hour draw of real wrestling exhibited by Marshall and Wyckoff. In addition, Zaharias has peppered his programs with some novelty team matches and really exciting prelims. Fine matmen like Edward Payson, Rube Wright, Pete Peterson, Terry McGinnis, Billy Sledge and Sammy Stein, and outstanding roughians like Karl Davis, Mike Mazurki, Dick Raines, Ignacio Martinez and Jules Strongbow have provided fans with many hair-raising bouts.

Edward Payson Meske, who is a star matman and also as Edward Payson has appeared in the "Nazi Spy," "Susan and God" and is now working on the picture, "Reaching for the Sun."

The Londos-Wyckoff encounter, by the way, is really Zaharias' prize package of them all. The ambitious promoter has worked for several weeks on Mr. Londos before he finally induced him to sign on the dotted line. Wyckoff, as you recall, was the winner of the tournament conducted here last winter by the Brothers Daro and is one of the classiest scientific wrestlers we've ever witnessed. Their bout should be a four star event in wrestling.

* * *

MEANWHILE, at some of the smaller arenas around Los Angeles, things have been just as lively. At the Hollywood Legion Stadium, where the fans take their wrestling straight and scientific, some outstanding light-heavy bouts have taken place. Leroy McQuirk, that really swell junior heavyweight champion, has successfully defended his title twice against the Armenian ruffian, Mike Nazarian. Wild Red Berry, who gained the light-heavy title from Jesse James last month, has managed to hang on to it, despite hectic battles with Billy Raburn and aforementioned Nazarian.

Lee Wyckoff, still the most scientific wrestler on Pacific Coast.

The Eastside Arena, though small and barn-like and located in the factory district of Los Angeles, produces some really outstanding matches each week and is usually packed to the rafters. This is greatly due to the capable promoting of genial Johnny Doyle who once promoted at the Olympic, and who gives the fans really spectacular and exciting bouts. Another top mat spot is the Ocean Park Arena, one of the most modern and best equipped arenas in California and ruled over by that swell fellow, Mike Hirsch.

* * *

From over the waves, we hear that wrestling in Australia is really doing exceptionally well despite the war conditions. Bill Sledge and Terry McGinnis, both fine young matmen, have recently returned from there and bring tales of great prosperity in the mat industry.

Doc Len Hall, the two Chiefs—Thunderbird and Little Wolf—Bill Longson, Laverne Baxter and Roland Kirschmeyer are some of the American mat aces who are in the Down Under country now. According to all reports, one of the most exciting bouts held in Sydney recently was between Doc Hall and Chief Little Wolf, with the scientific Doctor winning two falls out of three after much hectic grappling. Another history maker match in the Sydney ring was between the same Doc Hall and Bill Longson.

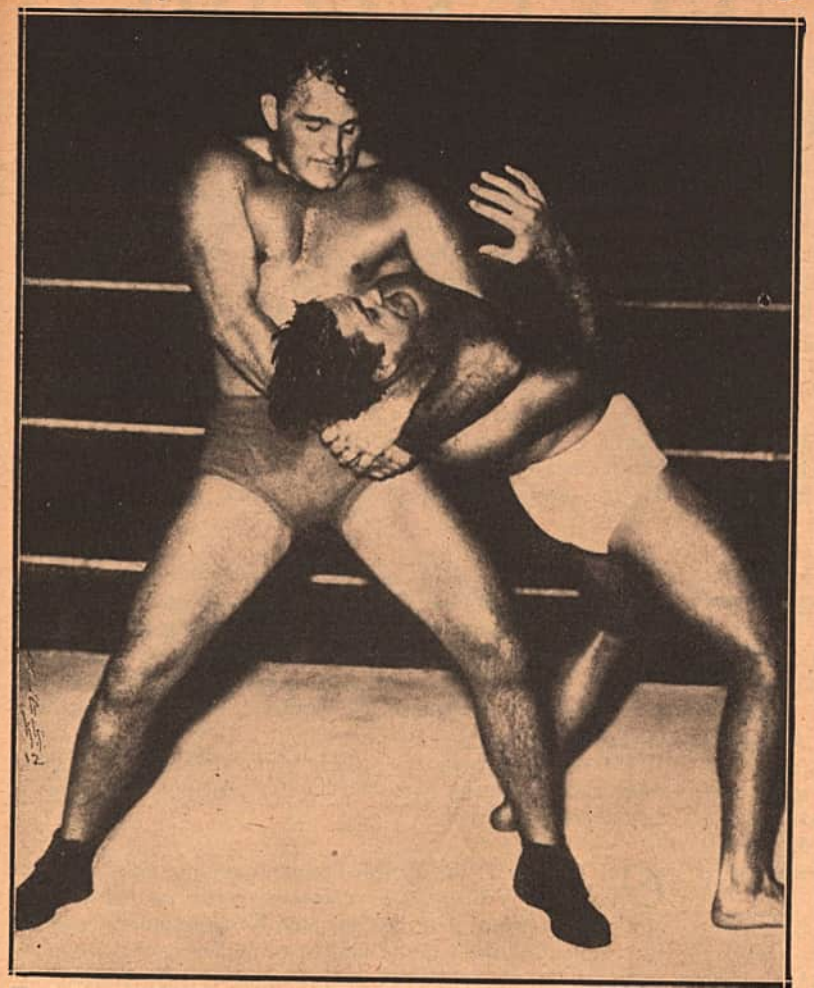
* * *

We point with pride to the success of young Bobby Coleman who is really making folks in Honolulu sit up and take notice. Bobby, a native of New York but who now considers California his home, is without a doubt one of the finest young grapplers on the mat today. A serious fellow, Bob spends his spare time on Kaikiki Beach or in the "Y" training for his bouts, and his lightning speed and clever technique on the mat gives one the idea that he may easily rise to the top of his profession.

* * *

IT seems a pity that Edward Payson Meske wasn't born in California for he is so typical of this glamorous country. However, since we must give his home state the credit for

Bill Sledge who has a big following in California. He recently returned from Australia and New Zealand.



Karl Davis, the Texas Cowboy, one of the outstanding "tough men" in California wrestling.

producing this handsome young gentleman, let us all arise and salute—Ohio.

Edward, who is making his mark in the motion picture industry as well as wrestling, was born on a farm near Akron, Ohio, thirty-two years ago. A typical farm boy, he acquired early his milking muscles and hay-pitching stamina so that by the time he entered Wittenberg College he was quite a sturdy young lad. However, although the noble profession of wrestling beckoned to him upon graduation, he choose to become a salesman and began bombarding the state of Ohio by selling check-writers. Then came 1933 when the well-remembered bank holiday swooped down and Eddie's prosperity came to an abrupt end. As a result, he turned to wrestling and has been at it ever since.

Two years ago this 6 feet 3 inches, 225-pound young man stepped off a train at Los Angeles determined to carve his name in California wrestling, and maybe try a fling at the motion picture industry. Today, Edward Payson —he dropped the Meske for picture purposes— is a star wrestler and motion picture actor. You've seen him in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "Susan and God" and others. He will soon be seen in "Reaching for the Sun."

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 34)

gates known to the history of the game. Now that he returns to the sport after an absence of nearly five years, it will be the signal again for fans to trek to the Arenas where the great McMillen is billed. Jim has a unique record. He has kept a correct record of all the matches he has had as a pro wrestler.

Last time we checked up on that interesting book we discovered that Jim had taken part in 1080 matches. The book shows where the matches took place, who the opponent was, the attendance and the purse received. The total adds to a tidy sum earned by Gentleman Jim McMillen.

This series of biographical sketches would not be complete without a passing word about two new light-heavies who are expected to make a big hit this season.

* * *

AL NORCUS hails from Lithuania. He claims the championship of that country. In the light-heavyweight class, Al Norcus is a scientific wrestler. He is 25 years old, stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 198 pounds.

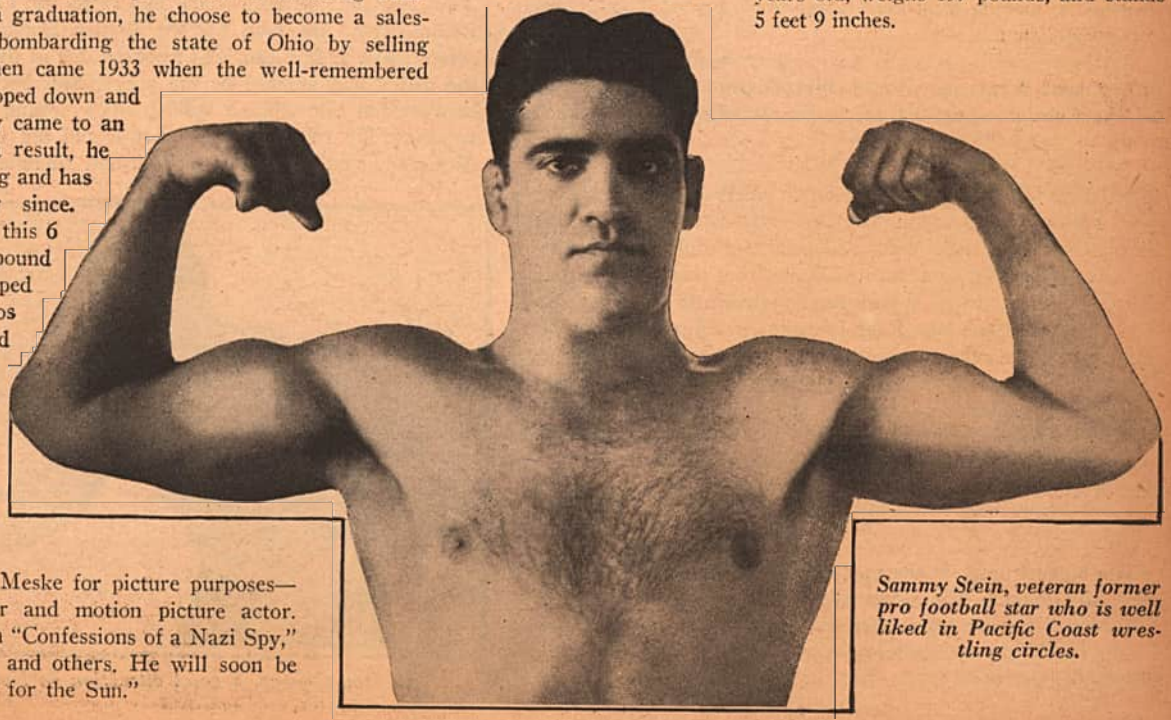
A regular rover, it was several years before Al. could conquer his love of travelling. He just couldn't keep still. He had to move on wherever the spirit moved to see what was happening in some other part of the country.

It must be said that Al's love of travelling did not help his wrestling career. Everywhere he went, he met with success but just when he was in "the money," Al just packed and moved somewhere else. Now he admits that he has definitely settled down and that he intends to go after the light-heavies.

* * *

OTTO BRILL—Red Demon they call him, because he has a shock of red hair. He is rough and tough. He is a classy light-heavyweight whose style of milling borders on the "villain" type.

Like all the athletes in the lighter division, Otto is young and perfectly trained for wrestling. He is fast, knows the tricks, is proficient at Jiu-Jitsu and an all around tough nut. Otto is 26 years old, weighs 197 pounds, and stands 5 feet 9 inches.



Sammy Stein, veteran former pro football star who is well liked in Pacific Coast wrestling circles.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

Man Mountain Dean who is back in harness. The big grappler is working from Paul Bowser's New England headquarters in Boston.

WRESTLING in Boston is going big again. Following a lapse, during which there was very little activity, Paul Bowser has gathered a bunch of old-timers with several new faces to entertain his patrons. Among the newcomers is Lou Brouillard, former world middleweight champion boxer, who has added considerable weight and now scales 190 pounds. Lou, in his first wrestling match, before a good-sized gathering defeated Gus Johnson.

Among those performing in the locality of Boston are Ed Don George, Man Mountain Dean, Steve Casey and other veterans who are popular with New England mat fans.

Wrestling has also taken a firm hold on Cuba. The sport, only recently introduced, is making great headway. Giraldo Hierro, Cuba's former star wrestler, is the promoter and he is doing well. He stages his shows on Friday nights at the Cristal Arena, where he jams 'em in.

Hierro has imported Francois Lecfourt, French-Canadian; Tony Velasco from Massachusetts; Vincent Pilluzo from Canada; Sammy Broomfield, who hails from Palestine, and Cowboy McClane of the U. S. A. He will soon bring over some more top-notch talent for the winter season.

Tony Velasco won from Lecfourt, and Vincent Pilluzo defeated Waldo of Cuba in the month's feature matches. Pilluzo and Velasco drew after one hour of interesting combat. Joe Becerra took the measure of Vincent Pilluzo, and Sammy Broomfield flattened Francois Lecfourt in one minute of wrestling, to the fans' delight.

Cyclone Veloz and Pechon, both Cubans, drew in a good match. Luis Pino, the Wild Man of Cuba, easily defeated Popeye Laguardia. In a return go, Lecfourt won from Pilluzo. Sammy Broomfield, making his second appearance, pinned Tony Velasco in twenty-eight minutes.

Martinez Connil, Cuban, is a good performer, and Joe Becerra of Cuba is a promising middleweight. Giraldo Hierro is bringing back to Cuba the sport that was a big attraction a few years ago.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Honolulu has never seen so many Filipino wrestling fans before. The large Filipino population of the Islands has always advocated boxing, but this is the first time that they have appeared in such large numbers at wrestling shows. And all because one Ben Pilar by name, a 179-pounder, is showing some of the other grapplers what the wrestling game is all about. Big for a Filipino and quite handsome, Pilar is a jiu-jitsu artist and a perfect dropkicker. His mode of attack, a combination of the dropkick and bolo punches, has spelled doom to many, including the wild Italian, Joe Parelli, who was subdued in less than seven minutes. It is the fastest defeat in Parelli's whole career.

* * *

The biggest upset of the month was pulled off by Prince Ilaki Ibn Ali Hassan, who defeated the hitherto undefeated Mike "Whiskers" London on a referee's decision after each had gained a fall. The bewhiskered champion proved a bit too rough and was disqualified by none other than Promoter Al Karasick himself, who turned referee for the moment. On the strength of this victory, the Prince was offered a chance at London with the championship title at stake. But when the chips were down, Mike London became the master again, retained his title by gaining the only fall after an hour of the most furious grappling.

* * *

Tetsuo "Rubberman" Higami, who was sent to the hospital in his first tussle with London, is on the warpath again. Convinced that he is the master of London, he demanded a return bout, got it, and came out victorious. Higami is the second man to defeat the light-heavyweight champion in Honolulu.

* * *

Classy Sammy Cohen from New York is another grappler going great guns in Honolulu. He is clever and fast, and afraid of no man. His greatest ambition now is to get a crack at the champion. His past performances, including victories over Bobby Coleman and Charley Carr, have just about assured the public that he'll have a good chance against Mike London. We'll like to see this match.

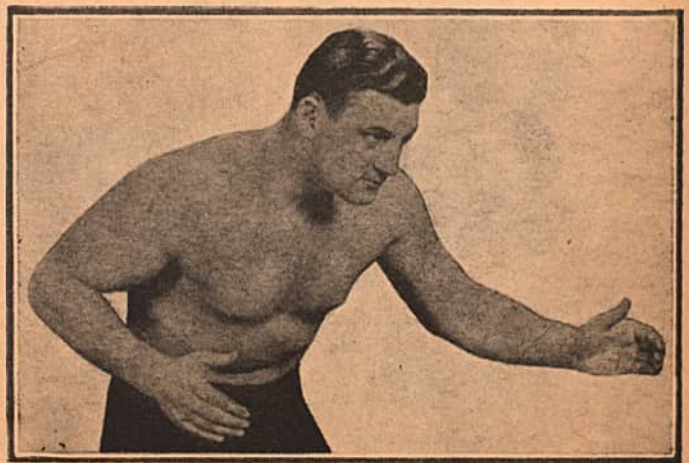
Don Sebastian, who was scheduled to arrive here the other week, failed to make port. We hope his delayed appearance is only a week or two off.

* * *

ON October 7, the British Empire wrestling title was contested in Wellington, New Zealand, when the holder, Earl McCready, retained it by holding John Katan to a draw, one fall each. Katan had the better of the last round, but as the championship bout cannot be decided on points, McCready remained the Empire champion. The bout, which was lively, was watched by a large crowd. McCready opened by gaining a fall with a flying body-scissors and press in the third round. Katan made use of a novel toe-hold with which he got a fall in the seventh round. In the last round he again shaped for the hold and had McCready in trouble with it until the bell rang.

* * *

On October 14, there was a sensational ending to the professional heavyweight wrestling contest at the Town Hall, Auckland, New Zealand, between Earl McCready of Canada and Lofty Blomfield of Auckland for the British Empire title, when the referee, Mr. J. McLean, was knocked out in the fifth round, and the match was stopped by the police. Mr. McLean had stepped between the pair when a willing elbow jolting exchange was in progress. He was hit on the mouth and fell to the mat, where McCready was knocked over him and Blomfield jumped on top



Ed Don George, a good attraction in New England.

of them both. The wrestlers continued to pummel each other over the referee's prostrate body, and it was not until a sergeant of police and four constables had entered the ring that they ceased their attack.

Mr. McLean was lifted from the mat and carried to a corner, where he partially revived before being assisted to his dressing-room. It took him some time to recover fully, and he then complained of a sore mouth and an injured back. The match was watched by a crowd which nearly filled the Town Hall and the onlookers were kept at a high pitch of excitement by the spectacular and at times rough methods adopted by the contestants.

McCready obtained a fall in the third round by means of a flying body scissors, following a succession of jolts. This was the only fall, and the referee being unable to adjudicate, it became a no-decision contest. McCready, therefore, retained his British Empire title. He weighed 17 st. 11 lbs.; and Blomfield 16 st. 8 lbs.

* * *

McCready was a busy wrestler when the season in New Zealand officially closed. He ended the season with the championship of the British Empire in his possession. In his final match, he drew with Katan at Christchurch. Each was apparently too groggy in the eighth round after several minutes of elbow jostling to gain a decision.

Katan attacked throughout the first six rounds, which lacked both the clowning and showmanship of many matches, while McCready spent most of the time getting out of trouble. The seventh and eighth rounds were mainly confined to jolting and punching, ending with both men falling out of the ring at the end of the eighth. There were no falls.

The summary of matches for the 1940 New Zealand wrestling season follows:

	Matches	*Won*	*Lost*	*Draws*
Earl McCready (Can.) ...	29	21	3	5
John Katan (Can.)	27	14	3	10
Sgt.-Maj. Lofty Blomfield (New Zealand)	22	11	7	4
Dan O'Connor (U.S.A.) ..	20	4	12	4
J. Corbett (U.S.A.)	22	4	13	5
Dick Raines (U.S.A.) ...	19	2	13	4
Little Wolf (U.S.A.)	5	1	4	0
T. Harben (U.S.A.)	2	0	2	0

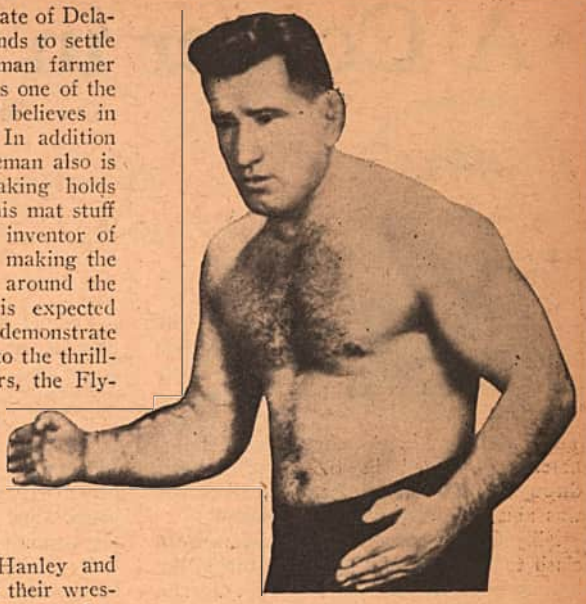
The final summary of matches for British Empire championship in New Zealand for 1940 follows:

	Matches	*Won*	*Lost*	*Draws*
Earl McCready*	11	3	2	6
John Katan	13	3	2	8
Sgt.-Maj. Lofty Blomfield	8	2	4	2

*Present holder.

* * *

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE—Tommy Rae, South Hadley Falls, Mass., wrestler, is back in ring competition after being on the sidelines for several weeks with a broken nose. The Missouri Mauler, Dynamite Joe Cox, injured the handsome New Englander with a forearm smash at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn recently . . . . Eddie Newman, the cartoonist-wrestler, has been the rage in states where team wrestling is permitted by the athletic commissions. The rough and ready ex-deputy sheriff of Phoenix, Arizona, has a novel method of slam-banging his rivals into insensibility . . . . Milo Steinborn, strongest man in the game, has enjoyed that title for a number of years. Milo is now doing his grappling along the Atlantic Seaboard after an absence of several years . . . . Joe Maynard, the Jamaica bad boy, is the owner of a large chicken farm in the state of Delaware and that is where he intends to settle down to the life of a gentleman farmer . . . . Herbie Freeman, listed as one of the game's outstanding "bad men," believes in showing his rivals no mercy. In addition to being a rough wrestler, Freeman also is master of numerous bone-breaking holds . . . . Abie Coleman is doing his mat stuff around the Middle West. The inventor of the Kangaroo or Drop Kick is making the turnstiles click a merry tune around the Mississippi Valley. Coleman is expected back East shortly to once again demonstrate his varied assortment of grips to the thrill-seeking fans . . . . Henry Piers, the Fly-



Jack Sherry, who is now wrestling in the South with success.

ing Dutchman, Sheriff Tom Hanley and Freddy Marconi are now doing their wrestling in South America. From reports that have reached us, the quartet is making good in a big way in the Latin-American countries.

* * *

To Abe Greene, athletic commissioner of New Jersey, goes a big vote of thanks for considering everyone connected with the wrestling business. In efforts to stimulate further interest in the game, the popular head of the "Skeeter State" commission has permitted women wrestlers, team wrestling and other types of shows just so that new interest and new fans can be made. What's more, the gate receipts of the various clubs seem to prove that Commissioner Greene's policy of lending a helping hand to all concerned has borne marvellous results. He insists that wrestling is a "theatrical" show and treats it as such.

* * *

Ed "Spike" Howard, ex-wrestler and world champion blood donor, is again being mentioned as a candidate for the $10,000 Bok Award for the citizen doing most to bring Philadelphia into the spotlight. Howard, who has already saved 920 lives, including that of the son of your correspondent, has seen the greatest wrestlers for the past fifty years, and he rates men like the four Dusek, Joe Cox, Lou Plummer and Chief Chewacki as the outstanding mat meanies of the present generation.

* * *

DON LOUIS THESZ, son of a St. Louis shoemaker, who embarked on a wrestling career, has certainly proved that he "knew his business" when he refused to heed the advice of his father to follow the trade of building up worn footwear. It was three years after he first entered the ranks of the professional bone benders that Thesz became recognized by the National Wrestling Association as their champion. And he had to beat Everette Marshall, the arm-pulling king, to attain that title.

Today Thesz is minus the N. W. A. crown, but he still is travelling in fast company and gaining his share of victories. Thesz, who scales 220 pounds, says that he has whipped every wrestler he has met, at least once, who scaled more than 250 pounds. Of those over the 300-pound mark he has defeated are: Man Mountain Dean, 307; the Golden Terror, 310; Tiny Tex Morgan, 303; Chief Sanooke, 325; Hard-Boiled Haggerty, 300; Tor Johnson, 312; Tiny Roebuck, 302; Harry Box Car Jacobs, 311; and Martin Levy, the heaviest man in wrestling.

* * *

FOR the first time in the history of modern mat promotions, Pittsburgh has a wrestling booking office. Musty Musgrave, who left the West Coast two years ago to venture into the thrill show business, is back in the game and has opened his office in Pittsburgh. The mat stars have been flocking to the new office, since they have always been able to make money where Musty was the booking agent. The result has been an unusual revival of interest in grappling in the Tri-State area.

Some ten or twelve cities are being handled at this writing out of Pittsburgh. Johnstown, Uniontown and McKeesport, and, of course, Pittsburgh, are the Pennsylvania towns under the Musgrave banner. Youngstown, Canton and Stuebenville in Ohio. Wheeling, Fairmont, Clarksburg, Huntington and Charleston, W. V., complete the Tri-State circuit.

"We just turned back the pages of wrestling about 12 or 14 years and that is the type of wrestling we are presenting here," says Musty. "No rough stuff, no kicking, gouging, fouls and manhandling of referees that has put the game down in the barroom brawl class and the gates like an athletic show on the carnival."

Such stars as Maurice Tillet (The Angel), Danno O'Mahony, Steve "Crusher" Casey, Joe Savoldi, Emil and Ernie Dusek, and Man Mountain Dean have already spent some time in the area. Bronko Nagurski is scheduled to invade the territory shortly. Wladyslaw Talun, with his manager, Stanislaus Zbyszko, are making their headquarters in Pittsburgh. The very center of all foreign population, as well as the center of all defense manufacturing, this territory promises to be the one to put wrestling back in the money. Stars and all, the hottest card in and around Pittsburgh is Abe "King-Kong" Kashey. There are thousands of Syrians in the area and they come in regular caravans from fifty to a hundred miles to see their countryman take the measure of most of the better known names in wrestling.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

WITH the winter season upon us, boxing has taken a big jump forward. The various headliners, champions and top-notchers engaged in their fistic wares throughout the country. Action in all classes was abundant and evenly distributed.

Billy Conn stepped out in an overweight clash to whip Al McCoy in Boston in the leading heavyweight bout, and Ken Overlin and Steve Belloise engaged in a masterpiece in the middleweight division to feature the month's activity. Jimmy Leto turned in a startling upset when he recorded a three-round knockout over Cocoa Kid and Izzy Jannazzo also stepped into the limelight with a decision victory over Cocoa prior to the Leto disaster. Sammy Angott and George Latka engaged in a drawn affair in San Francisco. Tommy Forte, Philadelphia youngster, garnered additional fame through decisions over Lou Salica and Joey Archibald. Those contests were the highlights in boxing last month.

Various changes among the first ten rankings are necessary for this issue as a result of the month's bouts. Red Burman takes the place of Buddy Baer as third contender. Baer has remained idle too great a time to be given such a conspicuous spot among the heavyweights. Burman, Savold and Buddy Walker have all moved up a notch while Buddy has been relegated to sixth spot. The class is very weak.

Tommy Farr has been removed for the time being, while Roscoe Toles, Buddy Knox and Tommy Martin have advanced one step. Anton Christoforidis gained one notch over Jimmy Webb through his knockout over Jimmy Reeves. Tommy Tucker, although he has been scaling over the light-heavyweight, claims to be able to make 175 pounds, and on that basis he has been given the seventh spot because of his win over Solly Krieger and Tiger Warrington has been ousted because of idleness.

The middleweights found Ceferino Garcia among the missing. Two new entries are Ernie Vigh in ninth spot and Tony Martin in tenth.

Plenty of changes were made in the welterweight ranks. Izzy Jannazzo went to third and Jimmy Leto to fourth. Mike Kaplan moved to fifth, Maxie Berger to sixth and Al Davis to seventh; Holman Williams in eighth while Cocoa Kid has been dropped to ninth. A newcomer, George Martin, was given tenth spot because of his victory over Pedro Montanez.

In the lightweight class, Dave Castilloux went to fourth, Toby Vigil in fifth, George Latka to sixth and Bob Montgomery dropped to seventh because of his draw with Norment Quarles. Simon Chavez and Sixto Escobar were both taken out of the featherweight division because of idleness. The newcomers in that class being George Pace, now out of the bantams, and Al Mancini.

Tommy Forte was given No. 1 spot in the bantam ranks, which is minus a champion. His victories over Salica and Archibald established him.

In the flyweight division, Enrico Urbinati is another idle member who has been withdrawn, with Manuel Ortiz shifted to No. 4 spot with Jurich Montana being lifted ahead.

Paddy Ryan took the place of Jimmy Stewart in the flyweight class because of his victory over Jimmy and the latter was dropped to tenth place. Those were the highlights and changes recorded in the different divisions.

Starting with the action in the heavyweight class, here are the results of the month's best bouts:

Red Burman came through with a victory over Tony Musto. Buddy Walker disposed of Jack Trammell in the fifth session. Buddy Knox turned the tables on Tommy Martin. Lou Nova made a comeback by scoring a five-round kayo over Johnny Erjavec. Gunnar Barlund disposed of Charley Ketchuk in nine heats. Al Delaney was beaten by Patsy Perroni and Willie Reddish. Reddish also kayoed Domenic Ceccarelli in one round. Abe Simon disposed of Nick Fiorentino in two rounds. Bob Sikes won from Dutch Ullmer.

Gus Dorazio trimmed Herbie Katz. Carl Vinciquerra kayoed Wally Sears in five. Bill Boyd scored over Buddy Moore. Lem Franklin whipped Elza Thompson. Otis Thomas won over Johnny Whiters. Phil Brubaker kayoed Chuck Jennings in two rounds. Jack Roper flattened Luis Logan in four rounds. Maynard Daniels was beaten by Martin Clark and Tommy Gomez. Harold Blackshear bested Pat Valentino. Tony Shucco whipped Harry Bobo and Erv Sarlin. Dan Dowling kayoed Chief De Cora in four rounds.

Billy Conn's victory over Al McCoy heads the activity among the light-heavyweights. Anton Christoforidis flattened Jimmy Reeves in two rounds. Teddy Yarosz whipped Lloyd Marshall. Tommy Tucker triumphed over Solly Krieger. Ralph De John won over John Petry. Alabama Kid kayoed Les Brander in the first and fifth. Lee Oma finished Ira Hughes in two sessions. Eddie Miller whipped Tony Cisco and kayoed Jack Munley in five. Bobby Yannes scored over Ernie Collins.

Ken Overlin's brilliant victory over Steve Belloise in fifteen rounds gave the middleweight class considerable prestige. It was one of the finest exhibitions seen in years and should bolster that division in the eyes of the public. Vincent Pimpinella was beaten by Jimmy Bivins and Billy Soose. Archie Moore kayoed Pancho Ramirez in five rounds. George Abrams won

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending November 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Max Baer	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Henry Armstrong
2—Arturo Godoy	Melio Bettina	Tony Zale	Izzy Jannazzo
3—Red Burman	Anton Christoforidis	Billy Soose	Charley Burley
4—Lee Savold	Jimmy Webb	Archie Moore	Jimmy Leto
5—Buddy Walker	Teddy Yarosz	Steve Belloise	Mike Kaplan
6—Buddy Baer	Turkey Thompson	Jimmy Bivins	Maxie Berger
7—Roscoe Toles	Tommy Tucker	Al Hostak	Al Davis
8—Buddy Knox	Jimmy Reeves	Georgie Abrams	Holman Williams
9—Tommy Martin	Solly Krieger	Ernie Vigh	Cocoa Kid
10—Pat Comiskey	Lloyd Marshall	Tony Martin	George Martin

Lightweights	Featherweights	Flyweights	Bantamweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Chalky Wright	Tommy Forte	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Pete Scalzo	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
3—Pete Lello	Jimmy Perrin	Lou Salica	Little Dado
4—Dave Castilloux	Joe Marinelli	K.O. Morgan	Manuel Ortiz
5—Toby Vigil	Spider Armstrong	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Jurich
6—George Latka	Bobby Ivy	Kid Tanner	Small Montana
7—Bob Montgomery	Larry Bolvin	Chick Delaney	Paddy Ryan
8—Ervin Berlier	Bill Speary	Aurel Toma	Tiny Bostock
9—Johnny Bellus	George Pace	Freddy Pope	Joe Curran
10—Julie Kogan	Al Mancini	Johnny Juliano	Jimmy Stewart

from Jack Munley. Ernie Vigh flattened Ben Brown in two rounds. Henry Chmielewski was beaten by Tony Martin and kayoed by Nate Bolden in four rounds. Al Bernard scored over Oscar Suggs. Deacon Logan won by a kayo over Allan Matthews in the fifth. George Burnette whipped Billy Bengal and Nate Bolden. Ossie Harris bested Kenny La Salle. Paulie Walker scored over Larry Lane.

Cocoa Kid, who ranked as one of our leading welterweights, took an awful fall. He was beaten by Izzy Jannazzo and then kayoed by Jimmy Leto in three rounds. Jannazzo also scored over Augie Arellano. Charley Burley won from Eddie Peirce and Vincent Pimpinella. Mike Kaplan whipped Milt Aron. Maxie Berger scored over Billy Beauhuld. Al Davis kayoed Johnny Rinaldi in the third. George Martin defeated Pedro Montanez and Jerry Fiorello. Jack Larrimore kayoed Al Smith in the eighth. Andrea Jessurun whipped Eddie Ellis and Billy Mims. Ernie Roderick defeated Eric Boon in England. Al Nettlow whipped Howard Burton and Bobby Britton.

Irwin Kaye was beaten by Saverio Turiello and Antonio Fernandez. Slugger White whipped Johnny Bellus. Pete De Ruzza scored over Young Kid McCoy. Harry Weekly defeated Jerome Conforto. Kid Azteca kayoed Casanovita De Ahme in the fifth. Bobby Britton disposed of Tom Sharkey in the ninth. Leonard Bennett kayoed Tony Motisi in the seventh. Red Moffett drew with Mistos Grispos. Norman Hurdman won from Frankie Velez. Joey Spangler scored over Norment Quarles and Eddie Dunne. Dunne whipped Angelo Cali and was beaten by Francesco Montanari. Red Cochrane defeated Norman Rubio. Carl Dell won over George Henry.

The lightweight class saw Sammy Angott held to a draw by George Latka. Dave Castilloux trimmed Paul Junior. Toby Vigil drew with Jimmy Garrison. Bob Montgomery was held even by Norment Quarles. Charley Gomer whipped Abe Denner and George Zengaras. George was also beaten by Ervin Berlier.

Julie Kogan kayoed Frankie Wallace in the fifth. Billy Marquart kayoed Johnny Pleasant in two and whipped Aldo Spoldi. Spoldi kayoed Victor Troise in two while Pleasant was also beaten by Jorge Morelia. Baby Arizmendi kayoed Richard Polite in the second while Polite scored over Elmer Lewis. Irving Eldridge disposed of Billy Bullock in the second. Tommy Speigal drew with Herschel Joiner and was beaten by Mike Evans.

Red Guggino was beaten by Lenny Mancini and Buck Streator. Yucatan Kid kayoed Lou Fortuna in two, Pete Galiano in five and was beaten by Don Eddy. Fortuna was also beaten by Eddie Lander. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Vic Caltaux and won on a foul from Vic in the eleventh. Bobby McIntyre scored over Jorge Morelia.

Primo Flores whipped Norman Hurdman. Justo Jiminez scored over Bobby Britton. Mike Gamiere kayoed Al Fontana in the second. Everette Rightmire won from Marcus Pitts. Maxie Shapiro drew and lost to Sol Bartolo.

Lloyd Pine whipped Chino Lopez. Joe Hall kayoed Keith Gee in two. Terry Young kayoed Henry Huerta in six and won from Charley Varre. Wishy Jones whipped Al Dorlac. Marty Servo scored over Billy Maher. Spider Kelly won over Dennis Cahill. Harry Hurst whipped Benny Cartegena and kayoed Lloyd Laskey in one.

Pete Scalzo heads the featherweight list with a victory over Bernie Friedkin. Bobby Ivy disposed of Johnny Buff in the second round. George Pace kayoed Joey Puig and drew with Jackie Callura. Bobby Green disposed of Tony Dupre in the fifth, scored over Paul Lee, but was beaten by Al Mancini.

Verne Bybee drew with Charley Miegel. Vincenzo Dell Orto stopped Aurel Toma in the fourth. Joey Iannotti defeated Pablo Dano. Richard Lemos disposed of Serio Mendoza in the sixth. Rodolfo Ramirez bested Young Casanova in Mexico. Frankie Bove won from Lou Barbetta. Johnny Forte scored over Pete De Grasse and Johnny Marcelline. Lawrence Gunn whipped Sammy La Porte.

A newcomer in the person of Tommy Forte heads the bantam list. He whipped Lou Salica and Joey Archibald. Tony Olivera scored over Ken Kindsay. Kui Kong Young defeated Black Joe in Hawaii. Aurel Toma bested Pablo Dano. Freddy Pope scored over Jimmy McCusker. Lorenzo Safora stopped Tommy Kiene in the fifth round at Havana. Elwood Romero whipped Christobal Jaramillo. Pancho Villa won from Joe Conde. Valentin Anglemann drew with Vincent Amcejo.

The flyweights produced little action. Little Pancho scored over Horace Mann. Little Dado whipped Nat Corum. Jackie Jurich defeated Johnny Juliano. Small Montana whipped Young Canada Lee. Paddy Ryan bested Jimmy Stewart.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None available.

Bantamweight—Frankie Donato, Philadelphia, Pa.

Featherweight—Patsy Giovanelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lightweight—Ray Landis, Washington, D. C.

Welterweight—Danny Falco, Philadelphia, Pa.

Middleweight—Jimmy Lowery, Gadsden, Ala.

Light-heavyweight—Eddie Owenby, San Antonio, Texas.

Heavyweight—Johnny Shkor, Baltimore, Md.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

ANOTHER month has passed with only ordinary bouts staged in the "Windy City." Our best fighters engaged in contests in other cities. Tony Musto fought both Buddy Walker and Red Burman. Musto dropped both Walker and Burman with his hefty wallops in the initial round for a nine-count, but in each bout he was declared the loser. Both of these contests were staged in Baltimore, Maryland. Incidentally, Tony measures only 5 ft. 8¼ inches in height and tips the beam slightly over the 190-pound figure.

Ken Overlin, from Decatur, Illinois, who is recognized as the middleweight champion in New York State, defended his laurels by winning a blistering 15-round titular bout from Steve Belloise in New York City.

Chicago's only other star performer to fight during the month was Milt Aron, who fought Mike Kaplan in a welterweight return mill in Philadelphia, Pa. Kaplan not only turned the tables from a draw affair in their preceding meeting to a decisive victory in his favor but floored Aron for a "2" count in the eighth round and cut Milt over the left eyebrow. They fought 10 rounds.

On this card, Billy Marquart, slam-bang Canadian lightweight, who fights out of Chicago, took the measure of Aldo Spoldi, veteran Italian 135-pounder, in 10, and Eddie Lander, a West Side 132-pounder, beat Lou Fortuna of Philadelphia in six.

Sam Morris, promising amateur heavyweight belonging to Joe Kniff, proprietor of a garage and gasoline station, has recuperated from a siege of ptomaine poisoning. Morris is expected to take down the heavyweight laurels in the forthcoming Chicago Golden Gloves tourney.

Carl Vinciquerra stopped Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., in the fifth stanza of a bout slated for ten rounds. This bout was held at the Marigold Gardens, the stamping grounds of Carl's manager, Jack Hurley. In the semi-windup, Frank Green, Marigold's heavyweight colored battler, went six rounds to a standstill with Mickey Hayes of Milwaukee, Wis.

Bill Peterson, Indiana Harbor heavyweight protege of Bill McClure, finally landed on the victory side by stopping Lou Campbell in two heats in a four-rounder.

In the additional fours, Andy Canal, South Sider, whipped Kelly Kohn, Jewish featherweight, and Speedy Schaefer won over Conrad Branski, also of Milwaukee, light-heavyweights.

Lem Franklin, hardest socking heavyweight in the business today, hammered out a terrific pasting to huge Elza Thompson, 230-pound Indianapolis, Indianan, in ten rounds. Elza elected to punch it out with Lem in the early rounds, but when he realized that Franklin could belt harder than he, Elza elected to crouch and remain on the defensive.

The semi-windup bout saw Billy Gillespie of Stone Lake, Wis., the winner over Frank Green in six rounds. Billy displayed considerable improvement from his previous showing here against Billy Duncan, and appears to be headed for main event recognition shortly.

In the fours, Al Jackson, 140 pounds, beat Bobby (Marigold) Ryan; Jimmie Richie, 1940 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, made his Chicago professional debut an auspicious one by halting the rugged Leonard Bostick, in the second canto and Ralph Balcom stopped Richard Rigali of "Little Italy" district, from Chicago's near North Side—they are lightweights.

Billy Marquart, Jack Hurley's mainstay, stopped Johnny Pleasant, colored lightweight, in two rounds. Pleasant suffered a nine-count knockdown in the second stanzas before he took the ten toll.

Leonard Bennett, hard-punching Detroit "Motor City" bolt, now residing in Chicago, for a second time kayoed Tito Taylor. In their first engagement, Lenny dropped Tito for the count in three rounds and this time he ended the fracas in the seventh.

The four-rounders found Mickey Hayes, Milwaukee heavyweight, winner over Eddie Stanley of Terre Haute, Ind., in the third, due to a cut optic. Sammy Secreet of Pittsburgh, 152 pounds, stopped Al Beauhuld in the fourth, and in the opening tiff Matt Daugherty, junior welterweight, also of Milwaukee, and Al Jackson, battled to an even-stephen.

Leonard Bennett again made the fight news. This time he repeated over the Catholic Youth Organization's professional welterweight, Tony Motisi, gaining a technical K.O. Motisi was too weary to come out for the seventh round of their eight-rounder.

Henry Wacker, ebony-hued socker, won a pleasing match from Orlando Trotter, another South Sider, in eight rounds. And in the four-rounders, Sammy Secreet, Pittsburgh 152-pounder, conquered Johnny O'Hara, and Harvey Dubs, Windsor, Ontario, lightweight, beat Eu Eulien of the South Side.

Attention Fighters—Fighters who have no manager and possess boxing records of merit should contact Gene Engel, in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois. Please send newspaper clippings and a photograph, for possible matches throughout the Middlewest.

This is as good a time as any to wish the thousands upon thousands of RING readers a most pleasant Merry Christmas and a grand New Year.

Are you having a difficult time in deciding what to purchase for your pal as a worthwhile gift this Christmas? Well, I would suggest a one-year subscription for THE RING Magazine. You can rest assured that your pal will digest the contents of this world-wide magazine, cover-to-cover.

Don't forget to send your notes of interest in not later than the first of the month to Gene Engel in care of the aforementioned address. So until next month—Fights off!

Forecasters and Ballyhoo

(Continued from page 17)

by what seems like irrefutable evidence.

Many a man who would have taken a betting chance on the German in the first Schmeling-Louis contest was switched to the Negro by the press hoorah campaign. Small wonder that the experts fooled the public, when they even fooled themselves.

Of course it couldn't happen, but just think what it would mean if the daily newspapers refused to boost a championship prize fight. Suppose all the training piffle, the long-winded interviews with leather-pushers, were eliminated? How far could any promoter go with arrangements for a gladitorial orgy, under such conditions?

Wipe out the free advertising accorded these entertainments, and the fighters would be lucky to annex a few hundred dollars, where they now count their gains in thousands. As for the promoters—well there wouldn't be so much sloppy gush printed about "thorough sportsmen, who care little for money-making, but are determined to give the people what they want!"

Given press-support, any promoter who can sign up a couple of pugilistic stars is pretty safe in calculating that they will be swiftly boomed into sport-page, and ultimately into front-page notoriety. The average citizen may really not care which battler gets his head knocked temporarily from its moorings.

But when his favorite paper insistently thrusts the doing of the glove-maulers under his nose, he absorbs the stuff and gradually succumbs to the synthetic enthusiasm thus engendered. If he didn't fall for the ballyhoo, his neighbor might deride his sport-ignorance. And that's something the proverbial 100 per cent American would never stand for.

* * *

AS the public appetite for sensational diet is practically unlimited, even conservative papers dare not lag far behind their rivals who daub the color thickly on sport or news stories.

The law of supply and demand is responsible for the development of the prolific ghost-writer, whose facile fingers type columns of comment under the signature of some outstanding illiterate, eminent as a performer in the sport field.

There was a time when signatures really counted for something in the newspaper profession. An article carried additional weight when signed by a responsible scribe. But by-lines have lost much of their significance owing to the indiscriminate dumping of loads of literary muck, each labelled as the brain-product of a person noted for athletic prowess, into the publishing mill.

* * *

THE happy thought of having a slugger affix his signature to a ballyhoo article originated at the time of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett battle at Carson City on March 17, 1897. Prior to that time fighters were often quoted, but no daily paper ever tried to sell a punch-artist in author guise.

Once started, the idea proved popular, after Corbett's name had appeared hitched to an article in which the then heavyweight champion told in English undefiled how he was progressing with his training, and the other camp life details. A daily feature was manufactured out of the champion's statements, which was widely syndicated.

The Hearst syndicate then signed up Fitzsimmons for a similar feature, which went over successfully, the fighters each receiving five grand for their supposed literary services. The innovation caught on with the devourers of fight-dope, and thereafter no scrap of consequence took place without the principals interviewing themselves under glaring headlines for the benefit of the fans.

As for the lives and fistic careers of champions, written supposedly by hands apparently as much at home drilling out eloquent phrases on the typewriter, as in delivering a hook to the jaw—there is no end, and probably never will be so long as prize fighting flourishes as a highly specialized commercial asset.

Many folks are aware that all this mock literature is phoney. On the other hand, a huge majority of readers have implicit faith in the genuineness of articles bearing the signature of rough-neck gents who never see the stuff they are credited with composing, until it is in print, and sometimes don't trouble about perusing it then.

* * *

TO many of our esteemed athletes, reading, demanding as it does a certain amount of mental concentration, is a painful task, rather than a relaxation.

A ghosting experiment which involved the use of a name inseparable from the fine art of glove-walloping, was tried in 1904 by the late James Keeley, when the latter was editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. Keeley hired the then Marquis of Queensberry to sponsor a weekly Sunday article dealing with current fistic events. The Briton, being none too strong financially, was only too willing to sign a two-year contract for a tempting salary.

The Marquis made no pretensions to literary ability, and insisted upon the column being written by his secretary, a Londoner who had accompanied him to the Windy City. All might have gone well had the work been done by an American fitted for the job.

But the English ghost had a style peculiarly British, and was altogether lacking in the "punch" expected by U.S. fight fans. Consequently, the new feature turned out an awful flop, and Keeley found himself tied up with what is vulgarly termed a "dead one."

Months passed, and the Queensberry output of stodgy reminiscence, cross-eyed, futile prophecies, and inane criticism continued, each successive week adding to the editor's vain regrets. There were no loopholes in the contract whereby the writer could be dispensed with. The only chance of disconnecting him from the payroll lay in his voluntary resignation. And that did not assume even the semblance of remote probability.

Christmas approached, and the Marquis determined to spend the Yuletide on British soil. He had no trouble in obtaining leave, if Keeley could have had his way the holiday visit would have been made permanent. So off went the nobleman to his native land.

ON the morning of his return to duty, he stepped out of the elevator just in time to encounter Editor Keeley emerging from his private sanctum. Uttering a cheery "What ho!" the smiling Marquis advanced with outstretched hand.

But the palm of greeting was not grasped and wrung in a responsive grip of cordiality. Instead the editor glowered fiendishly upon the astonished Marquis, and exclaimed in tones dripping with venom:

"Good God! Back again! Are we never to be rid of you?"

The Marquis stood in a stupefied daze for a moment. Then his ancient Douglas blood boiled in hot resentment at the insult and moved him to rapid action. Within twenty minutes the resignation of the Marquis of Queensberry was handed to Keeley, and accepted in record-breaking time by the delighted editor.

From the standpoint of dignity the Marquis' renouncing gesture was royally magnificent. From the commercial angle, it came under the heading of what American sports would designate—"a sucker play!" An American provider of ghost literature would have digested the editorial insult as being all in the day's work, and demanded the legal fulfilment of his contract, or its equivalent in dollars and cents. But the Queensberry mind had never fathomed the depths of journalistic guile as practiced in the good old U.S.

* * *

THE regular machine-pounders who deal in phantom wares are not bothered by ethical scruples. It's just a job of impersonation to them, legitimized by long practice, and reflecting no discredit on the actual worker, whatever one may think of the faker who wears an author makeup.

Jack Dempsey once gave evidence in a court case that he had never even read a lot of the sport comment published under his name. And his proficient ghost not only admitted cheerfully that he wrote the Mannassa Mauler tales, but confessed that during the busiest period of his ghosting career, he had a score of clients for whom he performed similar service.

What's the moral of it all?

There isn't any. If readers enjoy bogus literary matter, if the ghosts are content with their rakeoff, if the fakers revel blissfully under rays of counterfeit glory, and boxing patrons struggle like storm-troopers in the rush for the box office—why everything is jake, and moralizing is at a low discount.

Anyway, moralizing is wasted on prize fighting in any of its varied aspects. A gifted sage opined that people get the sort of government they deserve. That maxim applies with equal truth to methods utilized in the vending of any popular amusement. Boxing certainly belongs in the latter category, and boxing cannot be separated from its political affiliations.

In order to reform the slugging game and bring it to the state of purity so ardently desired by well-meaning, simple souls crusading for humanity's good, or for the lack of something else to do, it would be necessary to reform the politicians, first!

And that's a task with little appeal even for a militant archangel, backed by all the Celestial Ghosts. Perhaps when the millennium arrives something may be done about it!

Advice to Service Men

(Continued from page 4)

ability to keep battling away under trying conditions. This is what generally wins all the championship battles. Had our own Champion Jack Dempsey lacked this asset in his fight with Firpo, the heavyweight title-holder would have surely lost.

Third is energy—this means speed, combative spirit and aggressiveness.

The fourth is sand—a word which means courage, grit, and determination—essential elements to the successful boxer.

The fifth is control. Critical moments in boxing bouts show the importance of self-control and steady judgment. A cool head invariably triumphs over the man who becomes excited. Fight fans will recall that steady judgment and a cool head kept Champion Benny Leonard from losing his lightweight crown to Lew Tendler the first time they boxed for Tex Rickard.

The sixth is the ability to punch hard. The boxer who aspires to a title should, with either hand, be able to punch with force. The boxer, in order to punch with force, must perfect a system of muscular coordination. The muscles of the arms, legs, and body in every move, must coordinate. This may be obtained through the use of combination exercises designed to employ simultaneously every part of the muscular system applicable to boxing.

The seventh is generalship. This indicates development of natural advantages, coupled with the intuition and the ability to grasp quickly any advantage of any opening given by the opponent, as well as being able to properly guard against punches.

There you have all the essentials as I teach them at Annapolis. My advice to all you service men is to get all you can out of boxing while in camp. It will help you now and when you return to civilian life.

Hidden Talent

(Continued from page 11)

New England's Georgie Martin at the Broadway Arena in that city.

Fans and boxing men, while conceding the Boston boy's ability against second rate opposition, weren't looking for him to throw a monkey wrench into Pedro's comeback before it even got started, and when this happened everyone agreed that the lightly regarded Portuguese was a plenty good fighter.

Martin was the third welterweight in a short space of time to establish himself as a boxer of genuine talent and a worthy foe for the champion, whoever he might be. In his defeat of Montanez, the 22-year-old New Englander showed plenty of rugged shrewdness, at the same time running his winning streak in New York rings up to four straight, Vinnie Vines, Jerry Fiorella, and Frankie Cavanna having been his three previous victims.

* * *

STRANGE as it seems at the moment, the current fair-haired boy of the boxing business, Billy Conn, was up until quite recently, a perfect example of an overlooked star. Less than two years ago Sweet William, despite a long string of victories over champs and ex-champs in over-the-weight matches out in his native Pittsburgh, was just another fighter as far as national renown goes. Only The Ring kept boosting him to the skies.

With the Smoky City fans, it was a case of being too close to the forest to see the trees, and most of them showed little enthusiasm over Billy even as he went along winning fight after fight. Following his victory over Solly Krieger, the long arm of Michael Jacobs reached out for Billy when an opponent for Fred Apostoli, who had beaten all comers, was desired.

The decision he gained over Apostoli was all good-looking Bill needed to excite the New York fight crowd over him, and the rest of the country fell right in line, with the home town Pittsburghers among the last to realize that one of the best of modern boxers had been doing his stuff right in their laps all along.

Here again it was a case of not a lack of ability, but just the need of the opportunity to place that ability in the limelight.

Strikingly similar to Conn's case is the sudden emergence of Toby Vigil, Los Angeles Mexican, into the national picture. For the past year Pacific Coast fight fans have been too carried away with Jackie Wilson and George Latka to have eyes for any of the other home grown talent. Latka, particularly, had been hailed as a world beater.

Easterners, who had seen Georgie do his stuff, seconded the motion without question when Californians went into their rave over the San Jose boxing master.

Well, a fighter good enough to beat so well recommended a boxer, must certainly be classed as worthy of national prominence and this is just the trick that young Mr. Vigil turned. By taking a ten-round decision over the heralded Latka, Vigil added further ammunition to the claims of those who howl that there are always good fighters around if given the chance.

New Orleans fight fanciers have little doubt that Erwin Berlier, who has been setting the deltas afire down in the Cajun country, is a really good fighter at any time, any place or under any circumstances. All they ask is that the national spotlight be played on the Crescent City comer and the list of "name" fighters will be increased by one.

Lest modern fans reproach themselves because of the uphill struggle many top notchers have in gaining deserved acclaim, oldtimers aver that this has always been the case. Our old reliable Dan Morgan digs back into boxing history for a couple of outstanding examples of neglected good ones.

"Yes, opines the learned Mr. Morgan, "it was the same old story in the old days. Why old Elbows McFadden had to beat no less a man than Joe Gans before he was given a tumble, but he had been a great fighter for years before that happened. That tough fight Bill Brennan gave Jack Dempsey was no accident. Bill was plenty tough, smart, and a real good heavyweight, only nobody gave him any credit until he almost took Dempsey," concluded Daniel, while he paused for his second wind.

From all over the country come frantic shouts that only the "break" is needed to flood the market with good men of the calibre of Jimmy Bivins, the Cleveland star; Georgie Abrams, twice winner over currently-acclaimed Billy Soose; Jackie Wilson, the toast of the coast, and other such hidden jewels as Chalky Wright and Red Moffett.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Identify the following in boxing by giving their fighting names; each a former world title holder: Eligio Sardinas, Christopher Battalino, Samuel Lazzaro, Jacob Finklestein, George Chipulonis.

2—From whom did Benny Leonard win the lightweight title? How did Sammy Mandell gain the title vacated by Benny?

3—What fighters starred in the following plays: "The Fighting Marine"; "The Naval Cadet"; "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"; "The Prize Fighter and the Lady."

4—From whom did Henry Armstrong win the featherweight title and in what manner?

5—Must a fighter be an amateur before he can become a professional?

6—What is the largest size a boxing ring can be?

7—When was the new Garden opened and with what feature attraction?

8—What was the last feature bout staged in the old Garden?

9—What is the National Boxing Association?

10—In what cities did the following famous fighters win their titles: Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Willie Ritchie, Johnny Dundee, Young Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Lynch, Johnny Kilbane, Barney Ross (lightweight) and Mickey Walker?

The English Bomber

(Continued from page 5)

the most important asset in the ring. For the Junior Munsell bout, the English-born Negro sparred only six rounds.

The likeable Negro's permit will be up in March of 1941, but he may have to return to England sooner if called into service.

* * *

WHAT doesn't he like about America? "Deah me, you have no tea time ovah heah!"

What a remark, especially from a chappie (he's got us doing it), who's just got through stopping Bob Nestell, Junior Munsell and Johnny Hanschen and defeated the rugged Ohio Irisher, Buddy Knox.

Stablemates of Martin, managed by the team of Johnny Rogers and Tommy Farmer, are: Manuel Ortiz, Mexican bantamweight champion, who drew with Little Dado; Jackie Jurich, the "Rose of San Jose," former flyweight king, and Ray Price, stiff belting Negro lightweight.

Mike Gibbons

(Continued from page 23)

his first fight in 1908 when he met and knocked out Roy Moore, the same Roy who made such a remarkable comeback in the last few years.

* * *

IN the first few years of his pugilistic career Mike met few fistic experts but his fame spread rapidly and he soon was matched to box Jimmy Clabby who was rated among the very best at that time. Clabby was induced to go to St. Paul for a six round encounter, with Gibbons. Clabby did not know of the young St. Paul boy and got the surprise of his life although Clabby managed to win the laurels mainly because Gibbons was over cautious. He outpointed Gibbons.

Clabby and Gibbons were frequent rivals in the next couple of years until Clabby finally decided Micheal was much too good to be mingling with, and then Jimmy hastened to Australia where he won much fame.

From 1911 on until the war, Gibbons was in big demand by boxing promoters and fought all over the country. He met practically every leading middleweight and managed to beat all of them excepting when the result meant something more than getting the winner's end of the purse.

* * *

WHEN Tommy decisively beat Young Jake Ahearn, the Dancing Master, he became the outstanding middleweight of this country and Europe. He laid claim to world honors, but one man stood between him and that crown—the great Les Darcy, Australian who died of a broken heart in this country when he was accused of slackerism during the world war and couldn't bear the disgrace. It was an unjust accusation and cost the great fighter his life.

With Darcy still in the picture at the time Gibbons claimed the crown, boxing experts were divided as to the world ownership and Mike therefore never received the whole-hearted support of international scribes. At the time, Gibbons was the cleverest fighter at his weight or any other weight in the world. He was the classiest middleweight since the palmy days of Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, the three masters.

Gibbons began his fistic career at the age of twenty. In his first seven years he participated in 83 contests of which he won 26 by the knockout route. He didn't possess a knockout punch of the type hard hitters owned. He had a peculiar style, and with that style, he could strike out as hard as any of his rivals.

His knockout blow was not one at long range. He had to execute it from close to the body. It was a short jolt, delivered with either left or right, but it sent an opponent into dreamland when it landed, as Young Ahearn, as clever a fighter as ever put on the gloves, could attest.

* * *

GIBBONS was a product of the Y.M.C.A. training. The first years of his boxing career were spent as an instructor in the St. Paul Branch of the Y.M.C.A.

After being outpointed by Clabby in 1910. Mike came to New York where he impressed the fans with a mighty clever exhibition in stopping Young Sherman in the Garden in the fourth, and thereafter, until 1918, he didn't lose a bout. More than half of his fights were no decision affairs, and went the distance. However, when Mike unloosed his short jolt, he could score a kayo.

During the eight years when he went undefeated, he clashed with the world's best fighters, most of whom would have taken the measure of any of our present day middleweights. Among the famous ringmen whom Mike faced, were Young Ahearn, Jimmy Clabby several times; Packey McFarland, Frank Mantell, Harry Greb, George Chip, Ted Kid Lewis, Jack Dillon, Jeff Smith, Soldier Bartfield, Bob Moha, Mike Donovan, Bill McKinnon, Marty Rowan, Willie Lewis, Paddy Lavin, Tommy Maloney, Eddie McGoorty and Jack McCarron—all stars.

It was on August 9, 1921, that Mike outpointed Jeff Smith in a ten-round, no-decision bout at the Armory A.A., Jersey City, N. J. They all seemed alike to him in those days, for in less than a week he took on three worthy opponents. On Aug. 4, 1921 he won a ten-round decision from Augie Ratner in New York. The very next night he defeated Gus Platts in Boston in ten rounds, and four nights later, on the ninth, he won from Smith.

On November 25, 1921, he was defeated by Tommy Robson in a ten-round affair at Boston, but he defeated "Happy" Littleton, Joe Herrick, and knocked out Battling Ortega. The last-mentioned feat was accomplished on Sept. 16 at Colorado Springs in seven rounds.

On December 5, 1921, he took the measure of Augie Ratner again, this time in twelve rounds at St. Louis, Mo. Next came a ten-round, no-decision bout with Mike O'Dowd on December 16, 1921, at St. Paul. Gibbons received the newspaper decision.

During 1922 Mike defeated Pete Hartley in eight rounds at New York, March 20, and fought ten-round, no-decision bouts with Joe Lawson, Tommy O'Brien, George Eagle and Lew Tendler.

Should you go to St. Paul now you will find both Mike and his equally famous brother, Tommy, among the honored citizens of the state. Tommy has been sheriff and Mike has been engaged in business for some time. His son, Young Jack Gibbons, tried his hand at the game, but unlike his father, he failed to reach the grade.

New Faces

(Continued from page 27)

In that short time he has scored victories over Babe McCusker, Horace Mann, Benny Dawson, Nat Corum, Elwood Romero, and drew with Tommy Cobb, when Cobb got a badly cut eye and the bout was halted. According to California rules, a draw verdict was given.

California promoters are now trying to match Dalma with Dado and with Olivera, holder of the Coast title. It is planned, if these bouts materialize and Dalma wins, to get Salica to face him for the world crown in California. With Dalma came another Filipino, Flashy Sebastian, the welter and middleweight king of the Orient. They have revived the interest in Filipino boxers on the Pacific Coast.

Twice-Told Tale

(Continued from page 31)

"My belt is loose and my trunks are falling. I want a few seconds time to fix them," said McGoorty, rather innocently, while his chief second kept eyeing Dave Smith in the opposite corner. Smith, seeing the timer about to ring the gong, had jumped out of his corner and was ready to spring into action when McGoorty had pulled his trick. With the rest granted, Smith, who previously had been all tensed for the go, walked back to his chair—the tenseness all gone. About eighty seconds had elapsed before McGoorty nodded that he was ready, and those eighty seconds were sufficient to cause Smith's undoing.

When the bell rang, instead of leaping forth as he had the first time, Smith had lost his pep. He came out slowly. McGoorty was quick to notice the change he had brought about in his opponent's makeup. Eddie faced his man, now relaxed to an unbelievable point, feinted him twice, whipped over his dreadful left hook to the chin and the Australian was on the canvas, thinking of the birdies. It took several minutes to revive him.

The knockout, scored in 1 min. 27 sec. of the first round, was the quickest ever landed by the famed American middleweight. His ruse had worked. It had upset Smith to such extent, he had lost his equilibrium.

Ring strategy—yes, that's what you call that kind of ring trickery.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of THE RING published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the dates shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1940.

FLORENCE BRISCOE,
Notary Public, New York County
New York County Clerk's No. 277
New York Register's No. 1B296
Commission expires March 30, 1941

Precious Seconds

(Continued from page 15)

REMEMBER Eddie Wallace of Brooklyn? Probably not, unless you have followed the game very closely over a period of at least twenty years—yet Wallace missed fame by two seconds. He was a nice looking little Jewish boy, who started to fight professionally when he was sixteen years old and was burned out before he was twenty, but one night in 1914, in a neighborhood fight club in Brooklyn he had Johnny Dundee on the floor.

"One - two - three - four - five - six - seven-eight—"

Dundee was up, closing in, strong again, ripping Wallace to pieces with his vicious body attack. Wallace managed to go the route and for some years thereafter pursued a ring career that brought him neither glory nor gold save in a meagre measure—yet he had been within two seconds of the fortune that later was showered on Willie Jackson as a reward for having knocked out the great Dundee.

There you have the stories of several thrilling fights in which only seconds separated the champion from his crown.

The Mighty Atom

(Continued from page 25)

Noble (ex-bantam champion and well known in America), Art Edwards, Joe Lynch (ex-world bantam champion), Pal Moore and many others.

He never had any boxing tuition. He was just a natural fighter. His father-in-law, an old knuckle fighter, gave him much useful advice, but Jimmy was no orthodox or text-book boxer. His skill was acquired in the hard school of experience.

Where Jimmy differed from other fighters, was in his uncanny sense of anticipation and his ring generalship. Cool as an iceberg, Jimmy never allowed his opponent to fluster or confuse him. Wilde has more knockouts to his credit than any other flyweight or bantamweight the world has ever seen, and doctors and experts were always puzzled as to where Jimmy obtained his tremendous punching powers.

I think the secret lay in his wonderful timing. His hits were crisp and well directed, but that does not explain his great strength and stamina considering his low weight. Strength and stamina are not always associated with good muscular development. A man may be thin or even skinny, but that does not mean that he is a weakling. Fitzsimmons was lanky and wiry, but strong as an ox. Often outweighed, he proved far stronger than his opponent. In the same way, Wilde was tough, though a skinny lad.

* * *

WITH tapering body and broad shoulders, with an anemic look that was quite deceiving, this little Welsh scrapper with his pallor and outward appearance of fragility, proved anything but a weakling when once in ring attire. Wilde's strength and his hitting power, considering his size and weight, were simply amazing. He was a highly skilled boxer and the power of his punches was almost magical.

Wilde always believed in avoiding any tactics that would reduce his stamina, hence instead of blocking the blows of his opponents, he had a knack of sidestepping an inch or two when the delivery was made and invariably got out of their range. The only time in his entire career where this method could not be used with effect was in his bout with Pancho Villa, but in that contest Jimmy met a boy who was just coming while Wilde, the champion, had already seen his best days.

His sense of distance was uncanny. He could stand within range of a blow when it started but when an opponent let it loose, a little jerk of the head or the body and the punch landed in space.

Always on his toes, his body executing a wavelike motion, his gloves resting on his hips without a semblance of a guard, his knees slightly bent, he proved a bewildering subject for any opponent. He always kept his man guessing, feinted him into knots and then connected with his terrific right, said to be the heaviest punch ever delivered by a fellow his weight. These are the qualities which Jimmy Wilde possessed and which enabled him to take his rank among the truly great—the Supermen.

Jimmy was a great fighter. He had the right mentality. He feared no man, and above all, he had an unshakeable confidence in himself, the sure sign of a real champion. Jimmy was sure that he could lick anybody near his weight.

So remember, lads, even if you are small and thin, do not despair if you do not put on muscle and weight. Remember Jimmy Wilde, the greatest little fighter the world has ever seen, who was the idol of millions of men, women and children in Great Britain, the little fellow with the heart of a lion, the man who always fought against odds and came out on top.

Jimmy is alive and well today. He made quite a pile of money with his fists and was shrewd enough to provide for the future. He is president of the National Union of Boxers and has written a book entitled "Fighting Was My Business," a graphic account of his fighting career.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—Eligio Sardinas is Kid Chocolate; Christopher Battalino is Battling Battalino; Samuel Lazzaro is Joe Dundee; Jacob Finklestein is Jackie Fields and George Chipulonis is George Chip.

2—Leonard won the lightweight title from Freddie Welsh by a K.O. 9 rounds, N. Y. City, May 28, 1917. When he retired, an elimination was staged. Jimmy Goodrich stopped Stanislaus Loayaza in 2 rounds and Rockey Kansas beat Goodrich to gain international recognition. Sammy Mandell beat Kansas in 10 rounds in Chicago for the title.

3—"The Fighting Marine," Gene Tunney; "The Naval Cadet," James J. Corbett; "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," John L. Sullivan; "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," Max Baer.

4—Armstrong stopped Sarron in the sixth round to win the world featherweight crown.

5—No. A fighter can take out a license as a pro for his first fight without ever having competed as an amateur.

6—The largest size of a boxing ring measures 24 by 24 feet.

7—The New Garden was opened on Dec. 11, 1925. The Delaney-Berlenbach fight featured on opening night.

8—The last star bout in the old Garden on closing night was that between Sid Terris and Johnny Dundee.

9—The N.B.A. is an organization composed of various boxing commissions throughout the country.

10—Dempsey, Toledo, O; Tunney, Philadelphia; Ritchie, San Francisco; Dundee, New York; Young Corbett, Hartford; James J. Corbett, New Orleans; Bob Fitzsimmons, Carson City; Joe Lynch, New York; Johnny Kilbane, Los Angeles; Barney Ross, Chicago; Mickey Walker, Chicago.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 19)

Archie are: Dominic Ceccarelli, Tom Henry, Sammy Jackson, Sammy Slaughter, Jimmy Brent, Johnny Sikes, Johnny (Bandit) Romero, Ray Vargas, Bobby Yannes, Frank Rowsey and numerous others.

Moore is the eldest of a family of three. His 20-year-old brother is an amateur boxer while the 13-year-old one goes to school. Archie's mother wanted him to fight legal battles instead of punching chins.

"She told me I should study to be an attorney. That suited me until I saw Kid Chocolate fight. Then I decided to be a fighter. I always listened in when the Kid fought and bought every picture I could of him. I studied his stance and made him my ideal.

"My mother disagreed at first, but she was always around the radio when my fights were broadcast. She has never seen me fight."

Eddie Borden of RING Magazine recently rated Moore No. 4 among the world's middleweights. "THE RING Magazine is the boxing Bible in Australia," says Richardson. "One can buy THE RING on any newsstand in that country. Everywhere we went in Australia fight men and newspapermen asked about Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden and praised the fairness of THE RING Magazine."

Richardson said William Donohoe, president of Stadiums Limited, Sydney, and Harry Miller, manager of Stadiums Limited, are men of high character and a credit to the boxing profession. Jeff Morris, owner of Southern Stadiums in Adelaide, also treated Moore and Richardson royally.

When he was 17, Moore won the Golden Gloves title in St. Louis. Richardson saw him win the simon-pure title and shortly after Moore turned pro Richardson purchased his contract.

Richardson is not a green hand at the trade. He has been identified with boxing over a period of 23 years. He did some boxing in the service. Richardson was reared in Memphis and was one of several boxing men in that city who started Gorilla Jones, former middleweight king, in the boxing business.

Like Jones, some day Moore will wear the middleweight crown, Richardson promises.

Draft Army

(Continued from page 7)

there has been a keen rally, and 1941 should produce more action than ever. With the help of those boys of the army of the conscripted.

The organization of the 1941 draft army will mean tremendous chances for service for the old fighters. Once more they will face the opportunity to go to cantonments and assist in the physical and mental development of the young men.

Once again, the camps will afford to the newspaper men of the sports sections rich opportunities for service in the national defense. The work will require funds and equipment and organizations will have to be developed to get these essentials.

Already the ground work has been laid and we are quite sure that when the time comes for action, the scribes will be right on the job.

We are very much interested in the roles some of the oldtimers will delegate to themselves. Without mentioning any names, we have definite men in mind. Will they stand off and let the others do the work?

We are interested in the roles some of the promoters and managers will play. However, the showdown will come soon.

Meanwhile, there is a lot of natural curiosity among managers and promoters as to the effect of the draft on the professional boxing industry. Things have not gone so well, and uncertainty as to the future of some of the young men lies behind the letdown.

It wasn't so long ago that it looked as if we would have more new faces than we could accommodate. Jenkins arose to take the lightweight crown. Henry Armstrong looked as if he would stick around to keep giving the lighter divisions occasional shots in the arm. Pat Comiskey looked as if he might become a heavyweight contender. There were club fighters who seemed on the verge of entering the Promised Land.

But Jenkins has not lived up to expectations. Armstrong was bowled over by Fritzie Zivic. The middleweight class took a Brodie and Overlin became the champion. The other night he pushed Belloise out of the dispute—for the time being, anyway. Club fighters still are fighting in the clubs—crowd pleasers, they are called, but not going any faster toward the contention for titles.

In short, the picture shouts for new blood, more initiative among the promoters. Perhaps the entire situation developed by the draft will help to lift the game out of the doldrums.

Mike Jacobs is hunting for a real fight for Joe Louis. Mike also is looking beyond New York, to new alliances for promotion at Indianapolis and way stations.

There is no better market for the right fistic wares right now than New York. If Mike will concentrate on the Big City and leave Indianapolis and the smaller spots to the local promoters, he will do well. Fight conditions in New York require all the adroitness and attention Uncle Mike can give to them, without wondering how the smaller cities would take to certain cards he has in mind.

The truth of it seems to be that Jacobs has not as tight a rein on things as he used to have—or fancied he had.

This was shrieked to followers of the boxing situation in New York when Joe Louis took the stump for Willkie. Jacobs was more than annoyed. His Democratic friends asked Mike how come, and Mike had to confess that he did not have the close check on Louis he was supposed to have.

In fact, they say Louis disregarded his own managers and went off to the Willkie camp without their consent. Julian Black, one of his managers, said so in a public letter to Dan Parker of The New York *Mirror*.

All of which brings us to this fact—sports champions have no right to come out for one side or the other. They have no right to use their titles, which are loaned to them by the sports public, for one side or the other in a political wrangle.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 13)

be no argument as to the winner on that system. Overlin won with rounds to spare.

The New York rules give the referee a little leeway, in that, if the fight is close, he may decide in favor of the one who is a round behind in the score, provided he had at least one round in which his margin was exceptionally big. But that distinction is made only when the fight is close in the rounds score, which it was not in the fight in question.

New York at one time judged its fights according to a point system, ten to a round, and it should go back to that system, in my opinion, because it is the more equitable and best for deciding a contest. When, for example, a fighter has been put down and is on the verge of being knocked out in any one round, his opponent, on a ten points system count, could roll up a margin of 8 to 2 points. A close round, would bring the count either to 5 to 5 or 6 to 4. Thus the margin of points at the end of a fight shows more accurately the line of superiority in each round and likewise furnishes a more accurate gauge as to the winner.

In Baltimore, the highest margin by which a fighter can win a round is 7 to 3. I disagree with that count. If a fighter, as in the case of Overlin, is knocked down and severely beaten, but stays the full round, he is entitled to a few points for his courage, but giving three points under such conditions, is more than he deserves. Two would be sufficient.

I think the point system of scoring should be universally adopted. There would be less squawks because it would prevent such a one-sided decision as took place in the Overlin-Belloise fight in the face of Steve's splendid showing.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL BOXING and wrestling in Louisiana is in for a new deal. Governor Sam Houston Jones has appointed a new commission. Governor Jones selected three outstanding business men and a prominent local physician as examining physician for the Louisiana Athletic Board.

General Steve Alford, head of the department of public safety has control over the boxing and wrestling commission. Governor Jones named John M. Wilkie, Isidore Mattes and Lenny J. Elmer, on the new commission.

Mattes, Wilkie and Elmer are widely known in professional business circles in Louisiana. They have been followers of professional boxing for years. Mr. Wilkie, was named secretary and Mr. Elmer, chairman. Elmer was the only member of the old commission retained.

The new commission made a big hit by attending the Boxers' Protective Association meeting where boxers, managers, seconds, trainers and other members of the sport, were introduced and the board outlined its future plans.

Lew Raymond, matchmaker for the Auditorium Boxing Association and matchmaker of the American Boxing Association, the only two clubs for white boxers functioning in New Orleans is loud in his praise of the co-operation of the newly appointed commission.

"I have never met a finer body of men than Governor Sam Houston Jones appointed to regulate professional boxing and wrestling in Louisiana," said Raymond. I intend remaining in New Orleans because I know that in another year New Orleans will be drawing $20,000 to $30,000 gates.

"The members of the new board are high class business men, Mr. Mattes, Wilkie and Elmer are 100 percent for professional boxing as long as the participants in the game, shoot on the square. Since I revived boxing here, I have drawn a $16,000 gate with Pete Scalzo and Jimmy Perrin in a ten round non-title match. What city of a half million people can boast of such a gate?"

Mattes is in the furniture business. He has been a close follower of professional boxing since Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson. Mr. Mattes has witnessed Gene Tunney, Harry Greb, Pancho Villa, Pete Herman, Harry Wills, Jack Dempsey and many other champions and near champions in action.

Mr. Wilkie was a member of the old Southern A.C. here when that club was the scene of many memorable fights. Mr. Mattes saw service with the Washington Artillery in 1916 when General Pershing had troops in Mexico. Wilkie learned to box in the army and engaged in many army bouts.

Elmer, many years ago conducted a gymnasium in New Orleans. He later served as matchmaker of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, now the New Orleans A.C. Mr. Elmer has been in the candy business for over two decades.

* * *

LEW RAYMOND, with the assistance of Gen. Steve Alford and the new commission staged a testimonial benefit show for the widow and children of the late Basile Galiano, once Southern lightweight champion, who fought many of the star Eastern lightweights under the management of Sammy Goldman.

The commission donated its usual 5 percent fee of the gate and Raymond matched Harry Weekly, Southern welterweight champion with Jerome Conforto for a 15 round decision battle at the Municipal Auditorium as the feature attraction.

Gen. Steve Alford presented a trophy to Weekly, the winner. Weekly decisioned Conforto in a close 12 round fight on September 23 and previously, they boxed a vicious ten round draw.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Larry Dubeau, London, Ontario, Canada.

Q.—What was the height and weight of James J. Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Kid McCoy and Joe Choynski?

A.—Jeffries, 6 feet, 1½ inches, 225 pounds; Johnson, 6 feet, 1 inch, 220 pounds; McCoy, 5 feet, 9 inches, 165 pounds; Joe Choynski, 5 feet, 10½ inches, 172 pounds.

Rollie Lorinza Lamar, Fort Pierce, Fla.

Q.—I am 16 years, 7 months old. I am 5 feet, 3 inches tall and weigh 115 pounds. What will my measurements be at 19? How can I get in touch with John Henry Lewis? How many fights did he have as a professional?

A.—Five feet, 5 inches and 130 pounds. 2501 Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Between 95 and 100.

Al Buons, U.S.S. Pensacola, Hawaii

Q.—Was Billy Conn down for a count of eight in his first fight with Apostoli? Was he put down in second fight?

A.—No, he was not. In second fight he slipped in sixth round and went to the canvas and the bout was halted while he fixed laces. In first fight, in sixth, he was bombarded with blows that made his knees sag but he didn't go down. He rested against ropes.

M. Gustin, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What was the largest gate in a Newark fight? If I am 134 and 5 feet, 10, at 15, about what will I be at 21?

A.—Sorry. I don't know. I haven't such figures. You should be about 6 feet, 3, and weigh 140 pounds.

Carl P. Houk, Salem, Oreg.

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan ever the world heavyweight champion? Was Melio Bettina ever recognized the world light-heavyweight champion? How many times did Henry Armstrong and Ceferino Garcia fight?

A.—Sullivan was never the world heavyweight champion, he was only the American champion. Bettina was only the New York State light-heavyweight title holder. He was not generally recognized as the world champion after John Henry Lewis' retirement as there were other fighters, equally as prominent, who were entitled to fight for the crown in an elimination tournament, which they finally did, Conn emerging the victor.

Dan Gatzimas, Lowell, Mass.

Q.—Will you please give me the date of the birth of Buddy Baer?

A.—Born June 11, 1915.

Archie S. Brown, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Didn't Max Baer fight Tom Heeney in San Francisco, in 1932?

A.—Yes, they fought on Feb. 22, at San Francisco. Change that in THE RING records. Also make the following changes—In Jenkins' record May 27, 1938, K.O. by Britton, 7 rounds; July 29, 1938, K.O. by Chino Alvarez, 8 rounds; Sept. 23, 1938, lost, 10 rounds, to Carlos Mulcara, Dallas, Texas; Nov. 3, 1938, kayoed Carl Faust, Dallas, Texas, 8. In the record of Bob Pastor, April 22, 1937, make the fight with Lou Nova, draw, 10 rounds. Unfortunately, these errors were caught too late for correction before being published.

Mark Heiler, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—How many times did Ken Overlin fight Atilio Sabatino in Australia?

A.—Twice. They fought on June 23, 1938, at Sydney, a 12-round draw, and on July 15, at Melbourne, in a return bout, the referee called the bout unsatisfactory, and stopped it in the seventh round. He called it "no contest."

Los Angeles Reader

Q.—I would like the addresses of Pat Comiskey, Jim Jeffries, Max Baer, Billy Conn, Jack Roper and James Braddock? Was Jim Jeffries ever beaten by anyone? If so, by whom?

A.—Comiskey, 9 Norma Terrace, Hawthorne, N. J.; Jeffries, The Barn, Burbank, Calif.; Baer, Route 1, Box 134, Fair Oaks, Calif.; Conn, 808 Belefont St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Roper, Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif.; Braddock, Mayflower Hotel, New York City. Johnson stopped him in 15 rounds.

Dublin, Eire

Q.—Did Jem Driscoll fight many times in America? How many times was he defeated? Did Francois Deschamps ever write a book on boxing? Was Georges Carpentier ever a world's champion? Since the war I find it hard to get THE RING. How much in English money would have to be forwarded to get the American edition every month? Is Dempsey's comeback genuine? What would his chances be, say six months, in a bout with Joe Louis? What are the addresses of the following: Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran, Maxie Rosenbloom, Tony Galento, Johnny Dundee, Jackie Jurich, Lew Tendler, Pedro Montanez and Lew Jenkins? How can I heal cut eyebrows?

A.—Eleven bouts in this country. Did not lose any decisions. Carpentier wrote a book called "My Methods." Descamps didn't write any. Carpentier won the world light-heavyweight title. One pound in English money for one year's subscription. Dempsey is finished. His comeback consisted of only two bouts. He would not have had any chance with Louis. McLarnin, Rosenbloom, Jurich can be reached at American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif.; Loughran, State Athletic Commission, Philadelphia, Pa.; Galento, Orange, N. J.; Dundee, Orange, N. J.; Tendler, Broad & Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Montanez and Jenkins, Stillman's Gym, 919 Eighth Ave., New York City. Collodion or Adrenolin solution will help.

I. K. and M. W., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Can you tell us if Johnny Aicher, stablemate of Gus Lesnevich, is very promising. Who did he fight lately? Who would win between Aicher and Pat Comiskey?

A.—Aicher is a fair heavyweight prospect. He recently kayoed Jack Shrout in Pittsburgh in two rounds. Comiskey.

Albert Beierholm, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me what has happened to Johnny "Bandit" Romero, Walter Woods, Indian Quintana? If they are still fighting how are they doing? Do you think Fritzie Zivic could defeat Charley Burley, Izzy Jannazzo and Coca Kid? I think Conn would defeat Joe Louis if they meet next summer. Do you agree with me? Will there be a 1941 record book?

A.—Romero hasn't been going too well lately. Woods and Quintana are both on the retired list. Woods is in prison. Quintana has bad eyes. Any one of the three mentioned will give Zivic a tough fight. Very slight chance for Conn and the record book.

Paul Brunner, Canton, Ohio

Q.—Please answer this question—Who is the heavyweight champion of Ohio? Others claim Buddy Walker but I say Patsy Perroni because he whipped Johnny Risko. Your answer will decide who is corect.

A.—That title and five cents will get you a cup of coffee any place. Sectional title claims mean nothing. To have any prestige, such title must be won in State competition, not through claims.

Gerald Shaver, Parmelee, South Dakota

Q.—How many times was the great Stanley Ketchel defeated? By whom? How many knockouts did he score during his career?

A.—Ketchel lost two decisions to Maurice Thompson at the start of his career. He was later knocked out by Billy Papke, and Jack Johnson. Ketchel scored 43 knockouts during his time as a fighter.

Martin Sawyer, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—If a fighter slips, should the referee count over him?

A.—Once a fighter is down, slip or no slip, the referee must count.

Harry Selden, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Was Harry Jeffra dropped at any time in his fight with Escobar in Puerto Rico?

A.—Yes, he was floored three times.

Mary O'Sullivan, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Could Billy Conn retain his light-heavyweight title and fight Joe Louis for the heavyweight crown?

A.—He could. There is nothing against such procedure. If the fight is staged in New York, however, he would first have to give up the light-heavyweight title under an edict of the N. Y. Commission. If he refused, he still would be the world light-heavyweight title-holder even if whipped by Louis. If he gave it up, that would end his title claim.

Sam Schachter, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Can a fighter who quits in the seventh round, and so announces to the referee, change his mind during the rest period and resume the fight for the eighth round?

A.—Your query is not quite clear. If he quit in the seventh, the fight would be over and the referee would announce to the public that the fight had ended through such action of one fighter, by holding up the hand of the opponent. If the fighter desires to quit during the intermission period, and the bell for the next round has not yet sounded when such decision is reached, he may still change his mind. If, however, the bell sounds, the referee would declare his opponent the winner according to the new rules in vogue in almost every state.

Paul M. Gilfoyle, Ulster, Pa.

Q.—Please give me Billy Conn's address?

A.—808 Belefont St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fremont Parker, Clinton, Mass.

Q.—What nationality is Gus Sonnenberg?

A.—German-American.

Antone Svetenko

Q.—What were the weights of Galento and Nova when they fought and also of Conn and Pastor? Has Nova fought since he was beaten by Galento?

A.—Galento 224½. Nova 207. Conn 174. Pastor 180¾. No.

Paul E. Hudson, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Can you give me year by year the winner of THE RING'S Trophy?

A.—Gene Tunney, Tommy Loughran, Max Schmeling, Tommy Loughran, Jack Sharkey, No Award in 1933, Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri tied, Barney Ross, Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, Joe Louis, Joe Louis.

Dick Tobin, Pasco, Wash.

Q.—Who do you think would have the best chance of winning from Joe Louis—Billy Conn or Pat Comiskey? Where could I get a picture of Billy Conn for framing and how much would it cost?

A.—Conn by far. Pictures of Conn 8 by 10 inches, on heavy glossy paper are sold at THE RING Book Shop for $1.25 each.

John Hall, Gary, Ind.

Q.—How many pro fights did Jack Johnson have? How many did he lose? How many kayoes did he score? When he retired did he go to Spain and fight Bulls?

A.—89. Lost 4 decisions and was kayoed twice. Scored 29 kayoes. No.

John McMeekin, Butte, Mont.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever meet Fitzsimmons? If so who won? Have you ever heard of a welterweight named Glen Lemn?

A.—Fitzsimmons scored a knockout over the original Dempsey who was called Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, in 13 rounds. Never heard of Lemn. You don't mean Glen Lee by any chance?

Cornelius C. Gay, Gary, Ind.

Q.—I read in THE RING about the five greatest heavyweight champions of all time in order. State your reasons and the fights each one had and how many years they fought? My opinion is that Joe Louis is the greatest of all time?

A.—Merely a matter of opinion. Yours is as good as anyone else. It would require too much space to list their records and years of activity. They can all be found in the 1937 Everlast Record Book.

Emil Turf

Q.—I am 18 years old, weigh 160 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches tall. What will my measurements be at 21? What are the nationalities of Al Weill and Dan Morgan? Did Walter Woods retire? Where can I get a list of champions of all the divisions since 1900?

A.—5 feet 8½ inches tall and 172 pounds. Weill is an American citizen born in Alsace Lorain. Morgan is Irish-American. Yes. Everlast Record Book of 1937 contains all that data.

Mike Beneventure, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Who was the timer in the Corbett-Sullivan fight? How many bells were used?

A.—When you last asked this, I said I wasn't certain. I have since located the clippings which show that R. M. Frank was the timer for the Sullivan-Corbett, Dixon-Skelly and McAuliffe Myer fights. Dick Burke was his assistant. Bat Masterson acted as timer for Corbett and Frank Moran for Sullivan. There were two bells used at the fight, one of which is owned by a New Orleans gas station proprietor and the other, a locomotive bell, is in my office.

Lafayette Jeffrey, Honolulu, Hawaii

Q.—I am 21 years of age and am very much interested in fighting. Nothing else seems to matter. I haven't fought much since I stopped going to school. Do you think I am too old to start training to become a fighter or just train to keep my health?

A.—If you are physically fit and have the qualifications I think that you would be beginning at the right time. Usually boys when they start on an amateur career, then begin around the age of 18 but with the background you have, I think that you can make the grade. If you have the ability, I don't see why you shouldn't start at this age. You will find out soon enough if you are not able to go through the necessary requirements.

Ed Stovorsky, Toronto, Canada

Q.—I am 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weigh 123 pounds and am 15 years of age. What will I be at 21? My brother is 5 feet 4½, weighs 142 pounds and is 17 years of age. What will his measurements be?

A.—5 feet 9 inches and weight 150 pounds. Your brother will be about five feet 7 inches and weigh 160 pounds.

William Hogan, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—Please give me the address of Pop Foster and Gene Tunney?

A.—Foster can be reached at Hollywood Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Calif. Tunney—230 Park Ave., New York City.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

BILLY McCANN, welterweight champion of Alaska, is rapidly reaching the stage where his Alaskan fans would back him to beat Henry Armstrong for the world's title. Less than a year ago, promoters imported McCann, a stablemate of Al Hostak, to fight Billy Jacks, the welterweight champion of Juneau. McCann stopped Jacks in two rounds. Since then he has not lost a fight and climaxed his stay in Alaska by winning the welterweight championship on July 3rd by stopping Eddy Murphy in nine rounds of furious fighting.

McCann is 22 years old, has fought pro for four years. Fights much on the order of Freddie Steele whom he worked under for two years. He has a knockout punch in either hand and like Armstrong, never slows down from the opening gong. He has had 63 professional fights. Has won 37 by knockouts; lost three decisions; drew three and took the decision in 20 fights. He has never been knocked out or even knocked down in any of his fights. With every fight the young Irishman is gaining more confidence and hopes to follow in the fast steps of his two friends and former stablemates, Freddie Steele and Al Hostak.

Billy is managed by E. Dean Hamlin, a Juneau business man, who plans an eastern invasion for Billy as soon as his present schedule, which calls for three fights, is finished.

There will be lots of Alaska gold which says McCann will wear the world's welterweight belt inside of 18 months, if given a chance.

DEAN HAMLIN,
Juneau, Alaska.

* * *

I AM sending you some of our latest papers, because I am sure that you will be interested in the little news carried about your boxers. You see Nat, even with the Boche hitting hard here to break our morale, we still are carrying on enjoying our health and our sports. I see where Tommy Farr has been asked by Mike Jacobs to go to America and fight Joe Louis, but this will not happen because the Government won't permit Tommy to get to the other side. Even though he has been listed as unfit for military or air service because of his hearing, he still is good enough to act as an Air Warden, and since we need many of them, I am sure you will agree with us that Tommy belongs here instead of in America.

If Farr were to go to New York to fight Louis, such move, I'm sure, would affect the morale of less fortunate fellows who must stay here. In our fight for life against the Madmen of Europe—Herr Hitler and Mussolini—we need all the man-power we have here, especially former well-trained athletes like Farr.

T. EDWARDS,
Cardiff, South Wales, Great Britain.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

* * *

I AM a regular reader who thinks highly of THE RING and I take this means to combat a false report about Lew Jenkins that has been circulated through the North. It is said he is not game. Don't let anyone tell you that. They come no gamer from what we in Texas have seen of the champion. He didn't fare so well against Armstrong, that's true, but why brand him with a lack of courage on account of that reversal?

HORACE LEWIS,
Waxahachie, Texas.

* * *

SEVERAL months ago, I came to my friend's place and found him reading what appeared to be a very interesting book. I glanced over the contents of that book, which turned out to be THE RING, and found it the best sport magazine I ever came across. I buy it every month now, knowing well enough I'm getting my money's worth.

I've followed with great interest the ring comeback of Max Baer, former world heavyweight king, and though I had doubted before that he had a chance to retain the heavyweight crown, I certainly lost that doubt.

Those who believe Max Baer has no chance to beat Louis in a return engagement are only looking at the idea of such a bout from one angle. They only see the greatness of Louis, and a Baer victory over the Bomber as an impossibility.

But let's look at that from another point. All through his ring career Max Baer has shown his greatness in a manner his fans won't forget. Following the Galento victory over Lou Nova, Baer decided to show the fight world his chance of a comeback by beating the conqueror of a man who had by fate once been his master in the ring. With a fierce determination Baer sent Mr. Galento to defeat, whipping him decisively and convincingly.

Many believed Baer beat Galento only because Max got a lucky break, but such is not the case. Max, when determined and fit, has not an equal, and I believe if he can retain the form he showed against Galento and when he stopped the young heavyweight prospect, Pat Comiskey, he'll whip Louis. Let's not underrate the real Baer.

BILL LYNCH,
Rosthern, Saskatchewan, Canada.

* * *

IN your November issue of THE RING, "In Our Question Box," M. Miess of Montreal, Canada, asks: "What state and what city has the record for turning out the most world's champions?" You said you didn't have the record. Well, here it is: The city having the record for the most world's champions is New York City. The following champions are from New York:

Paul Berlenbach, Jack Bernstein, Mushy Callahan, Frankie Genaro, Abe Goldstein, Fidel LaBarba, Benny Leonard, Joe Lynch, Matty Mathews, Charles Rosenberg, Max Rosenbloom, Barney Ross, Al Singer, Gene Tunney, Johnny Wilson, Bob Olin.

The next city in line for champions is San Francisco, Calif. The following champs are from San Francisco:

Abe Attell, Jimmy Britt, James J. Corbett; Dal Hawkins, Frankie Neil, Willie Ritchie.

The state with the most champions is New York first with 26, Pennsylvania second with 17.

The country with the most champions is the United States, first with 103, Canada second with 8. There have been champions of the world from 19 countries.

Wishing you and your staff continued success in the publication of the best magazine to be bought at any price, I remain,

BOB McLEAN,
Santa Paula, Cal.

* * *

WE down here in Tampa feel rather overlooked in the matter of Southern fight news in THE RING.

Last summer Tampa came to the fore once again as the best fight town in Florida—without question. Weekly shows all summer drew from 2500 to 4500 fans. The arena capacity is 4500 and the place was packed on three occasions.

Top drawing cards are Marty Clark, heavyweight from the Southeastern Army Air Base here, and Tommy Gomez, promising 19-year-old local light-heavy.

Bouts which packed the arena for Promoter Frank LaMarque were Clark vs. Maynard Daniels; Daniels vs. Hardrock Harden and Clark vs. Paul Pross of New York on the same card, and Clark vs. Harden. Clark came close to packing the house on a rainy night when he stopped Earl Johnson of Atlanta in one round.

Here's some dope on Clark—Age 21, weight 195, native of Brooklyn; is combination boxer and puncher; exceptionally fast

with both hands and feet; fought in Golden Gloves and AAU tourneys in New York before joining Army; held several Army titles; turned pro about a year ago and is handled by Jim O'Connor of New York; has had 15 pro fights, scored 7 kayos, won 6 decisions and lost 2 fights.

Clark was stopped by Maynard Daniels in his first important test. He was fouled in the third round and was granted five minutes in which to recover. He came back but was stopped in the eighth when Daniels' body punches broke a rib. He came out of the fight with a broken rib and a broken right hand.

Hardrock Harden held Daniels to a draw here, and two weeks later Clark decisively outpointed Harden. On October 17, Clark beat Daniels in a return bout in 10 rounds.

Speaking of Gomez, to date he has scored 15 knockouts in 19 fights. He fought one draw, won two decisions and lost one. He has cleaned up the light-heavy ranks in the state and in his last start he knocked out Billy Colbert, claimant to the Texas light-heavy title, in three rounds. The week before he had stopped Leon Foucart of Jacksonville in two heats.

Tommy started out as a middleweight last fall, but weighed in at 172 the night he stopped Colbert, September 20.

Other promising local fighters are Ulysses Valle, lightweight; and Joey Raymond, another lightweight. Valle, former southern amateur champ, has had eight pro fights and won six by knockouts. The other two fights were draws, so up to this time he is undefeated. In his last start, he beat Tommy Campbell of Atlanta.

Raymond lost but one fight during the last year—since he started a serious comeback under the direction of Joe Leto. He was decisioned by Al Ryba, but later reversed the verdict on two occasions.

Woody Thompson,
Tampa, Florida.

* * *

I HAVE been a constant reader of The Ring Magazine for some time and cannot understand how you have erred in your opinion of fighters. For example, take the case of Joe Louis against Max Schmeling in their first meeting, you repeatedly said that Schmeling would beat Louis, and that Louis was just a big sucker for a right.

Previous to that you regarded him a superman. Again, I can't help noticing in the Question Box where you picked Galento to beat Baer, yet what happened when they met? I have always contended that you were the best judge on boxing and boxers, and cannot understand how you have erred in these statements.

James Martin,
Lautoka, Fiji Islands.

(Don't you know by this time that we so-called experts fail more often than you so-called novices in picking winners? The reason? We pay too much attention to past performances. We are but human and miss as often as the next one)—Editor's note.

* * *

IT has been said that every time a heavyweight champion goes into the ring in actual combat his title is at stake. However, I cannot see why a heavyweight champion could not engage in a handicap match and keep his title even though he be beaten. Henry Armstrong, welterweight champion, lost to Lou Ambers but retained his title because it was a handicap match.

There are other such cases also, such as the time when Terry McGovern knocked out Frank Erne, lightweight champion. McGovern was featherweight champion at the time and the match was fought at 126 pounds. But Erne was allowed to keep his 135 pound title. Why then, could not Joe Louis, if he were a smaller man, train down to 175 pounds and fight Billy Conn for the light-heavy crown without risking his own heavyweight title. Of course it is physically impossible for Louis to do this, but there have been heavyweight champions who could make the light-heavyweight limit and there will be again. There would probably be little profit in such a match but it seems to me that it is the only way a heavyweight king could fight without risking his crown.

Another point I'd like to bring up is that it is a pity that Tony Zale and Ken Overlin can't be brought together to clear up the middleweight mess. There has not been a real middleweight champion since Mickey Walker ruled the division, which was ten years ago, and it is high time something was done about it.

In my opinion there are a few fighters who stand out as really great at the present time. They are Joe Louis, Billy Conn, Henry Armstrong, Chalky Wright and Ken Overlin. Some may not agree with me about Overlin and Wright, but I think that time will prove them to be the masters of their respective classes.

James Kilpatrick,
Wellingon, Michigan.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IN what was probably the greatest display of ring strategy, cunning and unlimited supply of courage thrown in for good measure, Ken Overlin preserved his New York State middleweight title against the youthful, wicked and annihilating Steve Belloise in a savage 15-round contest at the Garden. Certain disaster faced the veteran Gob in that sixth session when he was floored twice by the dynamic fists of Stevie. Overlin survived a fusillade of fire in that session and it was a miracle how he ever finished that particular round.

That was the highlight of an exciting and gruelling battle in which youth, with certain victory in its grasp, was repelled by that old man experience. It was a feat that no one begrudged Overlin. Even Belloise's most ardent admirers could not resist cheering the efforts of Overlin. While the verdict failed to meet with the approval of Steve's cohorts, there was no malice directed towards Overlin.

It was remarkable to see the comeback staged by Overlin after taking that sixth round shellacking. He came out in the seventh and displayed his mastery in such fashion that Belloise failed to land a single solid blow in that session.

Overlin piled up a lead in the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh rounds —winning five consecutive rounds after surviving that tortuous sixth period. Steve rallied in the closing sessions and hurt Overlin on several occasions with his body attack.

But on a round by round basis, Overlin had clearly won eight of the fifteen rounds. Steve, in my opinion, was entitled to seven and some of the rounds that Belloise captured were by overwhelming margins but under the New York State rules, Overlin's round by round mastery earned for him the award. George Le Cron gave Ken 11 and 4 to Belloise. George Kelly handed Overlin 9 and spotted Steve 6. Referee George Walsh called it 7 and 7 and one even and decided that the fight was a draw.

Petey Scalzo, N.B.A. featherweight king, outslugged Bernie Friedkin in a bitter eight-round affair, the semi-final tilt. Tommy Tucker, aided by a knockdown in the sixth round, won the verdict over Solly Krieger in another eight. Saverio Turiello trimmed Irwin Kaye Kaplan over the six-round rout while Billy Brown, Jr., scored over Steve Vaccarelli. The gross figure of $29,838 was contributed by 13,071 fans to see one of the most thrilling fights of the waning season.

Bobby Ruffin, classy Long Island 130-pounder, made his entry into the lightweight ranks by winning an eight-round decision over Monty Pignatore at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. It was a tough scrap all the way and Bobby had to fight at top speed to preserve his edge. Paul Klang scored over Larry Kellum in the six-round semi-final while Patsy Giovanelli whipped Sammy Venti in another six-round fray. Maxie Shapiro appeared to have scored a clean cut verdict over Sal Bartolo at the St. Nicholas Palace in their eight-round fray, but the official scoring was a draw. Two officials called it even while one favored Shapiro.

Maxie scored with the cleaner blows and his left hand jabbing enabled him to pile up points. Aldo Spoldi disposed of Victor Troise in the second round of their eight-rounder while Antonio Fernandez won a clear verdict over Irwin Kaye in eight rounds. Danny Bartfield trimmed Victor Roma in a special six rounder.

Pat Comiskey started on the comeback trail. After resting for a few weeks following the Baer debacle, Pat engaged in a ten-rounder with Henry Cooper at the New York Coliseum and while winning easily enough, hardly looked like the formidable prospect that he was touted several months ago. There was no snap or pep in his work and he seemed to lack his customary enthusiasm. Possibly a few more of these workouts will bring about his redemption. Pat weighed 203½ and Cooper 194¼. Teddy Wint disposed of Joe Downey in the last round of their six-round scrap because of an injured eye. Bill Weinberg, young Boston heavy, looked good in defeating Henry Morroz in another six-rounder.

Everette Rightmire turned the tables on Bernie Friedkin in their eight-round return go at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. This is the second time these gladiators clashed in two weeks at the same club and the fight developed along the same lines. Rightmire's greater speed had Bernie missing and Everette's cleaner hitting enabled him to get the jump on his rival. There is little to choose between them and the longer route may decide just who is the better man. Rightmire weighed 131 and Friedkin 136¼.

Buddy Moore, ex-Golden Glove heavyweight champion, continued on his winning stride when he defeated Al Blake in a rough six-round battle. Blake is the first one who has gone the limit with Moore.—Tony Ferrara halted the winning streak of Young Kid McCoy by taking his measure at the White Plains Community Center in eight fast rounds of fighting.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting staged another new talent show which featured three eight-round contests. George Martin of Boston won his third straight contest at that club by whipping Jerry Fiorello in decisive fashion. Terry Young or Angelo De Sanza disposed of Henry Huerta in the sixth round of their scheduled eight-rounder when the latter was stopped. Young proved too strong and tough for the Mid-westerner and the fight was halted to save him from further punishment. Harry Hurst, promising Montreal lightweight, scored over Benny Cartegena in the concluding eight-rounder.

Ernie Vigh, Newburgh middleweight, looked the part of a formidable middleweight contender in putting Ben Brown away in the second round of their eight-round contest at the New York Coliseum. Brown was felled in the first round for a nine count and Vigh seemed to hurt him every time a heavy blow was landed. In the second round, a series of lefts and rights put Brown on the canvas again and on this occasion Referee Jack Dorman stopped the fight. Vigh punches with terrific force and if he can steady his attack he is going to make plenty of trouble for our leading middleweights. Both boys weighed 161 pounds each. Aaron Seltzer kayoed Tony Fernandez in the fourth round of the six-round semi-final. Oliver White disposed of Nick Sullo in three rounds, while Ray Robinson defeated Mistos Grispos in another six-round fray.

Irving Eldridge did not require long to finish Billy Bullock at the St. Nicholas Palace. Bullock came out with a rush in the first round and it appeared as if Eldridge were in for a rough evening. But Irving landed a left hook to Bullock's body in the next session and that seemed to clinch matters for him. He dropped Bullock twice and the Washingtonian was ready for the finishing blow when the fight was halted.

Izzy Redman turned in an upset victory when he won over Johnny Colan in the six-round semi-final.—Lenny Mancini battered his way to an eight-round victory over Red Guggino at the Broadway Arena in their eight-round fracas. Guggino captured three of the first four rounds, but he tired at the halfway mark and from that stage on it was nothing but Mancini. Mancini weighed 136 and Guggino 137¾.

Frankie Bove, a classy featherweight from Newark, N. J., came over to surprise the local boys and also Lou Barbetta by winning an eight-round verdict over Barbetta at the St. Nicholas Palace in the feature affair. Phil Brubaker, Pacific Coast heavyweight, making his first appearance here in several years, disposed of Chuck Jennings in the second session of the eight-round semi-final.

Brubaker looks formidable in action and might manage to give the headliners some trouble. He is a good boxer, mixes his punches nicely and handles himself with poise.

Aaron Seltzer and Curley Nichols renewed their local rivalry in a hotly contested six-round scrap with the honors evenly divided at the finish. Another match will have to be staged before they can decide just who is the better man.

Charley Gomer, Baltimore lightweight, came through with an upset when he scored an eight-round victory over George Zengaras at the St. Nicholas Palace. Gomer was credited with the first and third rounds on low punches struck by Zengaras and this proved to be the deciding factor between defeat and victory for the Baltimorean. Zengaras weighed 133 and Gomer 136.

Doug Marsh whipped Mayon Padlo while Lulu Constantino triumphed over Dom Fiantini in other sixes.—Terry Young (Angelo De Sanzo) repeated his victory over Charley Varre at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club and kept his slate clean with an interrupted string of victories. Terry had to final six.—Pete De Ruzza turned in an upset victory over Young Kid McCoy Scranton bested Al Franklin and Patsy Giovanelli won from Joe Echavarria in six-rounders on the same show.

George Martin, flashy Boston welterweight, turned in an impressive victory when he decisively trounced Pedro Montanez, rapidly waning Puerto Rican contender, in the feature eight-rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. This is Martin's fourth consecutive triumph in Brooklyn and it was by far his best performance. His speed and boxing skill made Montanez look like a novice and out of the eight rounds Georgie managed to snare six of them. Montanez weighed 145¼ and Martin one pound heavier. Maxie Berger added another victory to his list at the New York Coliseum by whipping Billy Beauhuld over the eight-round distance. Maxie's class was evident at all times. Doug Marsh scored over Sammy Hydler in the semi-final six.—Pete De Ruzza turned in an upset victory over Young Kid McCoy at the White Plains Community Center headlining eight-rounder. Sonny Simon scored over Nick Sulli in the six-round semi-final.

Al Davis, Brownsville's hard hitting welterweight contender, returned to the scene of his former triumphs, Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, and disposed of Johnny Rinaldi in the third round of their scheduled ten-round affair. These boys had previously clashed in a tough battle at the Coliseum but on this occasion it was entirely one sided in Davis' favor. Al scored three knockdowns in the second session, Johnny being on the floor for a five count when the bell came to his aid. In the next period a vicious left hook felled Rinaldi again and this time the referee called a halt without any further ceremonies. Davis weighed 149½ and Rinaldi 144¾. Norman Silvers scored a decisive win over Johnny Buff in the six-round semi-final while Tony Mango whipped Stanley Berl in another special six-round fray.

Primo Flores, hard hitting Puerto Rican, after several months of inactivity, returned to the New York Coliseum several pounds heavier than his ordinary weight and meeting a rugged opponent in Norman Hurdman, Toronto welterweight. Flores was his usual aggressive self and through his forcing tactics and body attack piled up a healthy lead over his opponent. Hurdman weighed 146¼ and Flores 138¼. Johnny Flores disposed of Roxie Forgione in the fourth round of the scheduled six-round semi-final when the fight was halted because of an injured eye suffered by Forgione. Charley Roberts finished Frankie Terranova in two rounds while Teddy Wint evened matters with Julio Ortenzio by winning the award in their six-round conflict. Ortenzio stopped Wint a few weeks previous in a big upset.

Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn's entry for welterweight honors, added the scalp of Augie Arellano to his string of victims at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in the headlining eight-rounder. It wasn't much of a fight but Izzy held a safe advantage throughout and was never in trouble. Jannazzo weighed 147½ and Arellano 153¼. Ted Christie turned in a surprise when he stopped Norman Silvers in the second session of the six-round semi-final. Silvers was a big favorite with the fans, and the defeat came from an unexpected source.

Quite a few upsets were turned in during the month. That knockout defeat suffered by Cocoa Kid at the hands of Jimmy Leto was the biggest. It hurt him considerably in lost prestige. Then Norment Quarles, who was stopped by Bob Montgomery in a previous bout, turned around and fought Montgomery tooth and nail to a draw in Atlantic City. The middleweights seem to be the coming class for New York. Because of the splendid fight that Steve Belloise made against Overlin, interest has been redoubled among the other various candidates. Tami Mauriello, Ernie Vigh and Al Bernard are locals who may cause plenty of trouble for the future.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

BILLY SOOSE, middleweight champion, who beat Ken Overlin and Tony Zale in over-weight matches, is not the only Pennsylvania gladiator who took the leap from a college campus to the squared circle. Soose, as everyone knows, is a Penn State man, and has done noble deeds within the hempen ropes since he embarked upon a professional ring career upon the advice of his tutor, Leo Houck, one of the greatest 160-pounders around the 1915 era.

But our story at present deals with the other ringman, who, after leaving Temple University of this city, decided that his chances of becoming a headliner in the game of self-defense were more than the average. He had been a wonder in the amateur circles. He had the careful teachings of his brother, now on the retired list. He had the cagy advice of friends, and he had the foresight to place himself under the guidance of a young man who is not interested in his own personal financial returns, as he is in the welfare of the glove wielder.

The hero of this yarn happens to be Danny Falco, the younger brother of Tony Falco, who had fought them all until he hung them up about five years ago. From what we have observed, and what other critics and keen judges of fighting flesh have noticed, they are already stamping this ex-Temple University student as a fistman of the first rank.

Falco is a phenomenal lightweight. He is a boxer extraordinary. He is a showman de luxe. He can take a punch and can dish it out. He never asks who his prospective rival is. He never squabbles about how much he is to receive. His manager is Georgie Katz, a local sportsman.

Fresh out of college, Falco already has demonstrated that he is ready for big game. He did this in his last bout, when he clearly outpointed Tony Sarulla, who fought thrilling battles with such stars as Tommy Speigle, Benny Bass, Eddie Cool and others.

We are going out on the limb for Danny Falco. We fully believe that he will rise in the fistic world.

The Forte brothers, Tommy and Johnny, are running a close race in efforts to see which of the pair will be the first to enter the ring in a championship battle. Tommy, the elder and more experienced, already boasts of a win over bantamweight champion Lou Salica in a non-title fray, and a conquest over Joey Archibald, former king of the featherweights. Johnny is satisfied to meet the boys Brother Tommy conquered so as to keep in pace with him in seeking a title shot.

Incidentally, both Tommy and Johnny have different managers. Tommy is handled by the veteran lightweight, Mickey Diamond, while Johnny's pugilistic future is being looked after by Jakie "Cutey" Friedman, the man who brought Al Ettore into the limelight. Both Diamond and Friedman are doing master jobs in the handling of their respective charges.

By the time this issue comes off the press, "Bobcat" Bob Montgomery, Philadelphia's ace lightweight, will have battled Sammy Angott, the N. B. A. lightweight champion, in a non-title affair at the Arena, under the promotion of Herman Taylor. Montgomery will thus have gained the distinction of having met the "two current kings of the 135-pounders," he having opposed Lew Jenkins, the New York, Pennsylvania, California crowned head of the division, in an outdoor shot last summer. Montgomery came within an ace of knocking out Jenkins. He expects to finish the job at the expense of Angott.

Frankie Thomas, the chap who looks after the welfare of Montgomery, also has another pair of fighting dynamos under his direction. They are Bobby Green, considered by many fans as the superior fistman to "Bobcat Bob," even though Green is only a featherweight, and Ossie Stewart, middleweight hailing out of Pittsburgh.

Turc Duncan, who with the widow of the late Johnny Burns, is promoting the Cambria A. C., better known as the "College of Hard Knocks," is doing quite well at the Kensington clout palace. Duncan is confident that he will succeed in bringing back the fight fans to pack this oldest boxing club in the country. This is the same Turc Duncan who successfully promotes wrestling every summer at Wildwood, N. J.

Eddie Lander, stablemate of Milt Aron, Chicago's welterweight contender, and Billy Marquart, Canadian lightweight, made their debut here on the return Aron-Mike Kaplan match, and stole the show. Lander proved himself a crackerjack fistman, a willing mixer and a perpetual motion gladiator.

TIMELY GOSSIP—Fritzie Zivic, the welterweight champion, autographed a complete set of fistic mittens for Judge Elias Myers. The latter, a former fighter two decades ago, is an interested ringsider at all fistic events. Myers has the autographed gloves proudly displayed in his office—but also carefully guarded from would-be souvenir hunters . . . . Joe Wenke is doing a splendid job in his weekly promotions at the Broadway Hotel fistic arena . . . . Another promoter doing quite well is Jimmy Toppi, Jr., son of the original promoter of the Olympia Club. The father took to managing fistmen and the son stepped into the role as promoter . . . . What some of the old-timers are doing—Al Nash, former lightweight, owns a cigar store and lunch room. Jack "Scoodles" Reinfeld, former trainer of Lew Tendler, Benny Bass, Joe Tiplitz, Kid Williams, Eddie Kid Wagner, Ad Stone and countless others, is in politics. Willie Edwards, who managed Maxie Williamson, Little Bear, Midget Kilburn and Joe Mandell, is a salesman. Harry Blitman has a political job and also writes short stories for various publications. Sergeant Ray Smith, remembered as a fair heavyweight, who fought among others, Gene Tunney, is a newspaperman for the Camden, N. J., *Courier*. Harry (Kid) Brown owns a tap room. Tony Falco is proprietor of a lunch room. Eddie O'Keefe is a stationery salesman. Tommy Buck is a government employee and his brother Lava is a jewelry salesman. Max Tickner, who seconded many local boys, is probably the most prosperous of all. He is president of the United Milk Company. Bobby Reynolds is a political job holder, and Billy Reynolds, former manager of Jack Blackburn, is a tipstaff in the courts here.

Aaron Seltzer, a New York featherweight who can hit hard.

LEST WE FORGET—Orchids to Messrs. Frank Palumbo and Don Battles, a team of worthy sportsmen, who are managing fighters just for the glory that is connected with the game. Palumbo is the proprietor of one of the biggest night clubs in town, as well as in Atlantic City and Wildwood during the summer season, while Battles is owner of a string of grocery stores. Neither takes a dime from any of their fighters. They consider it fun and fun it really is to them.

We can't be too lavish in our words of praise for both Herbie Katz, New York light-heavyweight, and our own Gus Dorazio. They put on a hectic slugging bee here, the like of which we haven't seen for many years. Considering that this pair are heavyweights, the fans were won over by the fact that these big fellows "stole the show." Dorazio won the official award, although the fans are still debating the decision. A rematch is in order.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

THE outstanding fistic attraction in Maine the past month was the New England championship battle in Portland, in which Dave Castilloux of Winslow became the new champion when he outpointed Paul Junior, the title-holder, in a 12-round bout before 3500 excited fight fans at the Exposition Building.

The battle itself was a one-sided contest, in which Castilloux's left hand played a tattoo on Junior's face throughout the battle.

The contest marked the finish of Junior's fistic career, but the Lewiston veteran went out in flying colors. He fought gamely throughout the twelve rounds and was roundly applauded when he left the ring.

In a rip-roaring semi-final, Billie Connerty of Cambridge edged out Billie Lancaster in six rounds; Duke Demers of Sanford won by a technical knockout over Henry Perry of Portland, and in one of the other bouts Eddie Bangs of Cambridge defeated Herb Tracy of South Portland.

Biddeford—Ernie Burke of Portland won the decision over the Blond Tiger of Lowell in six rounds. In the semi-final, Kiki Stanley of Biddeford won by a technical knockout from Eddie O'Tash of Dover in four rounds, and Jimmy Cook of Rumford won by a technical knockout from Johnny Mack in four rounds.

Springvale—Billie Lancaster won by a knockout from Ray McGinnis of Boston in two rounds; Eddie Mason of Boston won a decision from Jimmy Duval of Portland, and Henry Perry of Portland and Eddie Bangs of Cambridge went six rounds to a draw.

Springvale—Eddie Latourneau of Sanford battled six rounds to a draw with Leo Liotta of Boston; Henry Perry of Portland and Eddie Bangs of Cambridge again went six rounds to a draw in a good battle; John DeGlane of Springvale knocked out Harley Caswell in two rounds, and in another Johnny Thomas of Portland knocked out Young Horne of Rochester, N. H., in one round.

South Berwick—Johnny Mack of Sanford and Tony Dupre of Manchester, N. H., went six rounds to a draw. Harley Caswell of Dover and Jackie Ledger also went six rounds to a draw, and so Jack Daley of Lowell and Young Poltack of Manchester.

Springvale—Al Mellos of Manchester defeated Clyde Willard of Rochester, N. H., in six rounds. Henry Perry and Tom Sharpe of Manchester went to a draw in a six-rounder, and Raymond Ladd of Westbrook knocked out Paul Matman of Manchester in five rounds.

South Berwick—Herbie Lynch of Boston and Jimmy Cook of Rumford went to a draw in a six-rounder. In the semi-final, Kiki Stanley of Biddeford knocked out Jackie Cole of Boston in two rounds. Honey Driscol won from Al Welch of Kennebunk, and Paul Herrick of Portland defeated Young Corbin of Boston in four rounds.

Springvale—Johnny Mack of Sanford won from Jimmy Dunn of Manchester in six rounds; Jimmy Cook of Rumford defeated Al Welch of Kennebunk in another six; Raymond Ladd of Westbrook and Paul Maltman went six rounds to a draw.

Pittsfield—Eddie O'Tash of Dover and Pete Herman of Boston battled six rounds to a draw; Everett Ladd of Westbrook won a decision from K.O. Brown of Pittsfield in a six-rounder; Henry Perry of Portland defeated Jimmy Conti of Rumford in six rounds; Paul Herrick of Portland knocked out Young Nadeau of Rumford in two rounds.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JIMMY BIVINS again stepped ahead in the fistic world as well as into the hearts of the Cleveland boxing fans, when he easily defeated the rugged Vince Pimpinelli at the opening show of the season at the Arena.

It was on this night that another Cleveland favorite, Jimmy Reeves, was stopped for the first time in his boxing career. A left hook to the button did it, thrown by Anton Christoforidis.

The Bob Brickman promoter, Larry Atkins matchmaker combination, has three good drawing cards in Jimmy Bivins, Anton Christoforidis and Georgie Toy, not forgetting Jimmy Reeves, who although stopped, is still a good fighter as well as a draw. The promoter will run shows at the Arena as well as the Public Hall, and from the looks of the last show the fight game is back to stay in Cleveland again.

Mike Gamiere put the kayo on Al Fontana of Chicago in the second round of a ten-rounder at the Municipal Auditorium in Dover, Ohio.

Bennie Calla stopped Joe Berger of Akron in the second round at the Arena. Buddy Walker stopped Big Jack Trammell in five rounds. It looks as though the natural for the heavyweight championship of the state of Ohio will have to be fought between Buddy Walker and Buddy Knox. For some time this match has been in the making and any promoter that makes it will have a sure winner at the box office.

Leon Balkin is doing the promoting at the New Coliseum for Dick Deutsch. He is running wrestling and boxing. Balkin knows his business and should make the club pay.

Frankie Meyers, crack amateur, is a mechanic for the Erie Oldsmobile Co., where he is well liked. The Cleveland News Christmas Fund show is now in the making and Ed Bang promises one of the best array of talent ever to be shown.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 1337 West Blvd., Cleveland, Ohio.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

TOBY VIGIL, Los Angeles Mexican lightweight, checked George Latka's winning streak by outclassing the San Jose boxing teacher in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. The bout was fast, with Vigil winning the first three rounds by wide margins, then slowing down after a hotly contested four round, allowing Latka to garner the next three heats. However, Vigil came on in the last three sessions to make Latka look just like another run-of-the-mine fighter. Latka proved an easy victim to feinting and as Toby is adept in this art, he made the Professor appear amateurish at times. The wiry Mexican scored repeatedly with left jabs and worked well inside, having little trouble preventing Latka from executing his cute stuff. It was Toby's best performance in months and even the highly touted Latka knew that he had been thoroughly outclassed. Vigil weighed 134, Latka 135.

Freddie Pope, Ohio bantam, won a hard earned decision over Johnny Juliano of Paterson, N. J., in the 6-round semi. This was a nip-and-tuck affair with Pope's greater stamina and harder hitting deciding the issue.

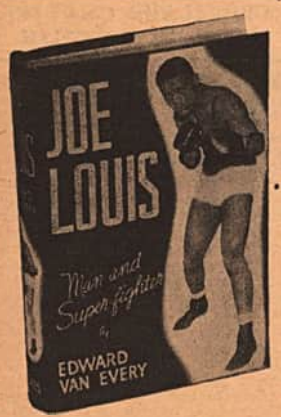
In Ocean Park—Bomber Bob Bonger, 180, Los Angeles, was credited with all six rounds in his scrap with Pio Pico, 195, Santa Ana, but the bout was far from one-sided. Bonger's best punches failed to floor the burly Mexican and Pico did a little heavy hitting on his own account.

Babe Brandelli, 145, Venice, and Bob Castro, 142, Los Angeles, fought six rounds to a draw in the semi.

In Wilmington—Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles colored light-heavy, required less than two rounds to finish Chief White, Sacramento Indian, in their scheduled eight-round main event.

Soldier Ed Stanley of San Francisco and Sailor Dub Bowen of Long Beach, lightweights, went six rounds to a draw in the semi.

Guy Serean, young Idaho slugger, wet-blanketed Richie Lemos' ballyhoo as a featherweight title contender, by pounding out a 10-round decision over the Mexican southpaw at the Hollywood Stadium. Lemos came out at the start with the intention of ending it quickly and for two minutes it appeared that he was to accomplish his purpose. Serean was punched groggy in that first round and was shaken up in the fourth and seventh frames, but those were the only three rounds credited to the Mexican port-sider. The fight was close at the end of the eighth, but Serean made it a very convincing win by punching Richie around plenty in the last two rounds, having Lemos dizzy and limp at the final bell. Each weighed 129.



The authentic story of Joe Louis, the detail of all his fights, the policy of his managers,—an indispensable book for fight fans and fighters. A book every boxing fan should have.

Send $1.00 to THE RING BOOK SHOP, 307 W. 49th Street, Madison Square Garden, New York City, N. Y., U.S.A.

Larry Cisneros, Mexican lightweight of Colorado, decisioned Ray Price, colored boxer of Portland, in the six-round semi. Price was on the verge of a kayo in the fourth round.

In Ocean Park—Ralph DeJohn, 179, Syracuse, N. Y., decisioned Johnny Petry, 178, Colorado, in a hard-hitting six-rounder. Although floored and groggy early in the contest, DeJohn outboxed Petry most of the way. Bobby Seigel, 126, Texas, decisioned Maxie Vigil, 123, in the semi. Otis Dedmon, 163, Oklahoma, and Hi Jinks, 161, Los Angeles, fought a draw.

In Wilmington—Babe McCoy's initial program in the Wilmington Bowl featured Richard (Young) Polite, New Orleans colored lightweight against Elmer Lewis, blonde slugger of Redondo. Polite grabbed the six-round decision, but had to climb off the floor from a second-round knockdown to do it. McCoy's program was action-filled from start to finish.

Larruping Jack Larrimore of St. Petersburg, Fla., made a tremendous hit with Movie City fans by the manner in which he thumped Al Smith at the Hollywood Stadium. Larrimore, boxing nicely and punching hard and accurately, demonstrated early in the bout that he outclassed the local slugger. Larrimore hit Smith almost at will, but interest was kept in the contest throughout because of the Jewish gamester's known stamina and stubborn aggressiveness. Al has come from behind on other occasions and his supporters hoped that his never-die spirit might turn the tide in this one, but Larrimore was too smart to be beaten by brawn alone. The Florida fighter backpedalled while lashing out both lefts and rights, and when Smith did manage to get inside those long arms, the Irishman easily tied him up. Larrimore had dropped the Jewish boy on three occasions, and the one-sided affair was stopped and awarded to the Floridian by a K.O. in the ninth round when Smith was no longer able to defend himself. Larrimore weighed 144, Smith 146.

Andy Scrivani, 135, Chicago, was declared winner over Willie Fields, 134, in the semi, when the bout was stopped at the end of the third round due to a cut eye suffered by Fields.

In Ocean Park—Soldier Ed Stanley, 137, San Francisco, punched out a decision over Gene (Spider) Mock, 140, Burbank. Stanley forced the fight throughout and copped four of the six rounds.

Bob Castro, 142, Los Angeles, scored a fifth round T.K.O. over Walter Vaughn in the semi.

In Wilmington—Richie Lemos, 130, knocked out Serio Mendoza, 127, Los Angeles Filipino, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Mendoza was down for a no-count in the first round, but receipted for that by flooring the Mexican in the third.

Jim Lane, 203, Long Beach, stopped Art Garrett, 188, Omaha, in the sixth round of the semi.

Buddy Knox, Dayton, O. Irishman, and Tommy Martin, London Negro, are now even-stephen. In two clashes, each has been declared a winner, whereas draw decisions appeared to be the proper verdicts in both cases. Knox was awarded the decision in their second meeting at the Hollywood Stadium, after making a courageous, uphill fight. The Ohio heavy was credited with five rounds and Martin with four, but the Britisher's winning rounds were won by greater margins. Martin beat Knox to the canvas in the third with a flurry of punches after rendering him groggy with a terrific right uppercut. Buddy was down for the count of nine and barely managed to last out the round. However, Martin slowed down in the fourth, allowing Knox to take the lead thereafter and almost even up the score by dropping the Negro for a nine-count in the eighth round. Although Martin appeared the fresher of the two going into the ninth round, Tommy allowed Knox to take the play away from him, score often with body blows and grab the last two rounds. It will require a third meeting before Hollywood fans will know which is the best man. It was an exceptionally fast fight for heavyweights.

Art Dorrell, 144, Texas, and Ran Jackson, 143, New Orleans Negro, put on a sizzler in the semi-final. Dorrell had the colored boxer on dizzy street many times in the first few rounds, but the Texan tired badly in the stretch. However, Dorrell won four of the six rounds and the draw decision was a very unpopular one.

Red Green may be forced to go elsewhere to get action. Most of the local scrappers have no desire to tangle with the Signal Kid. Green has offered to make 137 pounds for either Jackie Wilson, Toby Vigil, George Latka, or will take on anyone up to 145 pounds. A proposed Green-Larrimore bout for Hollywood may take place in Miami, Fla., instead, as Manager Winkler is contemplating a trip to Florida this winter.

Every day sees the arrival of out-of-town boxers. There must be as many as fifty visiting fighters in California at this writing. It looks as though Santa Claus will be passing up a lot of leather-pushers out here this winter. Among the new arrivals are: Joe Marinelli, Ohio featherweight champion, who is being looked after by Oscar Menachoff, manager of Buddy Knox; Eddie Simms, veteran heavyweight of Cleveland; Leon Zorritta, recently returned from Australia; Sammy Crocetti, featherweight of Amsterdam, N. Y.; Hank Nakamura, Japanese featherweight, who fought in Los Angeles amateur rings before invading New York; Johnny Lovell, a lightweight of Arkansas, being handled by Mike McNulty; Walter Franklin, ranking Jewish middleweight of the East, under direction of Roxy Eisen; Sammy Scully, veteran featherweight of Chicago; Big Boy Brackey, former heavyweight of Buffalo, in training for a comeback; Harry (Kid) Matthews, a middleweight of Idaho; Jack Wettinghill, a middleweight of Bloomington, Ia. And Jack Larrimore, Baby Breese, Ralph DeJohn, Freddie Pope, Art Dorrell, Buddy Knox, Richie Fontaine, Jackie Callura, Andy Scrivani, and Ray Price are among many others who are still with us.

Toby Vigil was unable to even the score with Jimmy Garrison in their rematch at Hollywood Stadium, as the bout was halted at the end of the third round and declared a draw, because of a nasty cut eye suffered by the Kansas City boxer. Although the referee stated that the cut had been made by a punch, still, he felt that a draw was the proper decision. The three rounds that had been fought were hotly contested, with Vigil having a slight advantage. Garrison grabbed the opening round with a body attack. Vigil won the second handily by the use of a fast left jab. Both came out in the third full of fight and were mixing it plenty when Toby staggered Garrison with a terrific right, and an instant later knocked Jimmy into the ropes with another hard right.

They were swapping punches at the bell and although Garrison's face was covered with blood from a bad cut, he was fighting back furiously. During the rest period, Referee Abe Roth examined Jimmy's slashed eye, decided it too serious for Garrison to continue and rendered the draw decision. Vigil weighed 135, Garrison 139.

Freddie Pope, 116, Ohio, gave Jimmy McCusker, 119, Montana, quite a pasting in the six-round semi. Joe Smithers, 135, Oklahoma City, knocked Marty Gomez, 134, stiff in the second round.

In Ocean Park—Wesley Sellers, 139, Los Angeles, staged a speedy and furious attack to stop Rocky Tanner, 137, San Diego, in the third round. The clever Sellers dropped Tanner three times before the finish. Babe Brandelli, 147, Venice, decisioned Louie Carranza, 148, in six.

OTHER RESULTS—Shorty Hogue decisioned Billy Latka at San Francisco. Charlie Miegels fought a draw with Verne Bybee at San Francisco. Leon Zoritta defeated Joe Peralta at Fresno. Big Boy Hogue won over Larry Derrick at San Francisco. Gene Espinoza dropped the nod to Jackie Callura at Oakland. Nat Corum lost the duke to Little Dado at San Francisco. Yancey Henry stopped Ernie McDonald at San Diego. Dencio Cabanella fought a draw with Leonard Serna at San Jose. Kent Martinez decisioned Ray Salas at San Francisco. Georgie Crouch scored fifth round T.K.O. over Johnny Fasano at Fresno.

LEST I FORGET—Jimmy Murray is now in Honolulu as matchmaker for Al Karasick at the Civic Auditorium . . . . Joe Waterman suffered a relapse and is back in the hospital . . . . Tom Jones, veteran manager of three champions, Wolgast, Papke and Willard (remember?), is now handling the affairs of the Hogue Twins . . . . Babe McCoy is now matchmaker at the Wilmington Bowl . . . . Nick Peters, local Greek slugger, is now in New York City . . . . They are sure feeding Nick the tough ones. He is to meet Julie Kogon at New York and Bob Montgomery at Philly during the month . . . . Richie Lemos and Fred (Windy) Winsor have parted company. Winsor left Los Angeles without leaving forwarding address . . . . The Olympic Auditorium is still closed . . . . Georgie Hansford is the papa of a baby girl . . . . Eddie Stanton is doing the business for Freddie Pope, colorful Ohio bantam . . . . Ocean Park fans are plenty excited over the coming Bob Bonger-Ralph DeJohn scrap. They meet as soon as DeJohn's injured rib heals . . . . George Parnassus has returned from New York.

Willie Orner has had the Main Street Gym completely renovated. It was painted throughout and has new tile showers, steel lockers 'n' everything . . . . Jimmy Dunn, former manager of Johnny Kilbane, is now managing Richie Fontaine . . . . Arthur Dorrell, Eddie Mead's Texas welterweight, scored a big hit in his Hollywood debut. He is a real scrapper . . . . Baby Arizmendi is the papa of a baby girl . . . . Baron von Stumme has returned from the East and has been appointed matchmaker at the San Diego Coliseum . . . . Red Green became of draft age just four days before R-day . . . . Mike Delia, classy amateur lightweight, has entered pro ranks. He is to be handled by Jack Davidow, that man with a thousand fighters . . . . Georgie Crouch, colored lightweight, and Hank Nakamura, Japanese featherweight, left for Honolulu with Jimmy Murray . . . . Andy Vasquez, Mexican featherweight, has returned from New York . . . . Frankie Rath, young Los Angeles middleweight, who was sensational in amateur rings around Rochester, N. Y., last spring, has entered pro ranks in Los Angeles . . . . And to those who did not receive an answer to their letters to me—it was only because a self-addressed, stamped envelope did not accompany their letters. The address is still 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT WILKES-BARRE—Before a crowd of about 2000 fans at the South Main Street Armory, Billy Soose, who in his last two ring starts beat both Ken Overlin and Tony Zale, made his first ring showing since beating the two middleweight kingpins. Soose headlined a well balanced card, meeting Vincent Pimpinella, rugged Italian battler from Brooklyn, N. Y. The bout was a ten-rounder, with Pimpinella starting fast and winning the first stanza, but Soose came back in the second to win that round and the next four, with Pimpinella having the edge in the seventh. The remaining three rounds going to Soose. Soose's ability and his victories over the two recognized middleweight champs, alone should be enough to warrant him getting a championship bout.

In the ten-round semi-final Howard Burton, John McDade's Coal Region welterweight king, who at the age of 20 has a great record and looms as the outstanding local pugilist, won an easy decision from Billy Davis of Pottsville.

Neil Miller, local welterweight, won a six-round verdict from Angelo Cali of Dunmore. Freddie Lewis, Nanticoke's one-time National A.A.U. amateur champ, beat Rocky Luciano of Harrisburg in six rounds. In the opening four-rounder, George Reilly, Wilkes-Barre, beat Jimmy Mack of Carbondale. Johnny Kelly refereed while Hugh Brislin and Mike Bernstein "judged." The show was conducted by the Wilkes-Barre Sporting Club with Bill McDade at the helm.

At Scranton—Holman Williams, Detroit's scientific welterweight, who is managed by John Roxborough, who also pilots heavyweight king Joe Louis, returned to Scranton to headline a Town Hall boxing card. This was Williams' eighth local appearance before a Coal Region gathering. This time the Detroit challenger for world's welterweight honors decisioned "Irish" Eddie Dolan in ten rounds. Dolan, like the Detroit Negro, was previously unbeaten in a local ring. The Williams setback was the first suffered by "Irish" Eddie hereabouts. The battle was one between two of the country's classiest's boxers, with Williams being the victor by a very close margin. The verdict was a split one, with Referee Al Murphy deciding the fray, casting his ballot in favor of Williams.

In the six-round semi-final, Rego Dell of Dunmore "drew" with Billy Furrone of Syracuse. In the other, Sean Hines of Ireland beat Charley Sabatella of Dunmore, in a hotly contested match.

In a four-rounder, Paul Bradshaw of Scranton kayoed Paul Wilson of Carbondale in two rounds. While in another match of six rounds, Joe Kelly of Nanticoke, former National A.A.U. amateur champion, made his pro debut by beating Lew Murphy, rugged Scranton glove tosser. Kelly is very good and should be headlining Coal Region fight cards before the end of the current indoor season.

The Williams-Dolan bout attracted a net-gate of $1,300.

At Scranton—In another Scranton show that attracted a net-gate of about $1,400, Georgie Abrams, middleweight contender, made his first local appearance by hammering out a ten-round verdict over Jackie Munley of Old-Forge. Munley, a game two-fisted battler, gave a good account of himself but Abrams was the master of the situation.

In the semi-final, "Irish" Eddie Dunne, Chris Dundee's welterweight protege, made a sensational showing by pounding out a six-round decision over Angelo Cali, Dunmore Italian.

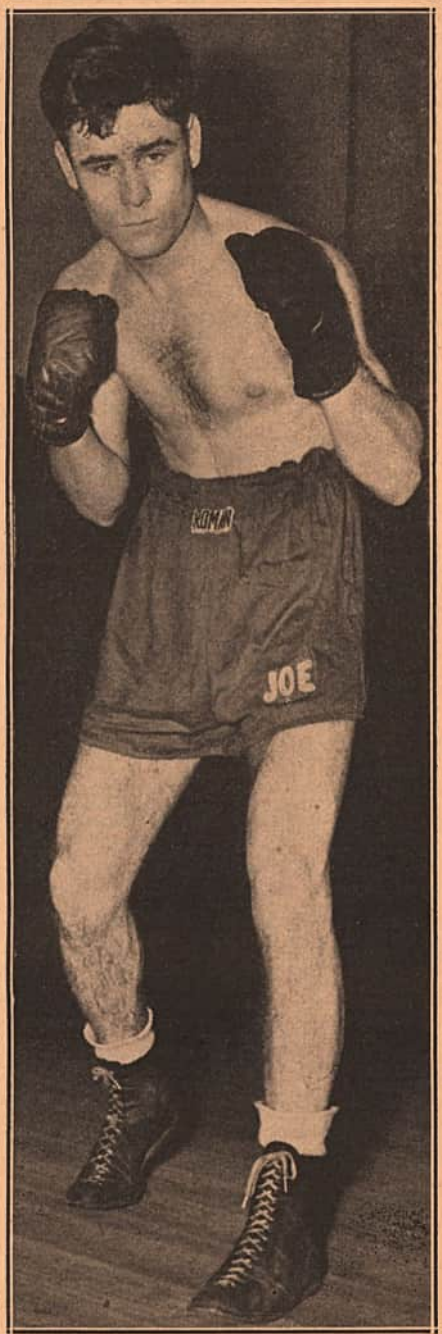
Joe Ryan, up and coming heavyweight from Carbondale, was the winner via a four-round decision over Eddie Kreechik of Wilkes-Barre. In the other bouts, Jimmy Dolphin, local lightweight, who appears like the best Scranton prospect among the lighter young fellows, added Georgie Reilly of Wilkes-Barre to his list of victims. This was a four-rounder. In the opening four, Hal Thornton of Dunmore decisioned Al Seidman of Scranton.

At Wilkes-Barre—Before a $1,500 house, Al Nettlow, Al Weill's welterweight star, made his Coal Region debut here in the featured ten-rounder with Howard Burton, local colored flash, who is the holder of the welterweight championship of this region. Nettlow was the winner after ten furious rounds of battling. The defeat is no set-back to Burton, as he gave a very good account of himself.

Jimmy Young, Dunmore light-heavyweight, fought a six round draw with Gene Pinter. Joe Nealon lost in six to Billy Davis of Pottsville. Lew Murphy beat Mal Lewis and Neil Miller drew with Fred Lewis in the other six-rounders on the Burton-Nettlow card.

At Scranton—Gunnar Barlund, Finnish heavyweight, made his first Scranton appearance at the local Armory in a show promoted by the Anthracite A.C. Barlund stopped Chuck Ketchuk of Binghamton. Barlund was the master throughout the rounds until the referee halted the match in the ninth round. Chuck Ketchuk previous to the Barlund setback was unbeaten hereabouts. He apparently had taken too big an assignment for a youngster.

In the semi-final, "Gus Brownes" rip-tearing welterweight "Francesco Montanari" of Italy, battled "Irish" Eddie Dunne all over the ring, to win every round. Montanari showed much improvement since he last showed here two years ago. In the other bouts, Shean Hines, Ireland welterweight, lost a split decision to Rego Dell of Dunmore. Joe Kelly of Nanticoke T.K.O.'ed



Joey Iannotti of New Haven, a featherweight with plenty of class. He has met with considerable success in New York.

Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre in four rounds. In the opener, Joe Ryan, Carbondale's latest fistic find, kayoed Billy Kazokas of Luzerne in two heats. Ryan is a heavyweight and looks good. Jack Walton handled the refereeing with Jack Collins and Neil McNish judging.

A BIT FOR ALL. . . . Pete Susky, veteran middleweight scrapper, is now working at Saint Michael's Industrial School for Boys. Pete is the physical instructor there. . . . John McDade has a new prospect. Name is Georgie Reilly and he looked very good in his two and only pro ring starts. He won and lost one. . . . Joe Netro, Syracuse, N. Y. promoter, was around the Coal Regions for the past month, taking in the fight shows and looking for talent. . . . Mike Latzo is back "hustling" fighters. . . . Paul Moss is leaving no stone unturned in trying to land a title shot for his protege, Billy Soose. . . . The ex-college fistic star Soose deserves a "break" and would be a sure shot to win the crown if ever given the chance, in my opinion. . . . Hank Stezar is lining up a few wrestling cards for his Town Hall club.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JIMMY ACE CLARK, Springfield light-heavyweight, made a very impressive showing when he fought Johnny Shkor of Baltimore, Md., a draw in Worcester. Shkor is Johnny Buckley's pride.

Marcus Pitts fought Everette Rightmire in Washington, D. C., and lost the decision. Pitts lost four rounds for *being too rough*. He was penalized.

The writer is now a partner in the Holyoke Gym. The gym is located near the corner of Main and Dwight, over the Swift Co. Meat Supply. This gym is large and well equipped and will cater to businessmen as well as fighters, wrestlers and athletes.

Beau Jack, a lightweight of Springfield, is the best drawing card the Arena has had in a long time. Jack is a strong, young fighter, who can punch well, and his K.O. record is 13 K.O.'s in 15 fights.

Chris Quillan of Springfield, a pretty good welterweight, has not been very busy lately. Chris has always given a good account of himself. It is too bad that a fighter as earnest as he cannot get more work.

Mickey Canty, the Irish welterweight of Springfield, is winning regularly. He has fought at New York, Boston, Worcester, New Bedford and Providence clubs, but the Valley Arena does not see his drawing possibilities or they would take care of him with the right matches.

Jimmy Bell of New Haven scored a hit when he kayoed Joe Pennino of New York in the first. Bell can be reached through Al Mele, New Haven Conn.

Alex De Angelo of Marlboro, Mass., a welterweight, is aggressive and really makes a fight. His winning fight with Johnny Green of Pittsfield was the best of the night.

Harry Armstrong, Henry's trainer, worked in Beau Jack's corner when he fought a win over Joey Stack . . . . Don Lyons, Holyoke's featherweight, is showing improvement . . . . Maurice Lemoine of Worcester, former manager of Lou Brouillard, is a regular at all the clubs in this sector. His pleasing and friendly attitude and his desire to help the boxing game is sincere . . . . Friends of Jimmy Ace Clark who wrote for pictures will get them in a short while. Promoters wishing his services should write to Geo. Ross, 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass., or phone 1062-W. Also Marcus Pitts at 125 pounds. Clark weighs 178 pounds.

THE RING IN MEXICO
With CARLOS VERA

WITH the bout between Rodolfo Ramirez and Juan Zurita for the lightweight championship of the Republic, the Arena Nacional started its winter season. More than six thousand spectators saw the bout, that ended with a new triumph for the champion Ramirez.

The Arena Nacional has a capacity of 7,000 spectators, and the promoters are trying to bring here the best fighters in the world. "Babe" Arizmendi, the star Mexican lightweight who has been fighting for many years in California, will be here this month, and the fans are expecting great fights with the local boys as Ramirez, Tony Mar, Juan Zurita, Memo Llanes, etc.

In the second show, the Arena Nacional put up a good fight with the welterweight champion, Kid Azteca. The Kid put to sleep Casanovita de Ahoma in the fifth round. In other bouts, Roman Chavez lost to Luis Martinez, and Enrique Cardoso beat Rafael Garcia.

Pedro Ortega, Chino Rodriguez, Luis Castillo, the flyweight champ; Pancho Villa, and all the most prominent Mexican fighters are under contract of the promoters of the Arena Nacional.

In the Arena Mexico, Joe Conde was beaten by Pancho Villa, and Lalo Mendoza won over Enrique Rodea. Carlos Malacera beat Cotton King and Ginger Foran. Mickey LaMarr lost on technical knockout with Jose Gallardo. Manager Ralph Gold had a tough time in the Arena Mexico and took Manuel Villa with him to the States.

Good fighters with records wishing to fight here, will do well by writing to Carlos Vera, "Novedades" newspaper, Bucareli 23, Mexico City, D.F.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

BOXING will boom in the coming year with increased interest in the sport in the army camps. The next heavyweight champion may be one of the boys who recently joined the armed forces of Uncle Sam. This writer has received considerable publicity for our draft number is 158, the first to be picked in the national lottery. Fort Dix in New Jersey has already attracted many of the boxers from the east.

Carl Moss writes from Savannah that he believes Tommy Kiene will be the next bantamweight champion. . . . Latest word from Hollywood says Abie Bain is pal-ing around with Bing Crosby.

Fight managers and boxers desiring a complete list of matchmakers and promoters in this state should send 25 cents in coin and a self addressed stamped envelope to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J. All other requests for information should include return postage.

Here it is

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Norman Rubio of Albany should have been declared the winner over Red Cochrane in a ten at Newark, according to all Newark sports writers, but Cochrane received Whitey Healey's unpopular decision. . . . Al Delaney was beaten in the same city by Patsy Perroni and Willie Reddish. . . . Willie Gilzenberg has branched out with a football team under his helm.

Gus Falzer, sports editor of the Newark Sunday Call, has assisted us in locating the whereabouts of many former Jersey boxers and here they are: Charley Weinert, who gave Tunney a great battle, relives the old days in chats with his customers at his tavern on Bloomfield Avenue, Newark. . . . Mickey Walker operates a bar at Kingston, N. Y. . . . Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., has a farm at Greenwood Lake. . . . Patsy Kline operates a cafe at Treat Place, Newark. . . . Pete Latzo works for the Joe Fay labor organization.

Jack Rapaport is in business in South Orange. . . . Johnny Dundee lives in West Orange. . . . Benny Levine, the old bouncer, peddles vegetables from a wagon. . . . Lou Halper is in the paper and twine trade. . . . Solly Castellane works for the Prudential in Newark. . . . Frankie Burns is a boxing inspector in Hudson County. . . . Jeff Smith and Joe Shrugue teaches physical education in Jersey City. The latter defeated Benny Leonard. . . . Cowboy Willis is a Massachusetts farmer. . . . Al Thoma has a bar in Irvington and likes to "ride" Willie Ratner of the Newark News.

Lew Tendler owns a restaurant in Philly and the Carrousel in Miami Beach. We once handled publicity for Lew at the latter place. . . . Ben Douglas, Frank Schenck, Jack Good, Pat Forfar and Willie Adams are members of the Newark police. . . . Frank Montagna is on the payroll at the General Motors plant in Linden.

Jack McFarland works for Public Service in Newark. . . . The whereabouts of Henry Petrin are still unknown. . . . Don Petrin is a bagatelle operator in North Jersey and doing very well, thank you. . . . Mickey Donley is a WPA foreman. . . . Mickey Delmont is totally blind and sells papers in Newark. . . . Larry Reagan is a bookkeeper for Breidt's brewery. . . . Charley Ryder has a Staten Island store.

Jay Lawless is a steamfitter in Harrison. What a mauler he was! . . . Johnny Alberts is on the payroll of Standard Oil in Elizabeth. . . . Carl Danner is a motorcycle cop in Elizabeth. . . . Tony Lambert works for a fur plant in Newark. . . . Johnny Buff, the original, is on the WPA in Jersey City. . . . Sonny Banks is a guard at a Newark bank. . . . Tommy Spena is still among the top ranks as a roofer in North Jersey. . . . Al Delmont is a WPA foreman. . . . Norman Wolfe is at San Diego. . . . Ernie Ratner is on the WPA in Belleville. . . . Gene Johnson has an Elizabeth tavern. . . . Irish Bobby Brady is a Jersey City butcher. . . . Willie Davis works for the highway department in Elizabeth. . . . Frankie Farmer is a road maintenance worker in the same city. . . . Mickey Shannon, Billy Leary, Joe Moresco and Freddy Polo have gone to the Great Beyond.

Jimmy Marsilla is now called "Little Caesar" of the fight racket because he took a "flyer" with his featherweight, Frankie Bove, and won on the gamble. Bove trounced Lou Barbetta at St. Nick's in New York and is now due for plenty of action in New York clubs. Bove sells papers in downtown Newark.

In the first all-Newark heavyweight match in many years, Mike Alfano was credited with a seven-round technical knockout over Tommy Adams. The bout was scheduled for the odd distance of nine rounds. It was close while it lasted, Willie Ratner of the Newark *Evening News* even giving Adams a slight lead. The bout was stopped because Adams sustained a deep cut over the left eye. Tommy weighed 184 pounds, ten pounds lighter than Alfano.

Frankie Conn of Lyndhurst was stopped in the third round by Ted Christie of New York in a scheduled six. In another six Frankie Duane decisioned Tony Novello of Englewood. Walter Stevens, protege of Maxie Fisher, stopped Pete De Carlo in one of the fours.

Johnny Saxon and Porky Flynn are ironworkers. Flynn fought Jack Dempsey twice, was stopped on each occasion. . . . Tommy Toohey is a railroad brakeman. . . . Sparkplug Russell is a Detroit barber. . . . Danny Savage sells beer for Feigenspan's brewery. . . . Ruby Gross represents Trommer's in Florida. . . . Young Terry is a boxing instructor at Rider College in Trenton. . . . Tommy Elm sells auto parts at Paterson. . . . Harry Rapaport is day manager at the beautiful Club Bali in Miami.

Harold Mays is a Bayonne policeman. . . . Phil Krug has a tavern in Harrison and backs a soccer club. . . . Harold Farese has a job as a WPA foreman. . . . In Jersey City Young Rector is a police sergeant. . . . Billy Buck Doyle works for a brewery in Allentown and is fat. . . . Theon Wright, former Newark boxing writer who used to write about Bucky is publicity director for TWA airlines. . . . Abie Bain appears in pictures from Hollywood. . . . Al Rossi also works on the movie lots. . . . Sailor Maxted raises fruits and vegetables at Mine Hill. . . . Tony Bender is a yard policeman at Standard Oil in Bayonne. . . . Johnny Howard is a Bayonne policeman.

Jimmy McVeigh is a Brother at St. Mary's in Baltimore. . . . Harry Martone is a shipyard worker at the Federal in Kearny. . . . Irish Fagan is a guard at Port Newark. . . . Falzer says K.O. Mendel is a "fresh air inspector" at Broad and Market streets in Newark. . . . Willie Gradwell travels the country as an ironworker. . . . George Ward is with the Cranford police. . . . George Forrester and brother Malcolm are Elizabeth firemen.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

AT Waterbury—Buckingham Hall—Ernest Cat Robinson, New York Negro star, scored an upset by knocking out Francesco Montanari, of Italy, with a terrific left hook in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round main event. The pair had previously fought a slashing draw. Dom Fiantini, also of New York, made a decided hit by whipping Johnny Compo, clever New Haven feather in a six spot. Jimmy Bell, New Haven Negro, stopped Lee Masselli, New York welter, in the fifth after scoring six knockdowns. Neil Miller, Wilkes-Barre, held Frankie Foley, New Haven, even in a six. Ohio Gionelli, Waterbury heavyweight, kept up his winning ways by halting Freddie Martin, New Haven, in three.

At New Haven—The Arena—Julie Kogan, New Haven Hebrew lightweight, knocked out Frankie Wallace, Cleveland veteran, in 2:20 of the fifth round. Wallace just failed to beat the count after being dropped by a short right to the jaw. Bobby Poison Ivy, Hartford featherweight, knocked out Johnny Buff, Newark, in the second of a companion ten with a left hook to the midriff. Johnny Compo, New Haven, won by a T.K.O. over Abe Cohen, New York, when the latter suffered a cut eye in the third. Jackie Harris, Goldie Goldfarb's latest find, belted out Joey Marcus, Hartford, in one. It was Harris' first pro fight. Willie Pep, Hartford, decisioned Jimmy McAllister, New York Negro, in the opener.

At Waterbury—Buckingham Hall—Cat Robinson, New York Negro welterweight, chalked up another win, this time over Pete Koloff, the Belting Bulgarian, now making his home in Rockville. It was a thrilling contest with Koloff being dropped three times in the first to get up and give Robinson plenty of trouble. It was an eight-round affair. In the co-feature, Dick Turcotte, Waterbury southpaw, was held to a draw by Vic Finnazzo of Baltimore. Finnazzo soaked up all sorts of punishment but forced the fighting. Al Evans, New Haven, won a six-rounder over Kid Lorenzo, lanky Puerto Rican. Joey Wasnick won the four-round opener over Jimmy Martino of New York.

At Stamford—Columbus Hall—Frank Poreda, Jersey City's hope for heavyweight honors, won a decisive eight-round decision over Marty Gordon, New York. Poreda handily whipped the Jewish boxer, using a left jab to good advantage most of the time. The co-feature bout of eight rounds ended shortly, when Mutt Womer, former intercollegiate champ, kayoed Larry Kellum, New York, in 2:10 of the first round. Frankie Salvino, Stamford 130-pounder, kayoed Eric Seelig, New York, in the final round of a four spot. In a four-rounder which stole the show, Irish Billy Taylor, Bridgeport, won the decision over Young Eatman, Norwalk. Both boys hit the canvas several times. Jimmy Pierce, Seattle, Wash., won the opener of four rounds over Loco Lucarrelli, New York.

At New Haven—The Arena—Joey Iannotti, New Haven's pride, proved his superiority over Pablo Dano, Filipino veteran, in the feature bout of eight rounds. It was their third meeting, Dano winning the first by a kayo and Iannotti the second via the decision route. Red Moffett, Devon's popular Irishman, was held to a draw by that slugging lightweight, Mistos Grispos of Greece, in another eight. In still another eight, Al Bernard, Houston middleweight, won a decision over Oscar Suggs, Newport, R. I., Negro. Frankie Foley, New Haven lightweight, stopped Lloyd Lasky, New York, in the fifth of a scheduled six spot. Maxie Katz, Waterbury, took the opener over Tony Gillo, New Haven.

SHORTS—Lew Brown and Charley Pilkington have succeeded Al Caroly as matchmakers for the New Haven Arena. Caroly had served at that post for seven years. . . . Boxing Commissioner Frank S. Coskey believes that the draft will produce many great boxers as did the World War. . . . Mushky Salow's boys, Eddie Mays and Tommy DeBello, turned up on the wrong of the ledger in Holyoke. Mays was stopped in five rounds by Benny Cartegena and DiBello dropped a split decision to Kid Jacko.

The writer has an interesting proposition for a Negro heavyweight and one or two white boys between 135 and 150 pounds. These boys are to be free of managerial tieups. Send clippings and photo to me at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn.

All queries will be answered if enclosed with return postage.

KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

WITH Hutch Hutchinson as Louisville's new promoter and matchmaker, Derby City fans are being treated to action-packed fistic programs. Hutch, who was active in the fight game on the Pacific Coast for a number of years, is showing only fighters that fight on his weekly cards, along with developing several young prospects. Hutchinson's second mitt show was headlined by Tommy Arden, former Indiana Golden Gloves champion, who won a well-earned decision over Jimmy Davis, hard-hitting middleweight from Owensboro, Ky. This was young Arden's second pro fight and he showed plenty of class and boxed like a veteran to win all the way. This was a six-rounder and both fighters weighed 155 pounds.

In the semi-windup, set for six rounds, Charley Banks, 161, hard-hiting colored ace from Newport, Ky., knocked out Kid Desoto, 156-pound Cincinnati Negro, in the third round of a pleasing battle.

Owensboro, Ky.—Billy McLeod, tough little California featherweight, gained a six-round decision over Joey Palmo, flashy Cincinnati boxer, in the feature event, while Junie Welcher of Louisville battled to a draw with Garfield Rice, Evansville, Ind., welterweight, in the six-round semi-windup.

Louisville, Ky.—Joey Palmo, 128, Cincinnati, met Billy McLeod, California 121-pounder, in a return match and decisioned McLeod over the six-round route in the main event of Promoter Hutch Hutchinson's fistic program. Palmo evened the score for his decision loss to McLeod at Owensboro when he outboxed and outspeeded his game opponent and landed the cleaner punches to receive the nod of the judges.

In the six-round semi-windup, Tommy Arden, 154, former Indiana amateur star, now living in Louisville, continued on his winning ways when he decisioned the tough and experienced Joe Murphy, 151, of Milton, Ky. Both fighters traded punches in every round and the rugged Murphy put up a stubborn battle but Arden showed the best fighting form and looked like a fine prospect.

Jenkins, Ky.—Before a crowd of almost 2000 fight fans, Lloyd Pine, 136, Akron, Ohio, ace, won a decision over Johnny Stevens, 140, of Cincinnati in the ten-round main event. In supporting bouts, Wesley Martin, 141, scored a T.K.O. over Kid Francis, 134, in the fifth round, and Oakie Greer, 150, won a third-round T.K.O. over Hank Claypool, 140.

Louisville, Ky.—Wishy Jones, local lightweight star, continued on his winning streak by gaining a six-round decision over Al Dorlac, rugged St. Louis puncher, in the main event of Hutch Hutchinson's boxing card. Plenty of action was featured in this bout, with the first four rounds being won by Wishy while Dorlac came back strong in the last two rounds and almost held Jones even.

In the semi-windup, Phil Jones, Louisville 141-pounder, and a brother of Wishy, floored Bud Collins, 143, of St. Louis, for a total of seven times and won by a T.K.O. in the sixth and final round.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS—Curley Denton, the star of Bob Bonner's Cincinnati stable, would like to meet Tommy Arden, the young Louisville middleweight sensation, managed by Jimmy Dell . . . . Bill Tucker, New Albany, Ind., heavyweight, named as the best prospect of the month in the November issue of THE RING, is in hard training and wants another shot at Nate Bartell, Cincy heavyweight, who halted Bill's winning streak by taking a decision over the husky Hoosier at Louisville . . . . Jimmy Fox, snappy featherweight, who won several matches in this section, is now fighting in New York under George Sheppard . . . . Kentucky fight fans have been getting plenty of slambang action on their fistic programs as the recent cards held at Louisville, Owensboro and Jenkins were toppers for crowd-pleasing action . . . . We would like to hear from RING readers everywhere and will gladly answer all letters if stamped, self-addressed envelopes are enclosed . . . . address Joe French, 1015 Tenth Street, Jeffersonville, Indiana . . . . Kentucky promoters and managers have your news in to this address by the first of each month.

Louisville, Ky.—Tommy Arden, young middleweight prospect, engaged in his fourth professional fight and scored his fourth straight win by knocking out Bruce Atwell, local fighter recently returned from a trip East. The knockout came in the third round. In the six-round semi-final, Phil Jones, 141, Louisville, duplicated the feat of his older brother Wishy, by winning a clean-cut decision over Al Dorlac, 141, St. Louis. In another six, Willie Cutsinger, 142, Cincinnati, defeated Elwood Rose, 139, of Owensboro, Ky.

Louisville, Ky.—In a slashing, action-packed main event of six rounds, Willie Cutsinger, 142, of Cincinnati and Phil Jones, 140, of Louisville, battled to a heated draw. The first five rounds ended on even terms while in the sixth, Cutsinger opened up with a heavy attack and won.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

JAMES J. BRADDOCK dropped into Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas, long enough to step four fast rounds with Jack League on a card presented by the writer.

In the main event, Jackie Simmons, sleek Negro lightweight, outboxed scrappy little Al Dorlac of St. Louis. Al tried hard, but Simmons had too much experience and won five of the eight rounds.

Deacon Logan, 165-pounder from St. Louis, stole the show by Armstronging his way to a close win over Louis Jackson, this city's best light-heavyweight. Jackson was hit low in the second round, and ran out of fuel in the fifth. It was the best fight of the night, between the best fighters of the night.

Billy Collins of St. Louis opened the program by stopping Frankie Stevens of Keokuk, Iowa, in the second round. Everybody said it was a good show, and we thought so, too.

The fight fans of Missouri will hereafter be prevented from seeing more than one mixed bout on any one card staged in this state under a new edict of the Boxing Commission which bans unlimited contests between colored boys and white boys as heretofore was permitted. The colored folk are all het up about the new arrangement. They point out, as do many of the white patrons of boxing, that mixed bouts have been lucrative and entertaining and in addition have enabled the patrons of Missouri boxing to see high class colored talent in action.

There is considerable regret here that the board saw fit to make this change. It is certain to affect the attendance and give Missouri boxing a set-back.

Missouri has developed many star Negro fighters in the past few years, who, through the action of the Commission, may now do their fighting outside of this state in retaliation for the rule that discriminates against them. Among the best Negroes who come from Missouri are Henry Armstrong, Allan Matthews, Archie Moore, Otis Thomas, Clarence Jones, Lewis Jackson, Charles Neaves, Cyclone Williams, Deacon Logan and Dave Riley.

Promoter Max Yeargain opened Topeka's beautiful Municipal Auditorium with a dazzling card, headed by a sweet ten-rounder between Chester Ellis and Baby Lou Alcanter, featherweights. Alcanter boxed cagily, but Ellis was a mite too aggressive and won by a hair.

Battling Chino Lopez stole the show with his sensational victory over Al Shapiro of New York and Kansas City. Chino floored Shapiro in the first and beat him to a froth the rest of the way. Carlos Hobbs, sporting editor of the Topeka *State Journal*, came out the next day with: "Lopez looks like Tony Canzoneri and is just as clever."

Harry Mills, lanky, red-headed, former Golden Gloves champion, knocked out game Jimmy Mercier of Leavenworth in the third round of their welterweight fuss. Mills looked like a great counter-puncher.

Mario Gonsales, Topeka Mexican lightweight, outpointed Ernie Kanatzar, hometown rival, in four.

We see that Jack Larrimore stopped Al Smith out in Hollywood, and that Jack's manager, George Ades, has been walking around Los Angeles with his arm in a "plaster casket." . . . Jimmy Garrison, product of Kansas City, has settled down on the Pacific Coast and will make his home there from now on. . . . Darwin Gomer, our colleague from the Twin Cities, has a pretty good middleweight in Leo Mahon. . . . Henry Armstrong and Baby Breese would sell out the Municipal Auditorium here. . . . It is not inconceivable that the match will be made before spring. . . . Bob Dana of St. Louis is still thumbing his nose at the "smart" people and saying, writing, and thinking as he pleases.

Nathan "Deacon" Logan, amazing Negro middleweight slugger from St. Louis, made this writer's first ten when he slashed his way to a sensational five-round knockout over the once-great, still formidable Allan Matthews in a scheduled eight-rounder at Municipal Auditorium. Logan, who is bigger and probably better than Henry Armstrong, never stopped coming, never stopped punching, and finally felled Allen with a volley of hooks. Logan is a great body puncher, not as easy to hit as he seems, and dead game. Also, he is positively punchproof. Paging Ken Overlin!

Pat Kissinger returned to the wars in another eight-rounder and bulled young Harry Wills all over the ring, only to have the amateur officials give the ex-amateur the duke. He did all the leading and if it hadn't been for his efforts, the fight would have been very bad.

Dan Dowling hit Chief Wilbur DeCora with a straight right hand to the chin and that was all for game Chiefie in slightly less than four rounds.

Cyclone Williams, Negro heavyweight belter from St. Louis, Mobile, Buffalo, New York City, and elsewhere, won a close and not too well-merited verdict from Charley Neaves in the opening sixer.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

SPOTLIGHT stealing Sharkey. . . . It's getting to be a habit with the Jacksonville youth who did just that when he met and defeated El Brookman of Washington, D. C., in another Tony Barbara program. The boys commenced to give the audience a most blood-tingling tussle, surpassing even the pleaser offered by Irish Eddie Dunne and Joey Spangler, which was won by Spangler. Sharkey outfought his rival and alone gave the fans action worth the price of the choicest ringside seat. Both are 150-pounders.

"Boom in Miami." . . . This is the most interesting piece of news garnered in Miami. . . . The Beach Arena has been the stand-out for the fight faithfuls up to now. Now, the city of Miami will have in her midst two newly organized clubs which are scheduled to open soon as this goes to press. In one, Captain Peeples, head of the Beach Arena, is in with Pa Stribling, while in the other, Bobby Burke, former successful promoter in Miami some years back, is back in the picture and will take as site for his presentations, the Miami Ball Park. Backing Burke is Sydney Landes of the Landes Enterprises in Sports Promotions.

This correspondent's address is 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

Bobby Britton, the popular Miami Beach welter, returned to old time form in scoring a nine-round T.K.O. win over Tom Sharkey of Jacksonville. It was by no means an easy win for the son of former welter champ, Jack Britton. Bobby was forced to come from behind after the first half of the fight was under way and until then was receiving many hefty left hooks from Sharkey's dealings. Superior condition as well as experience assisted Bobby greatly, as Tom was a mighty tired boy after the third canto. Britton caught the exhausted Sharkey with solid punches to score four knockdowns and thrice Tom fell without being hit, due to this spent condition. It was a nice fight and the customers were satisfied for the night. This time, Bobby was in the aggressor's role, doing a good job. He tipped 145 and Sharkey, 147.

In the semi-windup to the Sharkey-Britton go, Frankie Thomas scored at will upon Bobby Sylvester and took a five-round technical kayo victory. Frankie shoots deadly with that right hand. It was a lightweight affair. In a sixer, Henry Ussery really won over Alex Cupiano of Puerto Rico but the judges failed to see it thataway. It was first degree robbery. Henry had Alex down for the count in the fifth. Both welters.

Jack Kearns, "Doc" to you all, has done what no other promoter has been able to do—bring Tiger Neville Beech and Bob Sikes together in what should be classified as the South's own Battle of the Century. It will take place in Memphis. Co-featured on the card will be Pat Comiskey against Max Minnich.

Marty Clark, Tampa heavyweight sensation, stopped Mickey Shaw in two heats in the former's home town, but the local boxing commission was displeased with Shaw's showing. So they slapped a fine, three-fourths of his purse, for the "circus act." Clark followed with a win over Maynard Daniels who held an eight-round kayo over him from a previous scrap. Frankie Thomas, lanky lightweight, surprised the fans by trouncing Domingo Torres. Thomas had a half-dozen knockdowns to his credit. Tommy Stupar, a G.G. champ from Minnesota, debuted in Tampa with a nice win over Bob Monin. He also scored two knockdowns over Bob in the pleasing tussle. Pete Filippi did likewise as Stupar in copping over Joe Turner, winning his Tampa firster.

Art Lind, a Minnesota middleweight and a good prospect at that (ask Darwin Gomer) won a clean-cutter, although a roughhouser, from Ceciljo Lozada on the Clark-Shaw program. It was an eight-round semi. . . . Mike Jacobs was visiting in Miami. . . . Tom Heeney, the old Hardrock From Down Under, is sick in Miami Beach. Encouraging letters from friends will assist greatly in having Tom up and around once more. Write him at Tom Heeney's Bar, Miami Beach, Florida. . . . One of THE RING's most devoted followers as well as of THE RING Editor, is Abe Raynor of Miami Beach.

Don Eddy, Jimmy Finley's Indian boy, left hooked Yucatan Kid for the ten-round decision before a crowd of 1200 fans who were presented with a jam-up card by Captain Peeples. Yukie landed the best blow of the night with a whistling right to Eddy's chin. The latter was hurt but he quickly got out of the fog and commanded a slight lead from there. The decision went over with the fans. Bill Gore's great prospect, Jimmy Lowery, scored a three-round knockout over James J. Kelly of New Jersey, in a sixer scheduled. Jimmy had his northern adversary down for counts on several occasions. In Miami Beach, they say, regardless who is fighting the main event, if Lowery is on the program, it's all they care about. So, Gore has something there. Jimmy scaled 150 to Kelly's 156. Experience counted heaps when Bobby Sylvester held Henry Ussery to a draw in a six-rounder. Young Ussery is another Bill Gore prospect coming along in fine style.

For the High and Prep School Boy

If you want to know how to box, subscribe to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, concise, accurate, highly illustrated. Nine books sent to you in this course. See "Ad" in this issue.

West Palm Beach opened her season with Kid Hatcher facing Justo Jiminez in the featured bout. Hatcher, under B. T. (The Baron) Pate, is the most improved fighter in Florida within the year. He is making his home here and is expected to be one of the state's leading cards. . . . Ditto for Fort Lauderdale under Johnny Higgins, with a Pietro Gorgi-Johnny Tate headliner. The latest club to open in Florida is Bobby Burke's at the Miami Ball Park. Burke opens with a swell presentation, having Larry Anzalone, a peach of a fighter under Bill Jordan of New York, facing Billy Colbert, Texas lad, in a middleweight meet. Don Eddy, Jim Finley's pride and joy, squares off with Mike Martinez, also under Jordan.

Jacksonville will have a Golden Glove Tourney announced M. W. Peterson, of the Lions Club here. It will be the first of its kind ever to be presented to Jaxons and fight scenes will shift back to the Duval Armory, where at one time the pros held their leather-tossing. Mr. Peterson is an experienced hand at turning out G.G. meets, as he held the same for three years successfully in Grand Rapids, Mich. In close association with the idea is the local playground board and much assistance will be given Peterson by Leonard Rousselle, former boxer and now a playground director. Peterson displayed his interest in a letter this writer received from Nat Fleischer, THE RING Editor, who pointed out the great steps the amateur sport will provide the young Americans.

Dave Karess, capable fight manager from New York, believes his heavyweight, Charlie Eagle, can topple those in Florida now and has appointed yours truly as booking agent for the Eagle as well as Irish Eddie Dolan and Pete Koloff. The latter two are welterweights and among the country's finest. Karess is co-partner to Jack (Doc) Moore, a leading trainer in the game. . . . Vince McCoy, the tough welterweight from Kansas City, will be in Florida for action. . . . Artie Sykes, the Syrian heavyweight who met Joe Louis and Bob Pastor, will see action down here also. Looking for him to swell the gates. . . . Pete Montesi, popular boxing figure from New York and Danbury, sends me treasured clippings on THE RING Editor, which did a lot in convincing M. W. Peterson of Jacksonville how the G.G. amateur boxing sport is progressing throughout the country. Thanks, Pete. . . . Latest of our RING brother colleagues we enjoy thoroughly in hearing from are Darwin Gomer of Minnesota and Joe French of Kentucky. . . . Woody Thompson, who covers the boxing news for The Tampa Daily Times, is doing a swell job of it, is another RING admirer. . . . Young Allen, Macon heavyweight, stopped George Vasil in two rounds at Tampa. Frankie Thomas scored again in the semi over Frankie Barja.

Tommy Gomez, we predict, is going to outdo Marty Clark for popularity honors in Tampa since he wounded a win over Maynard Daniels at the Benjamin Field Arena under the promotion of Frank La Marque. In this, Gomez handed Daniels, a game fighter, a most unmerciful lacing. Daniels fought back inch for inch and it was about the best scrap seen here in many months. Tommy is under the watchful eyes of the ex-fighting Letoes, Joe and Pete. Yes, their brother is Jimmy, now in Hartford, but actually a Tampa boy. Gomez showed well his punching prowess and could have kayoed Daniels, but the Washington Marine was too cunning for Tommy's comparative inexperience. In the semi-final, Billy Colbert, Texas middleweight, decisioned Art Lind. He previously kayoed Al Gilbert in five. Gilbert stopped Joe Apperson in five and Ulysses Valle, a coming lightweight also under the likeable Letos, held Floyd Shiflett even.

A familiar scene to Floridians most anytime now will have the pretty Mrs. Kid Hatcher acting as a second for her hubby whenever the latter goes to the ring-post. Which recalls to our mind the chief item that gave Baron Pate's fighter the chance to show up North. It was through THE RING Magazine that Hatcher got that break; a Connecticut newspaper printed the exact words this writer wrote on Hatcher with his picture in the New Faces column. I know why the manager and the fighter feel so grateful to THE RING.

According to Promoter Frank La Marque, the Marty Clark-Maynard Daniels get-together brought forth his largest house, $2,418, and hopes to hit the $4,000 mark during the season. . . . Paul Berlenbach, former light-heavyweight ruler, is training Oscar Rankins and Manager Eddie Horn hopes this will speak for itself in the future. Paul holds the world's kayo records, consecutive, 21, and 17 straight one-rounders.

We predict the biggest conscription boxing boom will flare up at the Jacksonville army camp, Blanding, where over 40,000 soldiers will be sheltered. The majority are National Guardsmen, but draftees will be making their home here for a year. The best pastime for Uncle Sam's servicemen, according to newspapers, is the top-ranked sport of boxing. In fact, boxing is the only all-year 'round game.

With Buster White, Jr., at the promoting helm and Dick Leonard in the matchmaker's role, Savannah goes to the pro post for the winter season with a Pablo Dano versus Aurel Toma topper as a starter-offer. . . . Aiken, S. C., opens her season with pro boxing. . . . Ross Russell, ace sports writer, drops a line from New York City. . . . The one-time former great featherweight champion, Johnny Dundee, thinks that Jack Larrimore, coming Florida welterweight, is a potential champion. Let's pray so, Johnny.

Heard from Harry E. Winkler, THE RING's California correspondent who has that Florida sunshine on his mind. Harry hopes to accomplish a trip to the Orange Blossom State with several of his scrappers. Red Green, the Signal Kid, is among the boys and possibly Harry's light-heavy, Bobby Bongor. While here, a trip to Cuba is also his objective. Florida welcomes the Californians anytime.

Bobby Britton failed to present his daddy, a former world's champion, with the necessary gift for the older Britton's birthday, his 53rd. All Daddy Jack wanted that day was a victory over Justo Jiminez, but son Bob just couldn't come in the pinches. Justo won, a ten-rounder, compiling an early lead and staving off a last moment rush. The decision, rightfully won, that is by Jiminez, surprised almost every attendant as the tireless little Mexican spotted Bobby eleven pounds and took the play away from his taller foe. It's Justo's best win to date.

Good preliminaries preceded the main event. In the best, Jimmy Lowery, that budding, belting boy of Bill Gore's stable, furnished yet more the surprise of the night. He tackled Buddy Rose of Sarasota and came out with a nice win. It was a slugfest all the way, with Lowery being on the clever side and landing the cleaner punches. This kid is going to be heard about and plenty, take this as a healthy tip. Jimmy weighed 151 and Rose at 163. Woody Jones gained a split win over Rudy Cancela in six more. Jones weighed 169; Rudy, 166. Henry Ussery lost to Jack Patton, also in six, a welter duel, while Bobby Sylvester kayoed Joe Parsons in one round. Captain Peeples promoted.

What they say about THE RING Magazine: From Pop Godwin, fight manager from Washington, D. C.: "I have always liked THE RING because the Editor says what he thinks and thinks what he says." . . . Then from a young RING reader, Donald Wolf of Ligonier, Indiana: "It seems to me that THE RING Magazine is getting better with every issue. I can't say enough good things about it. I know there are many who think and say the same and Nat Fleischer deserves a world of credit for getting out such a swell magazine." Thanks, friends. Such praise makes Nat inspiring in his work.

You know Jack Kofoed, the great fight story writer who has written glorious epics on lives of ring gladiators. The veteran penner is now employed in Miami by the Daily News and is still that interested fight fan. He has one, only one boxer in mind down here and thinks the world about none other than the handsome, curly-haired Jimmy Lowery, the most promising middleweight or any weight that Miami has seen in the past twenty years. The young fellow turned pro about three months ago and under the tutelage of the wise mentor, Bill Gore, has had five fights. The boy has met opposition in five encounters and has won four of them via the kayo route. He won the decision over Buddy Rose, a good win for a green kid. He hails from Gadsden, Alabama, but now makes his home in Miami Beach. Once again, THE RING played an important part in selecting the right man to guide the fistic destiny of a lad who wants to learn.

Bill Gore would like to hear from boxers not under contract or obligations who would want to pursue a fistic career in Florida. He will keep you busy and will only accord you the best treatment. Write him at 211 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, Florida. Enclose pictures and record.

Captain Peeples, genial Beach Arena boxing impresario, intends to stage two outstanding presentations in the Biscayne Fronton previous to the Jai-Alai season. One of these will be under his own while the other will be the Eighth Annual Empty Stocking Fund Boxing Show sponsored by the Miami Herald with Everett Clay, the sports editor, directing with Peeples. Again, Peeples invites your RING reporter to the Empty Stocking Show which will have two of the outstanding mittmen in the game as opponents. Now, Cap is operating the Beach Arena and gym and the new club he is to open will be a beautiful structure to be called the Biscayne Auditorium, with seating capacity of 2,500, having a beautiful interior, rest rooms, cocktail lounge and will be located at S.W. 8-th Ave., and 4-th St.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, Ia.—Phil Montgomery, Sioux City welterweight, scored a knockout over Willard Coonan, also of Sioux City, in the last round of a billed six rounder. A hard right to the mid-section dropped Coonan for the complete count. In the other bouts Young Gorilla Jones took a decision over Joe Randell; Whitey Snyder scored a decision over Don Howell; Delton Bergsmith fought to a fast draw with Merle Moreland.

Sioux City, Ia.—For the second straight year, The Sioux City Journal's Golden Gloves boxing eliminations will be conducted on a sectional basis with winners from various outside meets competing in the big Tournament of Champions from which a team of eight qualifies for the national meet in Chicago.

THE MAIL BAG—Patsy M. Suarez of Tampa, Florida, is seeking talent for his cards and would like to hear from heavyweight and welterweight fighters. . . . Joe French has joined the staff of RING reporters, looking after the state of Kentucky. . . . Welcome to the fold, Mr. French. . . . Rex M. Graham is seeking matches in this section for his stable of fighters which includes Boddy Scott, heavyweight; Howard Eldridge, welter; Mavin Liddell, welter, and Junior Munsell. . . . Graham, who hails from Oklahoma City, Okla., features one of the largest stables of Indian fighters in the country. . . . Bruce L. Henman of Litchfield, Ill., also has a large stable of fighters he would like to show around Iowa. . . . Carl Moss of Savannah, Georgia, is also on hand with a challenge to any bantam in the country. . . . A. D. L., Sioux Falls, S. D., Dan Desmond, sports editor of the Sioux City Journal, can give you complete information regarding the amateur boxing tournament. . . . B. D. F., St. James, Minn., Jimmy Cashill and Len Schwabel fought to a 10-round draw at Eau Claire, Wis., on March 23, 1922. I suggest you write THE RING for pictures of fighters.

A. N. M., Omaha, Nebr., Johnny Stopper defeated Billy Rolfer in 10 rounds at Columbus, Nebr. . . . C. H. L., Spencer, Ia., for this information I suggest you get in touch with Dan Desmond, sports editor, Sioux City Journal, who has charge of the amateur boxing tournament. . . . This should take care of the many requests for information on this tournament. . . . Other amateur boxers in this section—please note. . . . H. S., Norfolk, Nebr., the following fighters, George Godfrey, Frank Craig, Peter Jackson, Tom Molineaux, George Dixon, Bill Richmond and Joe Gans were Negro fighters, so you win the bet. For further proof write Nat Fleischer. . . . J. L. N., St. Paul, Minn., my records show that Johnny Shauers defeated Johnny Lewis, 10 rounds at Detroit, Mich., on Jan. 23, 1922. . . . It was March 7, 1921, that Johnny Noye and Eddie De Beau went to a draw in 10 rounds, and the place, your city. . . . H. W. L., Council Bluffs, Ia., I am sorry, but you lose the bet. The fight took place at Madison Square Garden, New York, and Dempsey scored a 12-round kayo, the date Dec. 14, 1920. My records show he was counted out 1 minute and 57 seconds after the start of the round.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS. . . . Joe Ryan, former Sioux City sports editor, passed through Sioux City. . . . Ryan, who is well known to the oldtimers of the fistic sport, is now connected with the Federal Surplus Commodity Corporation, with headquarters in Milwaukee. . . . Phil Montgomery is manager of the St. Boniface gym. . . . Such Sioux City fighters as Ray Mann, Andy Miller, Chicago Kid, Billy Barnes, Young Bearcat Wright, Joe Harsha, Bud Ackerly, Tommy Sacco, Speedy Clayton, Jack Harding, Mel Rice, Lloyd Rawson, Bobby Rogers, Freddy Sacco, Willard Coonen, Wilbur De Cora, Leo Mahon, and a host of others are on hand for the daily workouts. . . . When making your contacts through THE RING, please give same the credit. . . . THE RING wants to help you, so why not help it. . . . It appears that Lee Savold, Iowa's heavyweight offering, is in line for a busy season. . . . Remember our address—2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . See you next month.

WISCONSIN NEWS

By MATT DOUGHERTY

IN answer to Milwaukee's desperate cry for a fighter who can fight, Tony (Cianciola) Martin pounded out a close, decisive victory over Henry Chmielewski. Not since the heyday of scholarly George Black in 1937 has the town had a boxer whom they could follow with the assurance that he could give the leaders in his division a real tussle.

Both fighters started fast, pounding away at close quarters at a furious rate. Tony had the edge in the early rounds, but looked as if he were shooting everything to score a knockout. The Pole began to catch up to Martin in the fourth and fifth, but Tony had been saving some fire for the latter frames and began to score hard blows with his potent right. Henry tried to spurt in the ninth and tenth but Tony's right found the mark often enough to check the attempt, staggering and nearly flooring the tough Pole on several occasions. Henry, handicapped by a weak knee, a cut eye and a large bump on the forehead suffered late in the fight, lacked the strength and endurance he had shown in this bout with Abrams.

In the semiwindup Harvey Dubs of Detroit showed he was no dub by stopping Indian Jimmy Maddox in the first. Lightning right hands dropped the Indian three times.

Sammy Secreet surprised the fans by giving Jim Pierce, the whiz from West Allis, a run for his money. A chest cold helped tire Jim in the latter rounds. In the first three Pierce scored at will and ran up a large margin. Secreet kept plugging and tightened up his defense in the last three to make him a sentimental favorite. The decision to Pierce was booed lustily.

Ray McKnight proved his mettle by scoring decisively in a slow six over Don Swenson, the veteran Minneapolis welter. Don found Ray a puzzling problem and refused to open up, except in the last round, which he began by staggering McKnight with a long, hard right. Ray fought back viciously, and had Swenson retreating again before the bell.

In four rounders, Matt Mihalovich chalked up an impressive win over Kelly Kohn. Matt showed real promise in outboxing Kohn in the first three, but tired and dropped the final stanza to the persistent Kohn.

At Neenah, Dick Kerr staged his first card of the season. Billy Miller, colored Chicago battler, defeated Frankie Gaudes in the eight-round feature bout. Miller came back from a knockdown in the second round to floor Frankie in the fifth. Gaudes was in a bad way the rest of the fight.

FROM THE PRESS ROW: Mickey Hayes continued his Windy City campaign by knocking out Bill Peterson in one at Marigold and scoring a T.K.O. over Ed Stanley in three. . . . Annunzio Ferraro lost to Eu Eulien before taking a trip east with Ken Overlin. At a New Jersey club, Ferraro won a fast fight from a veteran performer. Suffering a sore thumb he was forced to cancel his engagement on the Overlin-Belloise card.

Fighter-of-the-month: Tony Cianciola Martin. His win over Chmielewski should put him near the thick of the middleweight muddle.

Milwaukee fans will again have the privilege of being fistically entertained New Years' Day.

Unique among promoters, Dick Kerr makes sure his fighters are in shape by training them himself. Kerr served as sparring partner for Phil Zwick prior to the latter's bout at Neenah.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

PETE FABRO, most colorful promoter in local boxing history, would not be granted a license renewal, intimated Col. John Griffin at Jefferson City. Fabro's promoting record has been a saga of great fights and great financial reverses. He brought two world's champions here to box on the same program, for instance, and is reputed to have lost $2,600 on the venture. Lou Ambers and Harry Jeffra were the titleholders.

It was Pete who introduced both Ken Overlin and Gus Lesnevich to the St. Louis fight public. But the maestro's greatest contribution, was of an unwitting nature. The popularity of his small fights in the Coliseum caused many a gray hair in the head of Tom Packs, wrestling salesman. Packs entered the boxing picture in self defense and the fight public was the benefactor. Since Fabro tapered off in his promoting, however, Packs has seen little reason to keep the ball rolling.

Result—St. Louis still awaits its first professional fight program of the season. Some of the press favorable to Packs threw wrenches into Fabro's fistic machinery with deadly accuracy. When Commissioner Russell Murphy and his eagle-eyed deputy, Frank Foss, resigned, and a chairman friendly to Packs was appointed, Fabro quit the fold and the way was simultaneously cleared for "championship wrestling contests." Fabro not only got out of the promotional ferment, but is now engaged converting his West End Gym into a night club to be known as the Prize Ring.

The gymnasium was started by Mr. Scobel over forty years ago, Fabro having run it for the past six. It has been a familiar spot to pugilism's greatest and to the callowest Golden Glove recruit. Fans who have watched 'em all work out there, from Joe Louis to Eddie Lee, will miss it.

Amateur scandals have filled the sports pages here of late. When Ollie Russo stopped putting on "amateur" shows, Tom Packs withdrew his financial support, the commissioner decided to run down rumors of the amateur pay. Of course our amateurs have been getting paid. So have the amateurs of many other cities. They must eat, and they can't eat medals. The new World-Garden has continued to run shows, but they have not been lucrative.

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To Our Readers

The RING Editor is extremely grateful to the many readers from all parts of the world who have been sending him the latest stamps from their country for The RING Collection. Such contributions are deeply appreciated.

I hope many more of our readers will join those who have been so thoughtful.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA, Cuba, reports a very interesting and profitable month. Good fights, excellent gates, and a splendid card of attractions for the coming months, simply can't hold us down. Jaime Marine, in short words, has done wonders for this country ever since he took charge of the National Sports Commission, known as the "Direccion General Nacional de Deportes." The men he has placed in charge of various departments cooperate with him to their fullest extent.

Joe Legon, Cuba's welter champion, heads the roll of honor this month by his lightning, one-round knockout over Raul Carrabantes of Chile. The contest was held at the Sports Palace, slated to go ten rounds, with the conqueror receiving a beautiful trophy emblematic of the Latin-American welterweight championship, donated by President Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's new President. Carrabantes initiated affairs with his clever style of boxing, but Legon ripped right into him with lefts and rights and had the chilean out in one-seventeen of the first session.

Kid Espinosa, runner-up for the Cuban flyweight title, scored a one-round kayo over Jose Pena. Espinosa next meets Johnny Arango, and if he beats Johnny, he will be matched with Mario Morales for the title. Ramon Molina, welter, came through with a surprise victory over Saturnino Rico in eight rounds, and Baby Canzoneri, bantam, off with a handicap of a cut eye, easily won from Moises Rodriguez in eight rounds. Jose Caballero of Spain, 159, scored in six rounds over Angel Ruiz, 150, of Cuba in six rounds.

Rene Cantero, Cuba's fast rising feather, scored handily in eight rounds over Eddy Torre. Cantero has been coming along with terrific speed and should give the present title-holder plenty to do.

Santiago Sosa, Cuban featherweight title-holder, successfully defended his crown against Kid Rapidez, aggressive and clever Navy boxer. Sosa used both fists to advantage, and Rapidez never had a look in. Ramon Almagro scored a T.K.O. over Kid Sila in the third round, and Kid Torrano drew in four with Jose Ferrer. Anselmo Pegudo and Robert Silveira also drew in four rounds.

Pedrito Martinez, sterling Cuban featherweight contender, defeated Reynaldo Puenti Pi in eight steaming rounds. This Martinez boy sure can box, and right now is one of Cuba's outstanding performers. Chino Mercado scored a three-round kayo over Nelson Rodriguez, while Benigno Acevedo scored in six rounds over Jose Alvarez.

Pablo Roca thrilled the fans by his four-round knockout over Guillermo Barrios. Roca should work his way up for a chance at the featherweight title. He is a fast, two-fisted fighter who never backs up. Diego Sosa took a beating from Noises Rodriguez in six rounds. Ramon Crespo easily won from Kid Jibara in six sessions, and Eligio Alvarez easily beat Raul Quintana.

Zenobio Becerra is another crack Cuban featherweight. Becerra won easily from Juan Villalba in eight rounds, and then handed Chino Rebassa a technical knockout in three cantos.

Sergio Napoles, after a long rest, came back to the ring in a six-round contest against Pancho Villa. Napoles, a corking flyweight, had things all his own way, but in the fourth he accidentally butted his rival and the contest was halted, Pancho Villa being declared the winner on a foul.

Tommy Killer Kiene of Savannah, Georgia was coming along swell in his ten-round bout against Lorenzo Safora of Cuba, but in the fifth round he broke his left hand and could not continue. Kiene was easily winning when the bout was halted. Mario Baeza, corking Cuban lightweight, won hands down from Kid Chevalier in eight rounds. Baeza is without a doubt an excellent lightweight, and will make the championship grade before long. Watch him.

Golden Gloves Results: Lorenzo Collazo, 125, beat Ruben Aldama, 126, for the G. G. title; Kid Pedroso, 126, beat Roberto Llanas; Raul Montalvo, 129, beat Pedro del Pozo; Armando Vargas, 105, beat Oliver Oliveria; Rafael Diaz, 126, beat Venorio Soria; Carlos Arizmendi, 122, won from Fernando Valdes; Roberto Llanas, 118, won from Lazaro Franco; Bartolome Zulueta, 158, won from Lorenzo Naranjo; Julio Pedroso won from Julio Carretero, 138; Antonio Olivera, 118, won from Domingo Goya; Julio Rock, 118, won from Armando Perez; Alberto Porto won from Alfredo Bolivar, 107; Lorenzo Collazo, 125, beat Bernando Rodriguez; and Rufino Jimenez, 110, defeated Armando Valdes.

Emilio Taboada, speedy bantamweight, won easily from Pedro Calderon in a hot encounter. Calderon was there every minute of the battle, but Taboada knew too much for his dusky rival and romped home an easy winer. S. Sergio Rivera scored a three-round knockout over Conrado Quinto, and showed that he will be among the topnotchers before long.

Guanabacoa, right across Havana Bay, stages weekly boxing shows and here are some of the results: Normando Diaz, plucky little flyweight, won from Roberto Andora; Jorbe Valdes beat Remigio Lugo; Marino Alvarez defeated Tranquilino Trevejo, both bantamweights; Rufino Jimenez, 108, won from Israel Martinez, 105; Jose Lopez, 113, lost to Francisco Berrio, 110; Orlando Delgado, 110, won from Israel Martinez; Guillermo Lopez, 105, won from Oliver Oliverio, 106; Rene Lime, 112, beat Rafael Gonzalez, 110; Juan Blanco, 155, scored a one-round knockout over Mario Griffin, 152.

Lorenzo Collazo, 126, won from Delfin Mesa; Roberto Llanes, 118, won from Conrado Rodriguez; Amado Vaquero, 135, beat Ramon Alfonso; Jose Gonzalez, 112, beat Francisco Berrios; Venorio Osorio, 135, beat Hilario Santovenia; and Raul Montalvo lost to Pedro Castillo, 135.

Jess Losada, Cuba's boxing commissioner, is out in the country on a vacation. Jess has plenty of good things in store for the winter boxing season, one of them being an international Golden Gloves tournament.

FLASH—FLASH—Joe Coego, former lightweight king, is now managing Kid Espinosa, flyweight . . . . Jose Goula is one of the new judges . . . . Johnny Cruz is coming along fine as referee . . . . Fernando Rios, Cuba's supreme boxing referee, might climb through the ropes again . . . . It would be a treat . . . . Antonio Herreras, former star featherweight, is now handling fighters . . . . Hasta Luego.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS
By PERCY ROBINSON

JOHNNY HUTCHINSON of America beat Vic Caltaux, Auckland, holder of the New Zealand welterweight title, at Palmerston North, the latter being disqualified halfway through the eleventh round.

Making his debut in the ranks of professional boxing, J. Hoggarth (Brunner) lost a decision on points in ten rounds to Harold Foote (Wellington), before a packed house at the Greymouth Town Hall.

At the Wellington Town Hall, Clarrie Raynor (Blenheim) made short work of Jackie Sharpe (Royal Air Force). Raynor landed several straight lefts to the face in the opening round, and put his man down for the full count halfway through the second round with a powerful left rip to the solar plexus.

C. Hanham, light-heavyweight boxing champion of New Zealand, in a bout for the middleweight title at Waimate, defeated V. Caltaux, holder of the welterweight crown. The Aucklander was disqualified in the last round for holding.

Before a packed house the American negro, Johnny Hutchinson (9.13) outpointed the Aucklander, Vic Caltaux (10.3) in a one-sided contest in Invercargill. Hutchinson came to Invercargill with the reputation of being among the first flight of world's lightweights, and his performance proved that beyond doubt. Caltaux has built up a fine record, but against Hutchinson he looked like a second-rater. Hutchinson gave the Aucklander a boxing lesson and won each round by the proverbial street.

The Alabama Kid proved during his 21 months in Australia that he is a boxer of outstanding ability. In 28 contests he was beaten only twice, by Richards and Gus Lesnevich.

One of the shortest boxing contests on record in Auckland took place at the Town Hall, when the Alabama Kid, an American negro, knocked out Les Brander, of Australia, within two and a half minutes of the first round. The American, who had previously landed some snappy hard punches with either hand, followed a left hook with a powerful right uppercut which landed flush on the point of his opponent's jaw. Brander was lifted off his feet and it took some time to revive him after he had been counted out. He weighed 170 against Brander's 169.

In 21 months here, Alabama Kid has had 28 bouts and was beaten only in two—by Ron Richards and Gus Lesnevich.

A fortnight after their first engagement, Brander and Alabama Kid fought a return engagement and Brander was again knocked out at the Town Hall. The kayo was scored in the fifth round. Brander weighed 169 to 169½ for Alabama Kid.

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SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

FRITZIE ZIVIC, new world welterweight champ, has been honored by almost every organization of note. The champ has been very busy attending banquets in his honor here in the Steel City. A very fine boy is Fritzie and we are sure he will prove a worthy champion. This corner is plugging for him and Uncle Luke Carney, who certainly is deserving of the breaks. They both have been in the fighting for a long time.

Boxing Commissioner Havey J. Boyle suspended both Teddy Yarosz and Lloyd Marshall after the roughhouse battle at The Gardens. Referee Red Robinson reported to Mr. Boyle after the fight that both boys disregarded the rules and should be penalized. They were suspended indefinitely in this State. Teddy won the unanimous decision after ten rounds, but the less said about it the better. Yarosz weighed 176½ pounds and Marshall tipped the beam at 163.

Ossie Harris won the decision after eight rounds of milling with Kenny LaSalle of Texas. Harris landed the cleaner and most effective blows, yet Judge Chick Rogers voted for LaSalle but Judge Freddie Lux and Referee Al Grayber voted in favor of Harry Pittler's left hook artist. It was the semi-final spot. Harris weighed 161¼ pounds and LaSalle come in at 152½ pounds.

Small Montana of Manila, P. I., had a tough time beating Canada Lee, local Negro, in a special six-round affair and again it took the referee's ballot to decide the winner. Montana weighed 114½ pounds and Lee balanced the scales at 119½ pounds.

Lee Oma of Detroit won via T.K.O. after 1 minute and 57 seconds of the second round over Ira Hughes, local colored clouter. Oma weighed 175¼ pounds, one pound more than Hughes. . . . Steve Kulich of Leechburg, 161½, won his third professional encounter when he stopped Tony Costa, 161¼, of East Liberty, in the third round of the four-round opener. Costa subbed for Joey Mattis, Charleroi's former Sun-Tele. Diamond Belt Champ, when the latter became ill. . . . The show drew a gross gate of $3122 and was promoted by Brian McDonald.

Charley Burley, classy Hill district welterweight contender, beat Irish Eddie Pierce of Newark, N. J., in the ten-round feature attraction at the Sports Arena. Burley hit the veteran with everything but the water bucket and opened cuts under both eyes. Burley weighed 150 pounds and Pierce came in seven pounds heavier. . . . Johnny Aicher, former Sharon boy who is now living in Brantwood, N. J., won by kayo in the second round over Jack Shrout of Cumberland, Md., in a scheduled six-round semi-final. Aicher weighed 186 pounds and Shrout 187 pounds.

Bruno Tretter of the South Side won the decision after six rounds with Bobby Riley of Newark, N. J. Riley won the approval of the crowd for his clowning tactics and the worst he should have received was a draw for actual fighting. He weighed 140 pounds and Tretter outweighed him four pounds. Sammy Parotto won by T.K.O. in the second round over Bruno Pucci of Charleroi in a scheduled four-rounder. Both boys weighed 130 pounds. Bobby Innes trounced George Masters in the opening four; both are local boys and both weighed 150 pounds. Bill Dummer was the matchmaker and the show drew a fair house.

Erv Sarlin subbed for Harry Bobo against Tony Shucco of Boston, Mass., in the top spot of Jake Mintz's opening show at the South Side Market House and lost a split decision to the veteran Bostonian. Shucco's experience really enabled him to come through, although he was plenty slow in winning and looked just what he is, a veteran of warfare. Shucco weighed 184 pounds and Sarlin came in 10 pounds lighter.

The eight-round semi-final saw Sammy Adragna win by T.K.O. over Spud Kelly of Cincinnati after 1 minute and 35 seconds of the third round. Adragna scored three knockdowns. Kelly weighed 133 pounds and Adragna came in at 138 pounds. Freddie Lenn of the South Side won the decision after six rounds with tough John Henry Thomas of the Hill. Lenn weighed 157 pounds and Thomas 153½ pounds. . . . Sammy Parotto fought a corking four-round draw with Mike Candella of Youngstown, Ohio. One week previous to this affair, Candella won over Parotto at Youngstown. Candella weighed 129½ and Sammy 130½ pounds. Steve Kulich again won over Art Canter in the four-round opener. Kulich weighed 160¼ and Canter came in a pound heavier. . . . The show drew a gross of $1,284.

At Fairmont. . . . Ira Hughes, local boy, fought to a draw with Danny Peal of New York in the top ten-rounder of Bernard Kelly's card at the Armory. Peal weighed 175 pounds and Hughes 174 pounds. . . . The other ten saw Ervin Hicks win by T.K.O. in the ninth round over Charley Burns of Johnstown. Burns weighed 141 pounds and Hicks one pound lighter.

JUST A JAB. . . . I stated last month that Jake Mintz would operate at the Hunt Armory. He changed his plans and opened the South Side Market House. . . . Leonard Collins, who operates the largest department store in the valley, buys all his men employes ringside seats at the big fights in Pittsburgh. . . . By the way, Collins is an ardent booster of our own Joey Mattis, local middleweight and had a life size picture painted of Joey. . . . Emil Josephs, former local lightweight, has retired. . . . Bill Powers is now promoting in Cincinnati, O. . . . Ted Crystal is doing the local ring work for Jimmy Bivins. What a socker this Bivins is. . . . Bill Heckman is due for a break even if its with his heavy, George Hughes. Bill has been in there plugging for many a year. . . . Don't forget to pick your RING Magazine up at Artie Hersch's when you are in town, corner Fifth and McKean.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

A PAIR of good shows were held in Detroit the past month, Walter Sharp getting under way at the Naval Armory and the Ford Post of the American Legion staging theirs at the Fair Grounds Coliseum.

George Burnette, state middleweight champion, held the spotlight on the Naval Armory show. His opponent was Billy Bengal, who returned from a barnstorming tour which took him from Coast to Coast. He was no match for the dusky Detroiter on this occasion, as Burnette outmaneuvered him at every turn.

Irish Pat Carroll, the pride of Corktown, stole the show with his victory over Johnny Ryan in a sensational six-round semi-final. Carroll has learned plenty lately.

Chuck Hurst, Billy Shaw's dynamic punching welterweight, kayoed Len Nelson on the same card. Hurst has been stopping all of his opponents. Billy MacNabb kayoed Dennis White and Rudy Kozole kayoed Jim Spaulding, former U. of D. football star.

The Fair Grounds card saw Burnette share the spotlight of a show which featured four eight-rounders. Burnette turned in another good performance in outpointing the tough colored puncher from Gary, Ind., Nate Bolden. Bolden had a clean sweep over Michigan middleweights having previously beaten Burnette, Bengal and Joey Sutka, but was forced to take second place after a hard bout.

Bobby McIntire returned to a Detroit ring after an absence of almost two years to take an easy decision over Jorge Morelia, Al DeNapoli's flashy Mexican. Morelia, who has turned in good fights with Lew Jenkins, Willie Joyce and other leading lightweights, showed little desire to trade punches, and let McIntire take the play with an aggressive style.

Floyd Gibbons, Jimmy Brady's hard-hitting heavyweight hope, took less than a round to finish Eddie Stanley of Chicago. Gibbons looked good while the bout lasted.

The bout that "stole the show" was the eight-round return match between Pat Carroll and Johnny Ryan. These two local kids put up a whale of a scrap that saw both in danger, but Carroll's harder hitting and better condition earned him the verdict.

Eddie Martin whipped Frank Olsowy in the opener.

Apparently Young Kid McCoy isn't doing so well lately, as reports from the East show where he lost to Tony Ferrara and Pete DeRuzza. It seems McCoy made a mistake in "running out" on Johnny McIntyre, just after making the first ten. Since leaving Detroit, several boxers have put in bids for a bout with McCoy for his state welterweight title. The ever-improving Pat Carroll is demanding a shot at McCoy, as is Bobby McIntire, sharp punching "smoothie," who knows all the answers.

Lee Oma, crack Detroit light-heavy, turned in a sensational win in Pittsburgh over Ira Hughes. Oma is a lad with a world of ability, and Manager Johnny McIntyre points to his bouts with Altus Allen, Tiger Warrington, and Bob Ray as proof.

Harvey Dubbs, youngster from Windsor, is doing very well lately. Dubbs has been getting a lot of work in Ohio and Wisconsin rings, and recently made a big hit in Milwaukee, stopping Indian Maddox.

Dave Knight has engaged Harry Raskin, former crack middleweight, as trainer for his stable of fighters, and steady improvement is being shown in the work of Pat Carroll and George Burnette. Both have been turning in fine fights lately, and the shrewd Raskin deserves plenty of the credit.

Marty Simmons, Saginaw light-heavy, recently engaged in a boxer vs. wrestler match, and came out on top, stopping the wrestler. Simmons is a rough and ready workman, and usually finds plenty of opportunity to show his wares in rings around the country.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

WHILE in Tampa, Florida, the first part of August, Art Lind, smooth-working Alborn middleweight, stopped the veteran Buddy Rose in eight and Kid Ronco in seven. . . . Myles Martinez, former St. Paul Mexican featherweight, and Leonard Lopez, former St. Paul amateur Mexican welter, are working on W.P.A. now.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of "Kid West," old-time St. Paul boxer, should write Clyde Smith, 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas. . . . Marv Wason, now 21 and weighing nearly 195 pounds, is ready for action again, following a six-month layoff, so says Manager Murray McLean.

St. Paul Auditorium—Opening the local indoor season. Promoter Harry Lennon brought Lee Savold vs. Arne Anderson over 10 rounds as the feature. The two having fought a sizzling eight-rounder in Omaha several months ago, the fight was expected to be close, but Lee Savold, 195, St. Paul, meted out a severe lacing to Arne Anderson, 199, Gutenborg, Sweden, to win by a T.K.O. in the eighth heat, after dislocating Arne's jaw. Lee appeared to be slightly off physically. Karl Ogren, Arne's manager, disappointed the $3,200 crowd cheering the game Anderson, when he asked Referee Ray Temple to stop the fight.

In the six-round semi, clever Orlando Trotter, 178, Chicago Negro brother-in-law of Joe Louis, clearly outpointed a befuddled Billy Gillespie, 189, Stone Lake, Wis. In other sixes, southpaw Billy Smith, 137, Minneapolis, impressively outpointed rugged Bulldog Drummond, 144, of Des Moines, formerly known as Jess Ackerman. Kelly Ward, 168, lanky, hard-hitting Minneapolitan, surprised by chilling Al Powell, 167, Des Moines, in the second. In the opener of four rounds, clever Dave Nins, 140½, Duluth Negro, made his Twin Cities debut by whipping aggressive Bud Tibbetts, 146, Rosemount, and in so doing remains undefeated as a pro thus far.

At Fargo, N. D.—Dick Demaray, 148, veteran Bismarck southpaw, scored a technical knockout victory over the oft-beaten Ted (Kid) Morrison, 158½, Fort Snelling, in the third of a scheduled 10-round bout. Slugging Bud Tibbetts, 143, Rosemount, stopped Johnny Monroe, 147, New Orleans, in the sixth and final round.

LEFT HOOKS—Hank Thorson, former Breckenridge pro, now is located in Milwaukee, and has been training there ever since last February. Hank weighs 175 now. . . . Emmett Weller was inactive for at least eight months prior to his fight with Indian Billy Lee, a good tough lad, yet showed great form! . . . Clyde Smith, former St. Paulite, now Arkansas RING scribe, is planning to run boxing shows after the football season. . . . Johnny Hanschen is back from New York with a cold. . . . Lee Savold is running out of opponents locally. . . . Tom Shaughnessy, Twin Cities Golden Glove welter champ, and Dick Lancette, St. Paul pro, have a new wrinkle with their three rounds of boxing on ice skates each night in the St. Paul Auditorium on the Midwest sports and auto show. Tom says nobody will even touch him in the Golden Gloves.

RIGHT CROSSES—Murray McLean's stable now consists of Charley Retzlaff, Marv Wason, Earl Peterson and Emmett Weller. . . . Johnny Kleber, former Melrose light-heavy, is now employed in St. Cloud, and he thinks he might fight again. . . . Jack Cecil, former St. Paul welter, is working part time as handyman for Jack Colbert's Bar in St. Paul. . . . These look alike: Wayne Armstrong and actor Fred MacMurray. . . . Johnny McGrand, Rochester amateur, a dead-ringer of actor Robert Taylor. . . . Charley Kid Gomer and actor Richard Cromwell. . . . Vince Salas, Minneapolis amateur Mexican and famous Ceferino Garcia. . . . Former boxer Myles Martinez and Pedro Montanez.

Johnny Sokolowski, better known in the ring as Johnny Sokol, a good feather between 1910-1915, who was decorated for bravery in the World War, and who is now a referee, is being honored by the local American Legion. Sokol is state commander of the V.F.W. . . . Ted Morrison, 20, former Fort Snelling second lieutenant, leaves this week with the army for the South, ending his pro career for at least one year. . . . Ted says the hardest hitter he's ever met was Joe Mernik in the amateurs. Mernik is now a brilliant backfield prospect at U. of Minnesota. . . . Louis Bell, 20-year-old St. Paul Negro lightie, has joined the navy for six years, and last we heard likeable Lou was in California. This is the third Minnesota boxer giving up his career for the U. S. Navy or Army. . . . Ide Parker, former Mill City heavyweight, is working for Gladness Bakeries in Minneapolis. . . . Britt Gorman, former flyweight contender, is selling shoes and clothing in Minneapolis.

At Milwaukee—Romey McKnight, 144, Milwaukee, whipped clever Don Swenson, 143, St. Paul, in six rounds of semi-windup. Swenson has slipped a lot the past few months.

BEFORE THE BELL—Caifson Johnson, former University of Minnesota wrestling champion, now a pro, has been called in from the army reserve, and is now a lieutenant at Fort Snelling. . . . Arn Anderson has been called in the draft. . . . Ironwood, Michigan, plans a pro fight card, with their rough-tough hard-hitting middleweight, Earl Banovich, headlining. . . . Art Lind, Alborn middleweight sensation, will be out of action for 30 days following a hand injury incurred while winning over Cecil Lozada in Tampa. . . . Amateur boxing is beginning to roll again about the state. . . . Things are so quiet at Potts' Gym you can hear a pin drop.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

IN one of the first fight cards staged in the Northwest in a long time, Chuck Nickason, promising Vancouver, B. C., light-heavyweight, now in the midst of a comeback after straightening out his managerial trouble, proved to be a good attraction as a successful headliner. Nickason scored a second round T.K.O. over Jack Patterson of Denver, Colo.

The controversy over the British Columbia Golden Gloves tournament seems to have been ironed out and the tournament will take place in Vancouver with the winning team travelling to Seattle for the P. I. tournament there. After a lot of argument with the Amateur Boxing Commission of the A. A. U., the newspapermen who are staging the show finally got together and it looks as though it will be another successful tournament, which will be held this year at the Exhibition Garden.

Fred Apostoli is at present in the Northwest and may headline a series of cards for Nate Druxman in Seattle. No doubt, this would lead to a fight between Apostoli and Hostak, a fight that was a natural nearly two years ago, but which was never staged, because Hostak's connections wouldn't let him fight in New York.

FISTIC FOOTNOTES—The new Exhibition Garden in Vancouver is ideal for fight cards and is situated next door to The Forum . . . . a year ago, newspapers would not permit a Red Cross show in the East End . . . . how times change . . . . the Jimmy Chapman-Johnny Gaudes fight now looks like a reality after much postponement . . . . the fight will be staged in Edmonton for the Canadian bantamweight title . . . . Ted Moore is now promoting in Vancouver.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Monte Vista, Colo.: Ralph Gwartney, Mosca heavyweight, and young George Amaya of Pueblo fought less than a round before Referee Frank Buttner was forced to intervene and call the bout a no-contest affair, when both boys suffered badly cut eyes in an unintentional head collision. The cuts were serious enough to send both boys to the sidelines for several weeks.

Phil Sanchez, San Luis bantamweight, decisioned Val Atencio of Walsenburg in a snappy six-rounder in the semi-windup.

HERE AND THERE—Big Bill Ely, Pueblo heavyweight, is out with a challenge to any regional heavy, and if he shows as much stuff as a pro as he did as an amateur, heavyweights in this section are in line for some stern competition . . . . Larry Cisneros, Questa, N. M., lightweight, continues to ring the bell in Pacific Coast circles . . . . Right here I want to pass a big orchid to Nat Fleischer for his action in publishing the ring records of the top-notchers in the pages of this magazine. They are complete in every detail and the fan who fails to preserve them has no one to blame but himself . . . . June Hack, one-time popular Springfield, Colo., welterweight, advises us that he has tired of his job as a cop at Cripple Creek, Colo., and is in training for a ring comeback . . . . A scheduled return bout between Ralph Gwartney and George Amaya failed to materialize and fans in southern Colorado are still in the dark as to just which of these two boys is the better . . . . A. M. H., Colorado Springs, Colo.: The Charley White-Freddy Welsh lightweight championship contest in your city in 1916 holds the record for the largest "gate" ever attracted by a Colorado fistic event. The proceeds were approximately $16,000.

October saw something akin to a record "low" for pugilistic activity in and around the mountain region. But the indoor season will no doubt see the pro game swing back into action . . . . Johnny Shosky, once one of the leading featherweights in these parts, has just opened a swanky bar and restaurant in Alamosa, Colo. . . . . Mike Lannon, Amarillo, Tex.: Bobby Waugh never held the world's lightweight title, though he was a prominent contender from about 1913 to 1920. He died several years ago . . . . In case you want any information concerning the glove industry in this neck of the woods, you can get it by addressing T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo. Please inclose reply postage and two-bits if you want a list of promoters out this way.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND

By MARK FANNON

NEW BEDFORD—George Salamone, 132, Boston, returned to the wars by easily defeating Mexican Joey Silva, 133, Washington, in ten rounds. Billy Barbour, 139, Apponaug, won the six-round decision over Jerry Hall, 133, Braintree; Al Dutra, 132, Cambridge, added Tony Andrade, 135, Bristol, to his list, winning in another six.

Fall River—Slugger White, colored lightweight, stepped to the fore in getting a split decision over Johnny Bellus, veteran New Havenite. Earlier in the year these boys battled to a draw.

Boston—Billy Conn, 172¾, handsome light-heavy king, whipped Al McCoy, 181½, in ten fast, thrill-packed rounds. Though Billy failed to K.O. McCoy—in fact, his margin of victory was small—he can console himself with the fact that he took into camp the best boy New England has to offer. It was a slashing battle all the way with McCoy an ever-aggressive, weaving, two-fisted, willing foe—the best McCoy we ever saw. Both boys set a terrific pace and this was the deciding factor in Conn's win.

Conn had McCoy wobbly in the ninth and tenth sessions but this was not because of his punching power, but because a tired and weary McCoy had fought himself out in the preceding rounds and was an easy target for sharp-shooting Billy. Conn's low punching on several occasions was the only thing that marred the contest—something Billy didn't need to resort to with his class. Conn is not the hit-and-get-away type we expected, but an aggressive, two-fisted, tough fighting demon. He was hit solid smashes time and again to head and body by the stiff punching McCoy, only to come back all the harder. Once in the seventh, Conn slipped to the canvas and before he got his balance, a stiff McCoy left found its mark on Billy's face. Fighting mad at this, Billy became a snarling, fighting fool, showering McCoy with a barrage of leather so fast Al looked as though he was anchored to the canvas.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, Al Sinibaldi, 178¾, Berlin, N. H., and Willie Pavlovich, 176½, Brooklyn, battled to a sizzling draw. Both these boys were willing mixers and furnished the crowd with some real action. Sinibaldi was the aggressor. His dancing and weaving made an elusive target for the Brooklyn lad's dynamite laden fist. In the second frame, Pavlovich caught Al napping and lashed with several mean straight lefts and rights that put Al on Queer Street. After the second, Al was on his way to victory, only to run into more lefts and rights that had him rubber-legged in the closing seconds of the final round, thus earning blond Willie a draw.

Johnny Shkor, blond White Hope, won a hard-fought six-round decision over Bob Smith, colored, of Pittsburgh. Johnny tried hard and kept after the colored boy all the way, but Smith's bobbing, weaving and low crouch made Shkor look bad, although he was master of the situation. Carl Dell, 150, New York, won over George Henry, 149, Providence, in six mauling rounds. Eddie Ellis, Quincy, defeated Tony Reno, Charlestown, six rounds. In a four-rounder Johnny Cregan, Pittsburgh, won from Eddie Bangs, Cambridge.

Providence—Charlie Gomer, 135½, Baltimore, used his heavier weight and punch to outpoint Abe Denner, 127½, Boston, in ten busy rounds. This is Denner's first defeat for the year. In the ten-round co-feature, George Henry stopped Frankie Bernacki, 155, of Baltimore, in six. Herb Coonan, slugging Worcester heavy, kayoed Danny Josephs in the fifth.

New Bedford—Fighting his third battle in five days, George Henry, colored, formerly of Milwaukee, was too tough for Pete DeRuzza, New York, copping the nod in ten sessions. Pedro Corchado, 146, stopped Bill Towne, 146, Springfield, in the third of the semi-final. Johnny Seaman, 159, Worcester, returned to action by taking the measure of Tony Gouveia, 157, Taunton, in six. Micky Canty, 141, Springfield, won over Hy Browne, 146, Cambridge, in four.

Worcester—Substituting for Howell King, Eddie Ellis, Quincy welter, made a game stand against a seasoned performer in his first main, as well as first ten-round bout. Floored in the fourth, Eddie found Andre Jessurun's greater experience and stiff body punching too much to overcome. Johnny Seaman outpunched Tony Andreas, New London, Conn., in the semi-final. Leo Dulmaine, Millbury, stopped Cerafino Bronco, Fall River, in five.

Boston—In the outstanding show for the amateur battlers of this section during the fall season, which included boys from New Hampshire and Rhode Island, eight Golden Gloves champions were crowned. Winners of four eliminations fought it out and it proved one of the best all-action cards between "pures" in some time.

A likely looking heavy was uncovered by the name of Howard Thompson, who seems to have what it takes. Davy Andrews, smooth working welter, was the best looking lad of the show, moving, blocking and handling himself like a pro. The crowd was held in stitches by Mike Cocozza of Haverhill, veteran of many battles. Mike, a very clever defensive boxer with weak punch and unorthodox style, teased and annoyed one of his opponents to madness, making him miss and look foolish, to the delight of the fans.

The winners were: 112—Tony Peppi, Boston; 118—Eddie DeAngelis, Revere; 126—Steve Kronis, Boston; 135—Steve Bomal, Lowell; 147—Dave Andrews, Lowell; 160—Sal Cesario, Boston; 175—Tommy Sullivan, South Boston; heavy—Howard Thompson.

Portland, Me.—Dave Castilloux, 133½, native of Winslow, Me., but who hadn't fought in New England in over two years, won the New England lightweight crown from Paul Junior, 139, Lewiston, in a hard-fought 12-rounder. It was a case of youth over experience with Castilloux erasing the defeat suffered at the hands of Junior three years ago. These two French battlers created much interest in a fistic natural which had been on the fire for some time, and is the outstanding fight that could be staged in this state. Junior announced that he could no longer make the 135 limit and was going to give up the title, win or lose.

RING NOTES—Tommy Sullivan, South Boston's rugged, two-fisted amateur champ, claims he got his inspiration from the great John L. . . . . Tony Shucco is doing well on his comeback . . . . Frankie Nelson's win over Vince Pimpinella after

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Vince had held Coley Welch to a draw, is quite a feat . . . . Yvon Robert has returned to wrestling . . . . Mike Kaplan looms as the most dangerous challenger for Fritzie Zivic's title since his bombardment of Milt Aron . . . . Conn's training in Boston ten days before the scrap created a good impression . . . . The Conn-McCoy battle was the first pro fight to be broadcast here in some time . . . . 15,000 fans witnessed the fracas . . . . Georgie Martin surprised even his most rabid fans in taking Pedro Montanez into camp . . . . Eddie Dolan, who has been taking the best with continual success, lost no prestige in losing a split decision to Holman Williams . . . . Joe Louis has been matched to meet Al McCoy in December, so keep in touch with THE RING for an account of this battle . . . . Address your letters to 28 Front St., Ashland, Mass.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

OLIVER SHANK, Montreal heavyweight, appeared in two bouts that set precedent in Canadian ring history. The heavy-hitting youngster stepped right in where few boxers dare to tread, matching his fistic ability against the more varied technique of star wrestlers in mixed matches. Both matches produced sensational action with the dramatic dueling keeping the fans in constant uproar. Both bouts were run off in the same style, three-minute rounds as in boxing, with a minute's rest, the boxer wearing gloves and limited to boxing regulations, the wrestler competing under wrestling rules, including any kind of hold, plus flying tackles, dropkicks, etc., but barred from punching though allowed forearm or elbow smashes. The bouts lasted much longer than such affairs generally last, each being decided in the third round, after some keen, dramatic action that had the fans wondering what would happen next.

Shank was matched with Irish Jack Riley in the headliner of a mixed program staged at the Verdun Auditorium by Matchmaker Desse Greene of the L. Dore Enterprises. After a cautious first round, in which both played safe, Riley cut loose with a barrage of two-footed flying dropkicks in the second round that had Shank bouncing off the canvas regularly. He got a leg grip and toe hold that looked to have Shank finished but the boxer broke the hold by struggling to the ropes and grabbing them.

Riley pulled a daring and spectacular stunt in the third round that backfired. Figuring he had Shank softened up, he launched a flying dropkick as the bell rang to trap Shank in his corner, but the boxer turned just in time to see him and sidestepped quickly. Riley flew past and thumped to the canvas. When he got up, he was nailed by a left to the body and a short right hook that glanced off his jaw. Riley went down for "nine," got up dazedly with hands at his side and Shank bowled him over for the count with another left to the body and a solid right smash to the jaw.

Two boxing bouts and two wrestling bouts provided a fine evening's entertainment. Johnny Greco, local lightweight prospect, kayoed Ralph Walton, his colored rival, in the fifth of a scheduled eight-rounder that was sensational while it lasted. Walton had Greco down twice in the first two rounds but lost his head in his over-anxiety and changed his tactics, walking right into Greco's furious bombing in order to land a finisher. Greco caught him coming in and wore him down, finally knocking him out.

Danny Webb, local colored featherweight, proved himself a pretty good battler with his one-sided victory over Aurelien Kid Lamothe of Quebec City, former Canadian flyweight king, in the other eight-round bout. Webb swarmed all over Lamothe from start to finish. In the two mat bouts, Maurice Robert beat Jack Miller and Vic Delamarre licked Ralph Marquette. It was a fine show, with the sponsors, Leo Dore and Desse Green, deserving credit.

Shank's other mixed bout was against Yvon Robert, best of Canada's heavyweight grapplers. The affair was staged by Promoter Eddie Quinn as the added attraction to a wrestling show at the Forum and had the more than 4,000 fans making plenty of noise. Shank played a defensive game near the ropes, where he sought refuge whenever Robert got a hold, and once stopped a Robert rush with a jarring left jab that split the wrestler's lips. Robert put on the pressure in the second heat, torturing Shank with painful holds. Late in the round, the boxer suddenly cut loose with a left hook that floored Montreal's most idolized grappler. He hammered away with both hands at his covered-up opponent during the remainder of the round, though once Shank was floored when Robert suddenly cut loose with a forearm smash that cought Shank unprepared.

The third round was a thriller, Shank tearing into Robert and dropping him with a right to the head for an eight count and again for nine before Robert, ever the opportunist, executed a body slam and another before pinning Shank.

STRAY SHOTS—Harry Hurst scored another handy victory when he whipped Benny Cartegena in an eight-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove . . . . Hurst is doing well in his New York campaign and should soon be ranked among the top lightweight contenders . . . . outside of Lew Jenkins, Maurice Foreman's protege is most likely the hardest puncher in the lightweight brigade . . . . Dave Castilloux, Montreal's premier lightweight, added Paul Junior to his list of victims at Portland, Maine . . . . it was sweet revenge for Castilloux, who lost to Junior three or four years ago . . . . Maxie Berger, Montreal's welter star, also cashed in on a revenge bout when he outclassed the fading Billy Beauhuld in New York . . . . Berger lost a close one to Beauhuld three years ago but left no doubts this time . . . . Eddie Quinn may promote some boxing shows at the Forum this winter . . . . Jimmie McKimmie may be staging a show at the Forum, according to plans at this writing . . . . Ray Lamontagne is also figuring on running shows at the St. James Market Hall, where he promotes wrestling regularly . . . . it may turn out to be the busiest boxing winter Montreal has had in years . . . . Oliver Shank is anxious to take on Al McCoy again.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

CONSCRIPTION will raise havoc with the pro ringmen in Rochester. Such headliners as Nello Nucelli, Hughie and Henry Smith and Ossie Sussman, also such old favorites as Al Traino and Tony DiCarlo, are eligible for the draft.

Among the amateurs Johnny Walker, Jimmy Reina, Eddie Thomas, Carl Erne and a number of others are ripe for the plucking, as they are all within the draft age limits. The so-called "babes" of Rochester amateur boxing, including Jerry Spalma, Koby Paul, Bob Ingham, Pat "Babe" Benny and a few others are well under the draft age limit. In New York State, there are 901 pro fighters supposedly eligible for the draft. Officials estimate that one out of every 30 who register will be called. On this basis, state boxing will lose about 30 pro fighters for the first 400,000.

The Acme Sporting Club has received its license. Jules Bauman, the head man of the Acme Club, will promote the wrestling shows and Jim Collins will promote the fight cards. As the writer is aiding in securing matches, any fighters or managers wishing to show here in Rochester are asked to write to 47 Cleveland Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The weekly Monday night amateur bouts at the Elks Club have been witnessed by overflow crowds. Amateur boxers and amateur teams are asked to contact Johnny Burba at the Elks Club, or yours truly at 47 Cleveland Street for work here.

THE RING is on sale on the first of each month at Meyer's Newsstand, Clinton Ave. and Main Street.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

THE Century Athletic Club moved into winter quarters and for its first show presented Buddy Walker of Columbus with Tony Musto of Chicago in a main go of ten rounds. Buddy took the first two rounds rather easily, but in the third, a hard right by Musto sent Walker down for a count of nine. At the start of the fourth, Walker now fully recovered, started on his shorter foe and gave him a terrific beating to the head. He had Tony's eyes closed and his face cut. From then on, Buddy won easily and was declared the winner at the end. Walker, 190; Musto, 188½.

In the six-round semi-final, Johnny Kapovich stopped Lambertine Williams in the first. In a supporting six, Frank Lacey and Earl Ward battled to a draw. This was Lacey's first fight in two months when he was laid up with the flu.

The Century Club presented a fifteen-round fight between Louis Kid Cocoa and Izzy Jannazzo, billed as for the welterweight championship of the world, with the sanction of the Maryland State Athletic Commission and with Jack Dempsey as the third man in the ring. Izzy kept flicking his left into Cocoa's face and then backed up, with Cocoa doing most of the leading and making a fight out of it. At the end, with the verdict of the two judges being split, Dempsey cast the deciding vote in favor of Jannazzo. Thus Izzy Jannazzo was declared the world's welterweight champion in Maryland.

In the semi-final of eight rounds, the veteran Laurence Gunn was declared the winner over Sammy Laporte, his old rival, in a very closely and bitterly fought fight. In a supporting six, Eddie Finnazzo displayed plenty of punching power when he stopped Juan Carmono of Chile in the second round. This show drew better than six thousand dollars.

The Century Club presented Red Burman and Tony Musto in a main go of ten heats. In the first round, a right hand caught Red flush on the jaw and down he went for the count of nine. He finished the round very groggy. He recovered quickly and for the next three rounds, fought a very cautious fight, but his telling body punches wore his foe down. Red finished strong to batter Musto mercilessly and Burman thus got the nod at the end.

At the Century Club's weekly show, Buddy Walker of Columbus and Jack Trammell of Youngstown, two of the leading colored heavyweights, met in a main go set for ten rounds, with the winner to get a chance to battle Red Burman here. For the first three rounds Trammell kept Walker off with his long reach. Walker found it hard to get in close, but at the start of the fourth, he fathomed Trammell's style and tagged him with several jolting rights to the jaw. At the start of the fifth, Walker cornered Trammell and worked rights and lefts to his jaw, and had Trammell out on the ropes in a standing position. He was thus counted out.

In the semi of eight rounds, Eddie Finnazzo kept up his winning streak when he stopped the highly touted Tony Reno in the fifth. Earl Mathias won over Gordon Wong, and Vince Tumminell gave Hotoshi Tanaka a lacing. Both of these two bouts were four-rounders. This show drew close to $2,500.

At Washington, Ray Alvis opened up at Riverside Stadium, with Goldie Ahearn doing the matchmaking. For their first show they presented Buddy Moore of New York with Bill Boyd in a main go of ten rounds, and only Moore's inexperience prevented him from stopping Boyd. For the first five rounds Boyd gave Moore a terrible beating. He had Buddy staggering on his feet, but in the sixth, Moore put everything he had in every punch and gave Boyd a bad body beating that had Boyd out on his feet, but the green, eighteen-year-old Moore didn't know how to finish him. He has had only a few fights as a pro. At the end, Boyd was the winner by a unanimous decision.

In sixes, Johnny Kapovich won over Joe Fredericks, and Jackie Carter won over Bobby Woods. In the semi-final of eight, Everette Rightmire won over Maures Pitte after a thrilling scrap that had the fans cheering all the way.

IN FISTIANA ALLEY—That ever-popular sportsman, Sam Lampe, is back in the fight game with three boys who all look good. He will be remembered as the pilot of Walter Cobb, the heavyweight who packed them in down here in Baltimore. Sam has Al Sinibaldi, a heavyweight; Babe Synott, a welter, and Luther (Slugger) White, a lightweight, who will hold his own with anyone. Baltimore also has a Harry Balogh in its fight announcer, Nate Bass. Also a word of praise for Harry Schuchman, one of our boxing inspectors, who is always on the job and willing to help out wherever he can. Sylvan Bass, the matchmaker for the Century, would do well to go on a diet, as he seems to be getting larger, with every issue of THE RING. Any fighter that is unattached, and that can fight, who would like to show in these parts should contact the writer: Nate Phillips, 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

OTIS THOMAS, the veteran Chicago heavyweight, proved too much for Johnny Whiters of Pontiac, Mich., in their ten-rounder at Columbus, with Thomas winning the unanimous decision and incidentally a shot at Buddy Walker, claimant to the Ohio title.

Buddy Knox, the other pretender to the state heavy crown, is going along in fine fettle on the West Coast.

Cincinnati came through with two shows, one by Promoter Benny Becker and the other by the Powers-Dyer combine. In the former's show, Hershel Joiner knocked out Mike Gamiere of Cleveland in nine rounds, while the latter's feature saw Ezzard Charles outpoint the veteran Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich., in ten sessions.

In the chief preliminaries, Charlie Eschman defeated Bud Kelly and drew with Willie Cutsinger; Hal Baxter beat Elmer Yates, and Nate Bartell knocked out Bill Becton, Louisville heavy, in five.

Wishy Jones, Louisville's chief lightweight ace, won a six-round main event decision over the clever Al Dorlac of St. Louis.

Youngstown, O.—Roscoe Toles, 198, Detroit, won a decision in twelve rounds over Jack Trammell of Youngstown, O., 190¼ pounds.

This issue we salute Jenkins, Ky. One of the hottest fight centers in the country. On a cold night recently over 2000 fans packed the outdoor arena to see Lloyd Pine of Barberton, O., win a ten-round decision over Johnny Stevens of Cincinnati. Wesley Martin stopped Kid Francis in five and Oakie Greer did likewise to Hank Claypool in three heats.

This writer, under the direction of Eddie Horn of Chicago, is now booking Paul Berlenbach, former world's light-heavyweight champion, as a guest referee for boxing and wrestling programs around the country. Interested promoters and matchmakers may contact this booking through Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Phone Bramble 1781. Berlenbach is being booked through Chicago, Ill.

Eddie Borden, please check: Harry Berlin of Columbus, O., has one of the best colored lightweight sockers in the world in Willie Russell, and Ray Foutts of East Liverpool, O., has the neatest piece of feather machinery in the country in Mike Raffa.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—First of all, THE RING, the greatest piece of boxing and wrestling reading, can be purchased at all of the leading newsstands and hotels in Greater Cincinnati and southern Ohio in general . . . . this writer would like to hear from amateur boxing matchmakers, trainers, promoters, clubs and the fighters themselves . . . . news of amateur boxing from all over the country will be appreciated . . . . address me 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Col. Alfred Ballin of the Columbus commission has asked for a suspension of the Italians from the N. B. A. . . . . Eddy Metrie of Milwaukee has a good boy in heavyweight Mickey Hayes.

All those interested in boxing sportsmanship, please note . . . . I have a letter from New York City which states that Nick De Marco, the former welterweight fighter, is now totally blind . . . . with the consent of Nat Fleischer, we ask any or all donations for Nick be addressed to Miss Mafalda De Marco (Nick's sister) at 1992 Lexington Avenue, New York City . . . . Less Huffman is priming his colored feather, Jackie Taylor, for an eastern invasion . . . . I would like to hear from boxers of all weights from all over the country who are interested in my national booking agency . . . . we can place you in any state in the country . . . . please check our address below . . . . managers also attention.

Prince A. Smith of Cincinnati reports to us he is co-manager with Jack Singer of Buffalo with his Billy Adams, Cincinnati middleweight, and that Singer is ready to click Adams into some big time matches in New York State . . . . Pinkie George, manager of Lee Savold; Harry Berlin, Ray Foutts, and Joseph Triner, newly elected president of the National Boxing Association, are a few of the most recent subscribers to my semi-monthly results boxing service . . . . only one dollar per year . . . . address all communications to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Manchester, O.—Promoter Wilbur Morgan again presented a great card with Pick Johnson, the Portsmouth, O., heavyweight, continuing his winning ways. He kayoed Jack Lowe of San Francisco in the fifth round. Elmer Yates of Manchester surprised in beating Joey Ray of Columbus, O., in the six-round semi-windup.

Elmer Yates is going great guns. At Jackson, O., the Manchester lightweight knocked out the highly touted Willie Cutsinger in the first round of the semi-final to the main event draw in six rounds between George Hughes and Bud Kelly.

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ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

DALLAS, Texas—Boxing revived at Southern Methodist University. For the first time in eight years the boys are throwing leather out at Southern Methodist University, and they like it. The professor is Maxie Roesch, who only a few years ago gave promise of becoming a great heavyweight.

Army camps may develop boxers. Bob Martin, inter-allied champion heavyweight, and Gene Tunney, A.E.F. champion light-heavy, probably were the two best known boxers to come out of the last war, but there was a long list of other lads who weren't so bad. Boxing will have a definite place in the training program at all army posts.

Pine Bluff, Ark.—After flooring his opponent twice, Bob Sikes, Southern heavyweight champion, decisioned Harold "Dutch" Ullmer of Milwaukee, Wis., in a 10-round battle. Both of Ullmer's eyes were closing at the end. His nose began to bleed at an early stage. The Commercial score sheet gave Sikes every round except the second. Sikes, making his first start in Arkansas in three months, after spending some time in a Chicago gym, looked good in winning. Sikes weighed 190, Ullmer 195. . . . Don Marshall, 153, Bauxite, kayoed Jack Byrd, 155, from Blytheville, in the fifth round in a semifinal bout. . . . Freddy Richardson, 145, North Little Rock, and Rusty Jones, 147, Bauxite, fought a six-round draw. Billy Davis, 145, Hot Springs, decisioned Woody Bell, 147, Bauxite, in a six-rounder.

Bob Sangster, former manager of Tommy Freeman, ex-welterweight champion, will promote wrestling at Hot Springs.

Hot Springs—Charles Pranter, ace leather hurler of Earl Spencer's amateur fight club, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Howard Rookard. Both fighters weighed 155 pounds. Results of the other bouts are as follows: Buddy Zimmeran, 135, outpointed Herman Williams, 135; Earl Adams, 120, lost the decision to Gilburn Castle, 120; Troy Richardson won over Harold Griffin, 135; Curtis Adams, 120, won decision over Robert Morris, 120—all three-round bouts.

Hot Springs—Spencer's Boxers Defeat Elks Club—Junior Withrow, 120, defeated Grady Brittie, 120; Donald Cook, 130, defeated Curtis Adams, 125; Gilburn Castle, 120, defeated Junior Turner, 115; Buck Nichols, 150, defeated Arthur Comstock, 155.

Blytheville — Jimmy Lunsford, Blytheville's promising young heavyweight, won his 16th fight in 17 starts with a first-round knockout over James Connors, 194, of St. Louis, Mo. . . . Johnny Lovell of North Little Rock, lightweight, is in California now. He signed a contract with Mike McNulty, formerly St. Paul, Minn., ring veteran, who knows the tricks of the trade. . . . Bud Withers of Wirt, Oklahoma, was a victor in Longview. Bud, an outstanding amateur lightweight, has had 31 bouts and only lost four by decision. Bud was accompanied by his brother, Norris.

Chino Alvarez of Tampa, Fla., get in touch with yours truly at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Tex.

Billy Petrolle, Duluth, Minn., who fought the best of the lightweights and welters in the 250 bouts of his professional career which ended six years ago, is in Hot Springs. Many fighters, managers and trainers well known throughout the boxing world will make Hot Springs their headquarters this winter.

Tulsa, Oklahoma—Ellsworth Clark, Tulsa, won by a one-round K.O. over Chief Ace Eagle, Ponca City, heavy. . . . Robert Marsey, Tulsa, T.K.O.'d Charles Wood, Ponca City, in two rounds. . . . Gibson Star, Tulsa, lost to Ike Williams, Ponca City, three-rounds decision. . . . Jim Crane, Tulsa, lost a three-round decision to Joe Monday, Ponca City. . . . Jim Hinger, Tulsa, beat Martin Blueback, Ponca City, in three rounds. . . . O. T. Lane, Tulsa, T.K.O.'d Freeman Erketta, Ponca City, in the first round. . . . Thanks to Ted Cotton of Tulsa for this information—anyone wishing to book amateurs from Oklahoma get in touch with Ted Cotton, c/o Orpheum Cigar Store, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Kearns, the old manager of Jack Dempsey, and Milo Solomito, Memphis boxing promoter, have closed a deal as co-promoters, and the first big show will bring together Bob Sikes vs. Neville Beech for the Southern heavyweight championship. By the time this goes to press they will have boxed. Kearns may branch out with other clubs in this section. Welcome to the South, Mr. Kearns.

Little Rock—Boxing matches were staged by members of the North Little Rock Boys' Club. Robert Dennis drew with Richard Crotcher; Marvin Hobby defeated J. B. Boatman; Logan Cameron defeated Eugene Blandon; Junior Avra defeated Gene Furst; Ben Bradley and Blake Shuz drew; T. L. Davis defeated George Watts; Robert Williams and Albert Dunn drew.

North Little Rock—Ed Tuller decisioned Ed Walker in the headline match of a 15-bout boxing show. Phillip Alexander whipped Charles Gross. On account of space have to cut some bouts off.

Hot Springs—Marvin Eddy, 145, Hot Springs, won by decision over Elmo Edmonson, 141, North Little Rock, for the main event. The fight was very close. Charles Pranter, 155-pound ace, boxed Raymond Griffin, 135, also of Hot Springs, a no-decision exhibition. . . . Luther Clements, 126, North Little Rock, and Frankie Williams, 120, Hot Springs, fought to a draw. Charles Gross, 155, North Little Rock, defeated Jim Harwood, 155, Hot Springs.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

BOXING, which after so much abuse practically "kicked the bucket" in Texas, may soon be back in the good graces of the cash customers. K. S. "Pop" Hubley, grand old man of the game, is scheduled to step in as promoter in Houston, and if present plans go through he will have staged his inaugural show ere this has appeared in print.

The writer has been closely associated with Hubley ever since he came here several years ago from California, where he developed several outstanding fighters, among them Lee Ramage, and we can assure each and every member of the fistic fraternity that there is no more reliable or agreeable person in the business than "Pop."

This 'n' that: Practically no activity in Texas the past month, what with football and everything. . . . Several clubs due to open in and around army camps about the first of the year. . . . Billy Colbert regained a measure of the prestige he lost when knocked out by Tommy Gomez, by trimming Art Lind in Tampa, Fla. . . . Elby Pettaway is taking a layoff and trying to grow into a heavyweight, as is Carl Dalio, who now scales about 180. If Dalio hits as hard proportionately at that weight as he did as a middleweight, we extend our sympathies to his future opponents.

Best looking prospect in these parts at present is Paul Altman, lightweight puncher, who hasn't yet deserted the simon-pure ranks. He plans to turn pro after the Golden Glove tourneys in February and should prove a sensation. . . . Ralph Sikes, former welter star, has a cracking good amateur team in tow. . . . Jo Jo Passante and his new pilot, Max Ross, has departed for Florida and points East. . . . Morris Sigel, probably the best wrestling and the poorest boxing promoter this city ever had, has given up the mitt game and is sticking strictly to the mat business.

Quite a bit of activity at Lubbock, with big boys the cards. Babe Hunt and Babe Ritchie pack them in there whenever they show. . . . Boxing is also going exceptionally well in Mexico, with lightweights the big pull at the box office. Incidentally, the writer would be interested in hearing from any good, unattached lightweights, desiring work south of the border. The address: 1133 West Bell St., Houston, Texas. . . . Also anyone in the state with any fight news, please send it to me. . . . Lew Raymond, popular New Orleans impresario, continues to pack them in. . . . Ervin Berlier, the "miracle man," is bowling them all over around the Crescent City. Berlier is in the Emile Bruneau-Sam Weaver stable, which includes such stars as Jimmy Perrin, Jerome Conforto and others.

IN CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

By R. E. MILLER

FRED LUTZ, matchmaker of the Buccaneer Club, has been staging weekly boxing shows with success here. During the past month several interesting shows were put on, with the following results:

K. O. Borrado, 129, beat Henry Hook, 126, 10 rounds; Bryan Roberts, 135, kayoed Carlos Morales, 139, third; Dell Higgenbottom, 165, beat Henry Rogers, 165, 4; Jack Wilson, 190, beat Woodie Ellis, 188, 4; Jimmy Red, 128, kayoed Vivi Silvas, 126, 2; Tony Ray beat Charles Evans, 146, 4 rounds.

Billy Colbert, 170, beat Jack Rodriguez, 170, 10 rounds; Bryan Roberts, 135, beat Chato Gonzales, 138, 6; Dell Higgenbottom, 165, kayoed Cecil Gardner, 170, 1; Henry Fisher, 190, kayoed Norman Willis, 201, 1; Tony Ray beat Obie Taylor, 150, 4.

K. O. Borrado, 129, kayoed Mike Delgado, 129, 3; Frankie Castelle, 145, drew with Johnny Lindsey, 145, 6; Jimmy Red, 127, beat Ollie Brewster, 127, 4; Eddie Ormsby, 165, kayoed Dell Higgenbottom, 165, 1; and Tony Ray, 145, won over Charles Evans, 145, 4.

K. O. Borrado, 128, beat Henry Hook, 126, 10; Chato Gonzales, 135, beat Bryan Roberts, 135, 6; Shelby Buck, 200, and Jack Wilson, 192, drew, 4; and Johnny Hale, 158, kayoed Billy Moore, 163, in three.

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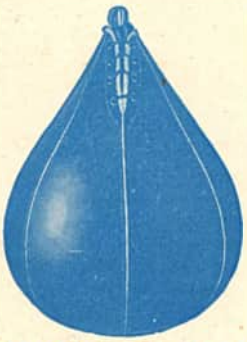

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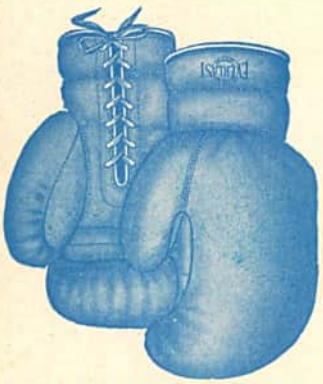

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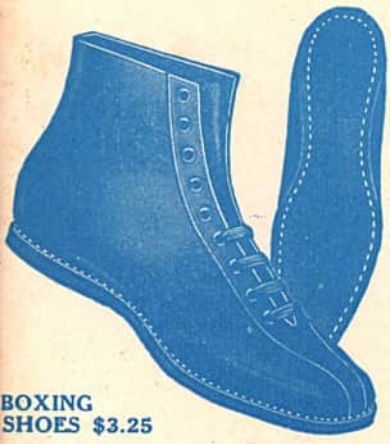

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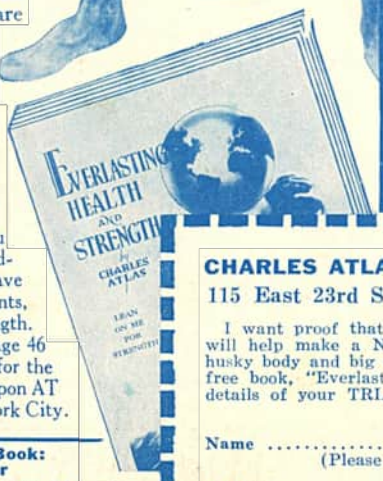

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